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PIONEER COLLECTIONS.

REPORT

OF THE

PIONEER SOCIETY

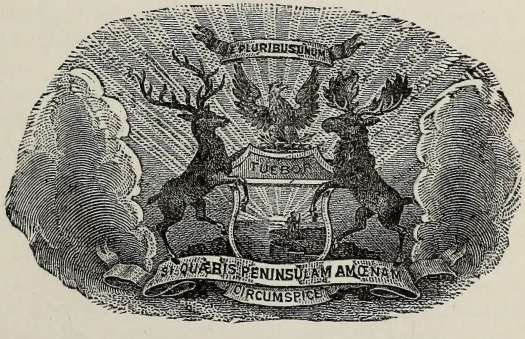
OF THE

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

TOGETHER WITH

REPORTS OF COUNTY, TOWN, AND DISTRICT PIONEER SOCIETIES.

VOL. V.



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PREFACE.

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It is with renewed confidence in the value of the work being done by the "Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan," in its efforts to collect and preserve the history of the first and early settlement of all the counties of the State, that the Committee of Historians submit to the people of Michigan the fifth volume of "Pioneer Collections."

The Committee have procured, so far as it has been able, and will take all measures within its power to secure the history of the "old settlers," the real pioneers, those hardy, brave, intelligent, wise men, who by their industry laid the foundation for the material wealth which has so rapidly followed the development of the agricultural, mineral, and other resources of the State; and who with a wisdom which, great as it was, yet "builded better than they knew" in laying the foundation and completing, so far as to insure their continuance, the formation of institutions which have produced, and will produce, effects so much more beneficial to ourselves and to posterity, that in comparison the material prosperty sinks into insignificance.

Michigan, not yet existing half a century as a State, has, thanks to those who originated and gave form to its institutions, already taken a leading place, not only among her sister States, but with the foremost of the most civilized nations of the globe in all matters pertaining to her educational, charitable, and reformatory institutions. They are not only regarded as of the highest order, but have served as models for older States.

The Committee has met with a ready response to its appeals for this knowledge, but there is yet much wanting to complete the record of those who not only settled, but who founded the State.

What has thus far been done is but the beginning of what remains to be done to secure, while there are those still living who participated or were witnesses of the labors of those to whom the State stands so greatly indebted, and the Committee again appeal to all who have any personal knowledge of the first settlement of any, and particularly of the older counties of the State, to give the State Pioneer Society the benefit of the same.

The Legislature has, with commendable liberality, provided for the publication of these volumes. The members of the Committee have given their time and labor, without compensation, in collecting, arranging, and preparing them for publication. It has been with them a labor of love, and it was only by this personal interest that the success of the Society in the first years of its existence was secured, but the favor with which each succeeding volume has been received is such that we now feel that the State will never consent to a discontinuance of the efforts of the Society, until its ends are attained.

February 1st, 1884.

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER,
O. C. COMSTOCK,
M. H. GOODRICH,
J. C. HOLMES,
T. E. WING,
Committee of Historians.

HARRIET A. TENNEY, *Secretary.*

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OFFICERS

OF THE

PIONEER SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Elected June 7th, 1882.

PRESIDENT.

HON. CHARLES I. WALKER, ... Detroit.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

County.	Name.	Residence.
Allegan,	Duncan A. McMartin,	Allegan.
Barry,	David G. Robinson,	Hastings.
Bay,	Wm. R. McCormick,	Bay City.
Berrien,	Alexander H. Morrison,	St. Joseph.
Branch,	C. D. Randall,	Coldwater.
Calhoun,	A. O. Hyde,	Marshall.
Clare,	Henry Woodruff,	Farwell.
Clinton,	Samuel S. Walker,	St. Johns.
Eaton,	David B. Hale,	Eaton Rapids.
Genesee,	Josiah W. Begole,	Flint.
Grand Traverse,	J. G. Ramsdell,	Traverse City.
Gratiot,	Ralph Ely,	Alma.
Hillsdale,	E. O. Grosvener,	Jonesville.
Ingham,	Orlando M. Barnes,	Lansing.
Ionia,	Hampton Rich,	Ionia.
Jackson,	John L. Mitchell,	Jackson.
Kalamazoo,	Henry Bishop,	Kalamazoo.
Kent,	Robert Hilton,	Grand Rapids.
Lenawee,	Francis A. Dewey,	Cambridge.
Livingston,	Nelson B. Green,	Fowlerville.
Macomb,	John E. Day,	Armada.
Marquette,	Peter White,	Marquette.
Monroe,	Joseph M. Sterling,	Monroe.
Montcalm,	W. Divine,	Greenville.
Muskegon,	Henry H. Holt,	Muskegon.
Oakland,	Augustus C. Baldwin,	Pontiac.
Oceana,	Oliver K. White,	New Era.
Ottawa,	Henry Penoyer,	Nunica.
Saginaw,	Charles W. Grant,	East Saginaw.
Shiawassee,	E. F. Wade,	Corunna.
St. Clair,	William F. Mitchell,	Port Huron.
St. Joseph,	H. H. Riley,	Constantine.

VICE PRESIDENTS.—*Continued.*

County.	Name.	Residence.
Tuscola,	TOWNSEND NORTH,	Vassar.
Van Buren,	EATON BRANCH,	Decatur.
Washtenaw,	EZRA D. LAY,	Ypsilanti.
Wayne,	PHILO PARSONS,	Detroit.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

HARRIET A. TENNEY, ... Lansing.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

GEORGE H. GREENE, ... Lansing.

TREASURER.

EPHRAIM LONGYEAR, ... Lansing.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

CHARLES I. WALKER, *ex-officio*, ... Detroit.
ALBERT MILLER, ... Bay City.
FRANCIS A. DEWEY, ... Cambridge.
HENRY FRALICK, ... Grand Rapids.

COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS.

CHARLES I. WALKER, *ex-officio*, ... Detroit.
JOHN C. HOLMES, ... Detroit.
HEZEKIAH G. WELLS, ... Kalamazoo.
OLIVER C. COMSTOCK, ... Marshall.
M. H. GOODRICH, ... Ann Arbor.
MICHAEL SHOEMAKER, ... Jackson.
TALCOTT E. WING, ... Monroe.

HARRIET A. TENNEY, LANSING, Secretary of Committees.

PIONEER SOCIETY OF MICHIGAN.

ANNUAL MEETING, JUNE 7, 1882.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT JOHN C. HOLMES.

It is now, and always has been, a pleasure to many persons to look back and gather up the past history of themselves, their families, their ancestors, their homes, and their country; make a record of the information they collect, and contrast the history and fashions of olden times with the present.

It was undoubtedly the pleasure to be found in this kind of work that moved Gen. Cass, Henry Whiting, John Biddle, Father Richard, N. M. Wells, Richard F. Cadle, Isaac McIlvain, Zara H. Coston, Austin E. Wing, Thomas Rowland, John L. Whiting, Henry S. Cole, Jonathan Kearsley, Samuel W. Dexter, Zina Pitcher, Edwin P. James, Henry R. Schoolcraft, and Charles C. Trowbridge, when they met together in Detroit in June, 1828, and decided to organize a society to be called "The Historical Society of Michigan." They organized under a charter approved June 23, 1828, when a constitution and by-laws were adopted. The object of the society, as expressed in its constitution, was "to discover, procure, and preserve a cabinet of minerals, procure and preserve whatever may relate to the natural, civil, literary, ecclesiastical, and aboriginal history of the country of the lakes, and of the State of Michigan in particular."

A meeting was held at the Mansion House in Detroit, July 3d, 1828, when Gen. Cass was elected President, John Biddle first Vice-President, Thomas Rowland, second Vice-President; Henry Whiting, Corresponding Secretary; Henry S. Cole, Recording Secretary; Charles C. Trowbridge, Treasurer; and John L. Whiting, Librarian.

Of all the gentlemen here mentioned, I think there is but one now living, viz., Hon. Charles C. Trowbridge of Detroit. Occasional meetings were held and historical papers were read.

These gentlemen went to work with much earnestness to collect the early history of Michigan and what was then the wild northwest, and to carry out the object of the society as expressed in its constitution.

On the 18th of September, 1829, Gen. Cass delivered the first anniversary address, which was published. His subject was "The Early History of Michigan." At this meeting the names of many prominent citizens of Michigan and other States were added to the list of membership.

The second annual meeting was held in the capitol in Detroit on June 4, 1830. The annual address was delivered by Henry R. Schoolcraft. His subject was "The history of the migration, wars, and varied fortunes of the Indian tribes." This was published.

The third annual meeting was held June 9th, 1831. The address was delivered by Maj. Henry Whiting. It was a condensed review of the military operations of the United States within the Northwestern Territory from the year 1794 to the close of the war of 1812.

September 15th, 1832, Maj. Biddle delivered the address. He discussed the subject of a change for Michigan, from a Territorial to a State government, saying "Michigan has a population of forty thousand, and an increase of twenty thousand may be safely calculated upon before a constitution can be approved by Congress."

From September 15th, 1832, till March 18th, 1837, this society probably remained very quiet, for no record of its proceedings during that time can be found.

On March 18th, 1837, a meeting was held in the office of Mr. Schoolcraft. From this last date occasional meetings were held until January 27th, 1841, on which date the Historical Society held its last meeting under the old organization. From January, 1841, till August, 1857, it remained dormant.

A meeting was held at Young Men's Hall in Detroit, on the 4th of August, 1857, for the purpose of reörganizing the Historical Society. After the transaction of some business the meeting adjourned. At a subsequent meeting the committee on nominations reported the following:

President—Benjamin F. H. Witherell.

Vice-Presidents—Henry P. Tappan, of Ann Arbor; W. W. Murphy, Jonesville.

Corresponding Secretary—Charles I. Walker.

Recording Secretary—Bela Hubbard.

Treasurer—Robert E. Roberts.

Librarian—George S. Frost.

Curators—D. C. Jacokes, Pontiac; Joseph R. Williams, Lansing; Thomas M. Cooley, Adrian. This report was adopted.

The society being reörganized, it held several meetings, at which valuable historical papers were read, and a large number of valuable books, papers, manuscripts and relics were added to the collection; but for some cause, the society again retired from its work, and for several years has again lain dormant; but a few gentlemen have cared for the valuable collection belonging to the Historical Society. The society having no permanent abiding place, the collection has been moved from place to place at the expense of one or two persons until they, becoming tired of paying rent, have placed it in a large closet in the office of one of Detroit's principal lawyers and historians.

An effort has been made to connect the Historical Society with the State Pioneer Society, but without success.

In the collection belonging to the Historical Society there is a large mass of material that the Pioneer Society could utilize was it the owner of it.

I will give a sample of it, taken from a paper prepared by Hon. Benjamin F. H. Witherell, the then President of the State Historical Society.

Mounds of the Dead, on Springwells Sand Hill.—It is called "Springwells," from the fact that from the river side of the hill there formerly gushed many springs of pure cold water, and for the same reason the French call it "Belle

Fontaine." The place was so called long before the Territory was divided into townships. In the days before ice-houses were known, the good people of the hamlet of Detroit were accustomed to have parties of pleasure, pic-nics, etc. on the hill in hot summer days, where they quaffed the bubbling waters, sparkling and bright, as they swelled up at the fountain head.

On this sand-hill stood three mounds of the dead—one near the present copper works, another in the center of the ground now occupied by the Fort, and the third midway between them. In my boyhood, that standing in the Fort was covered with oak trees, and had apparently been undisturbed for many, many generations. The middle mound was of great age, and was covered with oak trees of a smaller size; the third, near the Copper Works, was of more recent date, and on it was neither tree nor shrub. In my childhood I have seen the children of the wilderness deposit the remains of their departed friends in its bosom. They scooped out a shallow grave in the center of the top of the mound, and covered the body with some sand brought from the neighboring sand-bank. After covering the body, the friends of the dead man went into the river and waded about in a zigzag or circular course, for some time, until they thought the spirit had departed on its long, long journey to the setting sun. Their object in wading in the river was that the spirit might not be able to follow their tracks in the sand. They were a superstitious people.

The three mounds were all nearly of the same size; they were some thirty feet in diameter at the base, and about ten feet high, and perfectly circular in form, and were filled with "dead men's bones."

The sand-hill was always a favorite camping-ground with all the western tribes, many of whom came annually from their far-off homes on the banks of the Mississippi, the shores of Lake Superior, and all the rivers and lakes and pathless forests of the West; they came to visit their father, the Indian agent of the Saganosh, at Malden, and to receive the annuities liberally furnished them at the post. The annuities consisted of blankets, strouding (a coarse cloth manufactured for the Indian trade), guns, powder, lead, flints, kettles, traps, tomahawks, knives, etc., all of which were far better articles than those furnished by the United States. At different times the Sacs, Sioux, Foxes, Winnebagoes, Menominees, Iowas, Wyandottes, Pottawattomies, Chippewas, Tawas, and other tribes, congregated at this favorite spot, and made night hideous with discordant yells. Here they held their war and medicine dances, and all sorts of wabe-nos. Their music was the monotonous sound of the rude drum, beaten with unvarying stroke, for many hours together, frequently all the night long. It was done to drive the evil spirit off, and sometimes indicated that a warrior was laid in his grave "with his blanket rolled around him."

Many of the Indians have a peculiar method of ornamenting their persons; among other things, some of them cut around the rim of their ears, leaving the upper and lower ends uncut. After the wound is healed, heavy leaden weights are hung on the rim, and it is stretched until it nearly reaches the shoulder.

Some of the dandies enhance their beauty by wearing the skin and feathers of an eagle or an owl for a cap, with the head and tail erect, and the legs and claws hanging down over their ears; others wear the scalp of a buffalo with the horns on, and the shaggy mane of the neck hanging down their backs; nothing but a cloven foot is wanting to finish a picture of the evil one.

Their principal instrument of music, besides the drum, is a flute, made of two pieces of red cedar, hollowed out on one side, put together and tied with buckskin strings. Its notes are few but very plaintive. With this instrument the young brave, when stricken with Cupid's dart, woos his dark-eyed, dusky charmer. If she acknowledges "the soft impeachment," she throws three little red cedar sticks at the brave, and is thenceforth his affianced bride. After this the forest beauty wears one blue and one red legging as a signal to all her tribe that she is not in the market. Other young braves, though they woo warmly, and present to her charmed eye many reeking scalps, freshly torn from the heads of their foes, and though their ankles, legs, and neck are encircled with many strings of the claws of the grizzly bear, are naught to her; the three red cedar sticks have been thrown, and she keeps her faith.

In 1853, a lady, who is now with us, and will furnish one or more papers for this meeting, was giving, in a periodical she was then publishing in Detroit, "The Western Literary Cabinet," some facts relating to the early history of Michigan. Gen. Cass noticing them, tendered to her the use of a large collection of papers, mostly in the French language, relating to the early French settlements of Michigan. She undertook the task of translating and compiling the papers, and the outcome was the book published in 1856 entitled "The Early History of Michigan from the First Settlement to 1815," by Mrs. E. M. Sheldon.

A few years since, another move was made with the hopes of recuscitating the dormant Historical Society, but it was a failure. Then the Detroit Pioneer Society was organized, with Hon. Levi Bishop as President; but the name was soon changed to Wayne County Pioneer Society. Other County and District Pioneer Societies have been formed, and they are doing good local work; but something more extensive, something that could collect and put into permanent form the pioneer history of the State was wanted. In furtherance of this object a call was made for delegates from all parts of the State to assemble at the capitol for the purpose of organizing a State Pioneer Society.

On the 11th day of March, 1874, many delegates having answered to this call, a meeting was held in the vacant library room of the old capitol, when the work of organization was commenced. After making some progress, the meeting adjourned.

At an adjourned meeting, held in representative hall, April 22d, 1874, the Pioneer Society of Michigan was fully organized and started out on its mission. For permanent quarters it secured two rooms in the new capitol, and had them fitted up for its use; one is known as the audience room of the State Pioneer Society, and the other as its business room. The audience room is sometimes occupied by other societies, but the business room is kept exclusively for the use of the Pioneer Society, and here are kept its books and whatever property it may possess.

The Society, having got into good working order, decided to publish its proceedings under the title of "Pioneer Collections;" and it has published three volumes containing from 600 to 700 pages each.

Volume 1 begins with the proceedings of the Society from its inception, and contains its proceedings for the years 1874 and 1875. It then gives the name of every county that was ever set off in Michigan, the date when, and the manner in which, they were set off, the boundaries, the change of boundaries and names, the meaning of their Indian names, etc. Having thus laid a

foundation, the Society is now endeavoring to gather the Pioneer History of every county, city, town, and district, as best it can, with the means at its command. Although none of its officers are paid for their official services, yet there are some expenses attending its operations, and these expenses are met by the funds received from the annual dues of members, the sale of volumes one and two of the Pioneer Collections, and the $500 a year appropriation from the State.

The bills for printing and binding volumes one and two were paid by the society. The Legislature of 1881 continued the appropriation of $500 a year for 1881 and 1882, it also made an appropriation for printing and binding volumes three and four, the work to be done by the State printer and binder, as will be seen by reference to the act, a copy of which may be found on page X, of vol. 3, Pioneer Collections. That act requires the society to pay into the State treasury 75 cents per every copy of volumes three and four that it sells.

Some expense is incurred in copying papers and preparing all the material for publication, postage, stationery, express charges, classifying, and recording all papers and other articles received by the society, printing circulars, etc.

In order to accomplish the objects had in view by the society, it is desirable that every member should take part in furnishing pioneer historical papers to be read at its annual meetings, also in procuring and sending to the secretary at Lansing every item that may fall in their way that may be of interest in making up the pioneer history of the State.

The society wants not only the early history of the older settlements, but the new ones also. In response to our call we sometimes receive for answer that there is nothing ancient where we reside, it is a new village, town, or county. The early history of the new settlements is the pioneer history of those places, just as much as of the older ones, and the pioneer history of the new places is much more easily collected than the older ones, and the pioneers themselves are the ones to give it.

All papers received are classified, entered upon the register, and safely kept, and will be used in the society's publications as they may be wanted and space can be given them. If all papers received are not found in the first volume that is printed after they are donated, it must be remembered that there is a large amount of material on hand, and the committee do the best they can to place in each volume articles from as many districts as possible, hoping in the course of time to get into print all the valuable historical papers that can be gathered from every county in the State.

Volume 4 will contain the proceedings of the annual meeting held in February, 1881, and the present meeting, and in addition thereto, as much of county history now on hand, some of which has necessarily been laid over, as can be put into the volume of about 700 pages, which is our limit.

Volumes of newspapers are of great historical interest. Several volumes have been donated to the society in which a vast amount of valuable material is found. When all these papers are properly arranged in the archives of the society they can be examined by parties from every part of the world, when they visit Lansing.

Here is an extract from an interesting article that we find in the Detroit Gazette of Friday, May 26, 1820:

"Last Wednesday Gov. Cass left this place on his exploring tour to Lake Superior, etc. He is accompanied by Capt. Douglass, of the corps of engin-

eers, Lieut. Mackay, of the corps of artillery, Dr. Wolcott, of the Indian department, Mr. Schoolcraft, mineralogist, and three young gentlemen, who are citizens of this place. The canoes (three in number) are propelled by twenty-six men with paddles, of whom ten are Indians of the Chippewa nation, ten *voyageurs*, or Frenchmen, accustomed to the Indian trade, and six U. S. soldiers. A handsome U. S. flag is placed in the stern of each canoe. The canoes are about 30 feet in length, and made of excellent birch bark."

The departure of the expedition afforded a pleasing, and, to the strangers in the place, a novel spectacle. The canoes were propelled against a strong wind and current with astonishing rapidity, the *voyageurs* regulating the strokes of their paddles by one of their animated row-songs, and the Indians encouraging each other by shouts of exultation. On leaving the shore considerable exertion was made by the *voyageurs* and Indians in order to take the lead, and a handsome boat race was witnessed, in which the Indians displayed their superior skill, and soon left the other canoes far behind.

Schoolcraft, in his narrative of this expedition, published in 1821, says: "The specific objects of this journey were to obtain a more correct knowledge of the names, numbers, customs, history, condition, mode of subsistence, and dispositions of the Indian tribes; to survey the topography of the country and collect the materials for an accurate map; to locate the site of a garrison at the foot of Lake Superior, and to purchase the ground; to investigate the subject of the northwestern copper mines, lead mines, and gypsum quarries, and to purchase from the Indian tribes such tracts as might be necessary to secure to the United States the ultimate advantages to be derived from them, etc." The expedition consisted of the following persons:

His Excellency, Lewis Cass, Governor of the Michigan Territory; Henry R. Schoolcraft, Mineralogist; Alexander Wolcott, M. D., Indian Agent at Chicago, Physician to the expedition; Capt. David B. Douglass, Civil and Military Engineer; Lieut. Æneas Mackay, 3d Regiment U. S. Artillery, commanding the soldiers; James D. Doty, Esq., Secretary of the expedition; Maj. Robert A. Forsyth, Private Secretary to the Governor; Mr. Charles C. Trowbridge, Assistant Topographer; Mr. Alexander R. Chase (brother of the late Chief Justice Chase). Also ten Canadian *voyageurs*, seven U. S. soldiers, ten Indians of the Ottawa and Shawnee tribes, and an interpreter and a guide, making thirty-eight persons, all embarked in three canoes. Of this number only one is now living—Mr. Charles C. Trowbridge of Detroit.

Various statements have been made with regard to the loss of the Walk-in-the-water, the first steamboat that ever made its appearance on Lake Erie. She made her first trip from Buffalo to Detroit in 1818, and her last in 1821. She was 232 tons burden.

I find in the Detroit Gazette of November 23d, 1821, an article signed by some of the passengers, giving a very graphic account of the storm and the loss of the boat. She left Black Rock on Wednesday, October 31st, at 4 p. m., on her regular trip to Detroit; the weather, though somewhat rainy, did not appear threatening. After she had proceeded about four miles above Bird Island she was struck by a severe squall, which it was immediately perceived had injured her much, and caused her to leak fast. The wind from the south southeast continued to blow with extreme severity through the night, which was extremely dark and rainy, attended at intervals with the most tremendous squalls. The lake became rough to a terrifying degree, and every wave seemed to threaten immediate destruction to the boat and all on board. This was

truly to the passengers and crew a night of terror and dismay; to go forward was impossible; to attempt to return to Black Rock in the darkness and tempest would have been certain ruin on account of the difficulty of the channel; and little less could be hoped, whether the boat were anchored or permitted to be driven on the beach. She, however, was anchored, and for a while held fast; but as every one perceived, each wave increased her injury and caused her to leak faster, the casings in her cabin were seen to move at every swell, and the creaking of her joints and timbers was appalling; her engine was devoted to the pumps, but in spite of them all the water increased to an alarming extent and the storm grew more terrific. The wind blew more violent as the night advanced, and it was presently perceived that she was dragging her anchors and approaching the beach. In such blackness of darkness, could her helm have commanded her course, not the most skillful pilot could have chosen, with any certainty, the part of the shore on which it would be most prudent to land.

In this scene of distress and danger, the undersigned, passengers in the boat, feel that an expression of the warmest gratitude is due to Capt. J. Rogers, for the prudence, coolness, and intelligence with which he discharged his duty; his whole conduct evinced that he was capable and worthy his command. He betrayed none but the character of one who at the same time feels his responsibility and has courage to discharge his duty. He was, if we may so speak, almost simultaneously on deck to direct and assist in the management of the boat, and in the cabin to encourage the hopes and soothe the fears of the distressed passengers. The calmness of his countenance and pleasantness of his conversation relieved in a great degree the feelings of those who seemed to despair of seeing the light of another day. No less credit is due to the other officers, Sailing Master Miller and Engineer Calhoun, and even the whole crew. All were intent on their duty, and manifested that they had intelligence, courage, and a determination to perform it. All were active, and proved that they wanted none of the talents of the most expert sailors in the most dangerous moments. To them all, as well as the captain, the undersigned passengers tender their most sincere thanks.

The boat was at the mercy of the waves until half past 5 o'clock Thursday morning, when she beached a short distance above the light-house, when the passengers and crew began to debark, which object was effected without the loss of lives or any material injury. Some idea may be formed of the fury of the storm when it is known that the boat, heavily laden as she was, was thrown entirely on the beach. (Signed)

ALANSON W. WELTON,	JEDEDIAH HUNT,
THOMAS PALMER,	ORLANDO CUTTER,
WILLIAM BEREZY,	SILAS MERIAM,
MARY A. W. PALMER,	RHODA LATTIMORE,
CHAUNCEY BARKER,	MARTHA BREAREY,
CATHERINE PALMER,	GEO. WILLIAMS,
THOMAS GAY,	ELISHA N. BERGE,
JOHN S. HUDSON,	EDSON HART,
JAMES CLARK,	GEO. THROOP.

I have only to add, to each one and all: gather up the fragments of the pioneer history of our State; place these gatherings in the archives of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan, that none of them be lost.

RECORDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

OFFICE OF THE
"PIONEER SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN,"
Lansing, June 7, 1882.

In accordance with the provisions of the constitution of the "Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan," I herewith present my eighth Annual Report, as follows:

ANNUAL MEETING, 1881.

The first session of the eighth annual meeting of the Society was called to order at 2 o'clock P. M., on February 2, 1881, in the Pioneer Room in the State capitol, the President, Hon. H. G. Wells, in the chair.

Prayer was offered by Rev. H. M. Joy.

The hymn, "Rock of Ages," was sung by the audience, led by Mr. Joy.

OFFICERS PRESENT.

President—H. G. Wells.

Vice Presidents—Bay county, Judge Albert Miller; Eaton, E. M. Hunt; Genesee, J. W. Begole; Ingham, O. M. Barnes; Jackson, H. H. Bingham; Lenawee, F. A. Dewey; Livingston, Ralph Fowler; Macomb, D. B. Briggs; Monroe, J. M. Sterling; Oakland, Peter Dow; Ottawa, Henry Penoyer; Saginaw, C. W. Grant; Van Buren, A. B. Copley; Washtenaw, E. D. Lay.

Recording Secretary—Harriet A. Tenney.

Corresponding Secretary—Geo. H. Greene.

Executive Committee—Albert Miller, F. A. Dewey.

Committee of Historians—J. C. Holmes, M. Shoemaker, O. C. Comstock, M. H. Goodrich, Harriet A. Tenney.

On motion of W. J. Baxter, the reading of the address of the President was deferred until evening.

The annual reports of the Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, and the Treasurer were read, accepted, and adopted.

The report of the Committee of Historians was read by J. C. Holmes, chairman of the committee, and on motion of W. J. Baxter, was accepted and placed on file.

The memorial reports of the Vice Presidents were made as follows: Allegan county, D. A. McMartin sent a written report; Bay county, Albert Miller gave a verbal report; Calhoun county, in place of a memorial report from the Vice President, memorial sketches of Rev. W. H. Perrine and of Loomis Hutchinson were presented by Dr. O. C. Comstock; Eaton county, report by E. M. Hunt; Genesee county, by J. W. Begole; Hillsdale county, by W. J. Baxter; Jackson county, by Col, M. Shoemaker; Kalamazoo county, report was made by Henry Bishop and read by H. G. Wells; Kent county, Robert Hilton was not present, but sent a sketch of the memorial services of Christopher Kusterer; Lenawee county, F. A. Dewey presented a written report, also a memoir of General Joseph W. Brown; Monroe county, report by J. W. Sterling; Ottawa county, Henry Penoyer requested to be excused from acting as Vice President and suggested the name of Myron Harris; Livingston county, Ralph Fowler made a verbal report; Saginaw county, C. M. Grant presented written reports for the years 1879 and 1880; Shiawassee county, B. O. Williams was not prepared with a report, but promised to prepare one.

A report was received for Shiawassee county, from E. F. Wade. Van Buren county, A. B. Copley was not prepared, but promised to make a report at the next annual meeting. Washtenaw county, E. D. Lay presented a written report.

Rev. H. M. Joy sang, "We Are Going Home To-morrow," the audience joining in the chorus.

On motion of Mr. Baxter, the president appointed a committee of five to nominate officers for the ensuing year, who were to report in the evening. The committee appointed were W. J. Baxter, M. Shoemaker, Albert Miller, O. C. Comstock, and E. D. Lay.

Mr. Baxter urged the pioneers present to pay their membership fees due, also those not members to join the society. Short speeches were made by Dr. J. W. Jerome, B. O. Williams, and Bela Hubbard. At the request of Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Williams gave an interesting exhibition of the Indian sign language.

On motion of J. C. Holmes, the society adjourned to meet in the representative hall, at 7 o'clock in the evening. The society met according to adjournment, the president in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. T. H. Jacokes. Rev. R. C. Crawford sang an original "Pioneer Greeting Song." The president, H. G. Wells, then delivered his address. R. C. Dart read a memoir of C. C. Darling, one of the early settlers of Lansing. Rev. R. C. Crawford read an interesting paper entitled "Reminiscences of Pioneer Life in Oakland and Shiawassee counties."

President Wells calling for another song, "Michigan, my Michigan" was sung by Mr. Crawford. "The Discovery and Development of the Salt Interests in the Saginaw Valley," by Hon. Wm. L. Webber, was read by W. J. Baxter.

On motion of J. C. Holmes the society adjourned. The society met Thursday morning, according to adjournment, the president in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Geo. Taylor, and Rev. H. M. Joy sang a solo with organ accompaniment.

The special committee on the nomination of officers for the ensuing year made the following report, by their chairman, W. J. Baxter:

For President—John C. Holmes, Detroit.

Recording Secretary—Harriet A. Tenney, Lansing.

Corresponding Secretary—George H. Greene, Lansing.

Treasurer—E. Longyear, Lansing.

Executive Committee—John C. Holmes, *ex officio*; Judge Albert Miller, Bay City; F. A. Dewey, Cambridge; Henry Fralick, Grand Rapids.

Committee of Historians—John C. Holmes *ex officio*; H. G. Wells, Kalamazoo; Dr. O. C. Comstock, Marshall; M. H. Goodrich, Ann Arbor; Col. M. Shoemaker, Jackson; Harriet A. Tenney, Lansing.

The committee recommended that the executive committee be authorized to appoint one vice president from each county, where the present incumbents are not able to act, or fail to show any interest in the society. The committee also recommended that the corresponding secretary give notice at once to such vice presidents of their election, and of the duties they are expected to perform, viz.: to induce as many of the pioneers of their counties as they can influence to become members of this society. Also to procure memoranda of the death, age, character, etc., of all persons of their respective counties, whether members of this society or not, and present a written report of all

such deaths, with such obituary notices as to them seem appropriate, at each annual meeting. That the corresponding secretary be also instructed and directed, before each annual meeting, to send for a second time such notice, with the addition of the time and place of the next annual meeting when reports will be expected. The report was adopted by the society.

Vice Presidents were appointed as follows:

Allegan county, D. A. McMartin; Barry county, D. G. Robinson; Bay county, W. R. McCormick; Berrien county, Alex. H. Morrison; Branch county, C. D. Randall; Calhoun county, Wm. H. Brockway; Clare county, Henry Woodruff; Clinton county, S. S. Walker; Eaton county, David B. Hale; Genesee county, J. W. Begole; Grand Traverse county, J. G. Randall; Gratiot county, Ralph Ely; Hillsdale county, E. O. Grosvenor; Houghton county, ———; Ingham county, O. M. Barnes; Ionia county, Hampton Rich; Jackson county, W. S. Gridley; Kalamazoo county, Henry Bishop; Kent county, Robert Hilton; Lapeer county, ———; Lenawee county, Francis A. Dewey; Livingston county, Nelson B. Green; Macomb county, John E. Day; Marquette county, Peter White; Monroe county, J. M. Sterling; Montcalm county, W. Divine; Muskegon county; H. H. Holt; Oakland county, Peter Dow; Oceana county, O. K. White; Ottawa county, Henry Penoyer; Saginaw county, C. W. Grant; Shiawassee county, E. F. Wade; St. Clair county, Wm. T. Mitchell; St. Joseph county, Isaac D. Toll; Tuscola county, Townsend North; Van Buren county, A. B. Copley; Washtenaw county, E. D. Lay; Wayne county, Henry E. Downer.

Dr. O. C. Comstock requested that he might be excused from acting further on the committee of historians, but the request was not granted.

On motion of O. C. Comstock, it was resolved that hereafter the annual meetings of the State Pioneer Society be held at Lansing on and after the first Wednesday in June of each year succeeding the first Wednesday of June next.

Rev. Geo. Taylor moved that a committee of five be appointed by the President to devise ways and means for the establishment of a Home for aged pioneers. The President appointed as such committee, Rev. Geo. Taylor, M. H. Goodrich, J. C. Holmes, W. J. Baxter, and T. E. Wing, who were to present a report at the next annual meeting.

A paper on "Old French Traditions," by Mrs. M. Carrie Watson Hamlin; also a memorial sketch of the late Edwin Jerome by O. C. Comstock, were presented, accepted, and placed on file. A memorial paper on the late Rev. Noah M. Wells, who organized the first Presbyterian church in Michigan at Detroit in 1825, was read by J. M. Sterling of Monroe. Remarks were also made upon the death of Mr. Wells by Rev. R. C. Crawford, Elder T. H. Jacokes, and by J. C. Holmes, T. E. Wing, Albert Miller, and H. G. Wells. But a short time before the death of Mr. Wells, Judge Miller asked after his health; if he was well. "Well?" said Mr. Wells, "I should always be well if it were not for one letter in the alphabet."

Don. C. Henderson then read a paper on the settlement of Allegan county. Rev. H. M. Joy sang "The Trundlebed Song," and then read a paper prepared by Rev. M. Hickey, entitled "His Experiences as a Methodist Minister in the Early Days of Michigan." A copy of a deed of a French farm in Detroit in 1795, prepared by I. C. Skinner, was read and exhibited to the society by J. C. Holmes. A paper on the first settlement of Webster, Wash-

tenaw county, as related by Mr. Maurice M. Kinney to Mrs. E. M. Sheldon Stewart was read.

At the request of President Wells, Mrs. Mary E. Foster, of Ann Arbor, gave an interesting talk upon pioneer life in contrast with the present. Rev. H. M. Joy sang "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," and then the society adjourned until 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

The society met according to adjournment, the President in the chair. The ex-presidents of the society, Judge Albert Miller, Dr. O. C. Comstock, and W. J. Baxter being present, were invited to occupy seats upon the platform.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Geo. Taylor, and "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," was sung by the pioneers. Papers were read as follows: "Pioneer Schools in Nankin, Wayne county," by M. D. Osborn; "Indian Justice in the Saginaw Valley," by W. R. McCormick.

On motion of W. J. Baxter, the Corresponding Secretary was instructed to send proper blanks to the Vice Presidents in order to procure names of members to be recorded in the membership book.

The Recording Secretary called the roll of counties that the names of pioneers in attendance on the meetings of the society might be taken down for publication in the Lansing Republican.

The song, "Michigania," was sung with chorus by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

The "History of Monroe County," was read by Judge T. E. Wing. "The Marine of Lake Erie, 1820 to 1825," by F. A. Dewey. A memoir of Caleb Clark, by Epie L. Clark, was read by Rev. Geo. Taylor. Mr. Taylor also read an original poem entitled "Michigan my Michigan." A song was sung by Rev. H. M. Joy. Extempore speeches and remarks were made by D. L. Case and Mrs. P. M. Pratt, of Lansing, Hon. John C. Patterson, of Marshall, Henry Penoyer, of Ottawa, and others. The society adjourned until 7 o'clock in the evening.

The society met according to adjournment, the President in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. R. C. Crawford, and music was furnished by a Lansing choir, C. H. Thompson, A. E. Young, Mrs. Roper, Mrs. Coleman, and Mrs. Mitchell.

"The Mound Builders," or mounds in the Saginaw valley, was read by Wm. R. McCormick. "St. Clair River Settlement," being an account given to Mrs. E. M. Sheldon Stewart, by Mrs. Dr. Chamberlain, was read by J. C. Holmes. "A Glance Into the Past," an original poem, was read by John E. Day, followed by a song by the choir. A paper entitled "The Witherell Family," was read by T. W. Palmer, also "The Young Pioneers," by Hon. George Robertson. The president then called for extemporaneous speeches, and said "That as the 'classic spot' of St. Clair county had produced many eminent men, he felt in duty bound to call on Governor David H. Jerome for a five-minute speech." The Governor responded in a happy way, for this pioneer gathering had brought him more pleasure than any public meeting that he had attended for years. He had kind remembrances of St. Clair and of Michigan. He thanked his Creator that he was born on that "classic spot," and as the worthy chairman had first alluded to the matter, he wished to say that the first aristocrats he had ever known in Michigan were reared on the banks of the St. Clair river. He was one of them himself, for in early life he helped to build "bears' mouths," log houses, brush fences, etc. He knew how to split puncheons and "shakes," build chimneys of sticks and mud, and make those old-fashioned fire-places, of which they had just had a

description. It was pleasant to dwell upon those things. When boasting of the progress made in our State, we sometimes overlook the parties who are truly entitled to the credit of building up this great and mighty commonwealth. The early pioneers declared that Michigan and all this great northwest should be peopled by a class of men and women without caste, and that every man and woman should be on an equality. They came here bringing with them ministers and schoolmasters. They gave us common schools and churches, and adopted the New England idea of township organizations, the very foundation of a true democracy.

Hon. T. W. Palmer responded to the calls of the president and pioneers. He said the heaviest work done by Governor Jerome in the school days, in St. Clair county, was not farming, but to run horses now and then, and strive, with the speaker, for muscular strength. There was a Captain Clark, who kept one of the most hospitable houses on the St. Clair river. He had a son named Jim. That boy was always organizing secret societies, and David and the speaker were his lieutenants. He had a fascinating way of taking a boy by the ear, and leading him behind the school-house door and whispering something in his ear as mysterious as the object of the society which he was organizing; and then he would take another boy by the ear, lead him out doors, around the corner of the school-house, and put him through the same process. When one of these societies was organized, the question would naturally come as to whether Dave or Tom should be first lieutenant, and it sometimes took a whole noontime for them to decide the matter.

Mr. Palmer gave a graphic description of St. Clair racing stock in the early days, and closed his remarks by advising the Governor to tell his farming stories in some other State than Michigan.

Governor Jerome corroborated Mr. Palmer's story about the first lieutenancy. He said that there was a rule of the school that fighting should be followed by expulsion, and whenever the first lieutenancy had been under debate, he always allowed Tom to go into the school-house first, for his honest countenance and plausible tongue would lift a boy out of the worst kind of scrapes.

Brief remarks were made by Fitch Williams, A. B. Copley, M. B. Wood, T. E. Wing, and R. C. Crawford.

By request, Rev. H. M. Joy sang "Eternity."

M. H. Goodrich made a few remarks upon the importance of immediately preparing papers and reminiscences, to be filed with the society.

Letters of regret were received from Charles E. Stuart, Wm. L. Webber, and others; also from Guerdon S. Hubbard, one of the first settlers of Chicago.

On motion of W. J. Baxter, the thanks of the society were returned to the House of Representatives, to Rev. H. M. Joy, Rev. R. C. Crawford, and the Lansing choir, and to the railroads of the State for the acts of courtesy and kindness received from them by the society.

The song of the old folks—"Auld Lang Syne"—was sung by the audience, led by the choir.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. R. C. Crawford, and the society adjourned.

SOCIAL REUNION.

The semi-annual meeting of the society for 1881 was not held, the President and Executive Committee not deeming it advisable that one be held during that year.

DONATIONS AND EXCHANGES.

The donations of newspapers, books, pamphlets, etc., presented to the society since the last annual meeting have been large and of great value. A full list of the articles received will be published in the Pioneer Collections. The names of the donors are as follows: J. C. Holmes, Mrs. Alice A. Steele, Dr. Wm. C. Brittain, Henry M. Utley, Levi Bishop, Detroit; A. D. Van Buren, Galesburg; Don. C. Henderson, Allegan; H. G. Wells, Kalamazoo; Wm. L. Smith, Lansing; Secretary of State, Michigan; Mrs. A. E. Wiswell, Chicago; James S. Buck, Milwaukee; Daniel S. Durrie, Madison; Department of the Interior, Washington; Chicago Historical Society, Kansas State Historical Society, Historical Society of New Mexico, Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, Wisconsin State Historical Society, Prince Edward's Island Historical Society, St. Joseph Pioneer Society.

MEMBERSHIP.

There are now five hundred and thirty-seven names of pioneers upon the membership book of the society, and since the last annual meeting forty names have been added to our membership as follows: Mrs. Lucy Holden Clark, Manasseh Hickey, Edwin A. Hinsdale, John S. Estabrook, Mrs. Helen Norris Estabrook, T. H. Jacokes, Mrs. Laura A. Jacokes, James H. Jerome, George Wilcox, S. M. Pearsoll, Alonzo L. Smith, Henry Palmerlee, Mrs. Sophia Chapin, John E. Day, Hervey B. Lathrop, Theodotus T. Lyon, Geo. Taylor, Warren Parker, James C. Bishop, John Strong, Jr., Talcott E. Wing, Henry B. Holbrook, Mrs. James Turner, Sanford M. Green, Alfred Mason, James Penoyer, Mrs. Lura C. Partridge, Ezra Rust, Henry Fralick, G. V. N. Lothrop, Henry E. Downer, Nelson B. Green, Wm. Seward Gridley, John E. King, Thomas Lee, Anna M. Thompson, Lois F. Selfridge, Joseph N. Wetmore, James Bailey, Charles Upson.

Respectfully submitted,

HARRIET A. TENNEY,

Recording Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

LANSING, June 7, 1882.

To the Officers and Members of the State Pioneer Society of Michigan:

Your treasurer would beg leave to make the following report:

E. LONGYEAR, TREASURER, IN ACCOUNT WITH THE SOCIETY.

Receipts.

To amount on hand at last report	$53 51
To amount received for membership fees	100 00
To amount received for sale of Pioneer Collections, vols. 1 and 2	83 75
To amount received on State appropriations, general fund, $500.00; publishing fund, $1,500.00	2,000 00
Amount for refunded for over charge	1 70
	$2,238 96

Disbursements.

On account of publishing fund :	
By paid W. S. George & Co., publishing and binding vol. 3	$934 76
By paid State of Michigan for paper for vol. 3	336 98
By paid C. B. Stebbins revising copy, reading proof, and making index vol. 3	81 00
By paid postage on account of vol. 3	5 00
By paid Committee Historians' expenses on account of vol. 3	71 11
	$1,428 85
On account of general fund :	
By paid postage	12 71
By paid Geo. H. Greene, clerk hire for recording and filing papers	23 20
By paid W. S. George & Co., printing	33 90
By paid express on books and papers	7 10
By paid Baker & Thayer use of organ at last annual meeting	1 50
By paid expenses Committee of Historians	241 25
By paid expenses executive committee	98 90
	$418 56
Total disbursements	1,847 41
Balance cash on hand	391 55
	$2,238 96

All of which is respectfully submitted.

E. LONGYEAR, *Treasurer.*

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

To the officers and members of the State Pioneer Society of Michigan:

I have the honor to submit herewith all the letters and communications received by me since our last meeting, February 3d, 1881, all of which requiring answers or acknowledgments have been promptly attended to; and while the correspondence is not very extensive, yet it is steadily increasing from year to year as the society becomes more generally known throughout the country.

I find that our society is fast taking its place alongside of other State Historical Societies, and is becoming the center of historical inquiry for this State. To illustrate this fact, permit me to refer to a single instance occurring during the past year:

About the 17th of September last, I received a communication from S. N. D. North, special agent of statistics of the newspaper press and publishing interests for the tenth census of the United States, asking for information relative to the early history and establishment of newspapers in this State which might be in my possession, or revealed by the records of this society, stating that the information he sought had never been collected for all the States, and trusted that my interest in historical matters would prompt me to give him such aid as might be in my power.

I felt it my duty to furnish the desired information as far as possible, not only as one interested in historical matters concerning our State, but to show that this society is a medium through which such information can be obtained.

I examined the records and found in vol. 1, page 385, of Pioneer Collections, an article bearing directly upon this subject, prepared by our worthy President, Prof. Holmes, and from this and by the aid of T. S. Applegate's Centennial History of the Press of Michigan, I prepared a brief history of all newspapers published in the State from the first in 1809 to 1840 inclusive, with which he expressed himself well pleased, and further stated that he should publish it in his forthcoming report substantially as received from me. He has promised us a copy of this report for our library.

I have also had the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of several valuable donations of books, pamphlets, and full volumes of old newspapers, some bound and some unbound, of which mention is made in the Recording Secretary's report.

We hope that many others may follow the example of these donors and aid this society to be what it is fast becoming—the center of historical research for this State.

I have performed the duties pointed out in the resolution adopted at the last meeting, relative to sending notices to the several Vice Presidents, informing them of their election and instructing them in their duties.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

GEO. H. GREENE,
Corresponding Secretary.

LANSING, June 7th, 1882.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON PIONEER HOSPITAL.

READ BY REV. GEO. TAYLOR AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STATE PIONEER SOCIETY, JUNE 7, 1882.

To the Michigan State Pioneer Society, assembled at Lansing, June 7, 1882:

Your committee, appointed at the last annual session to take into consideration the subject of a Pioneer Hospital, beg leave to report that, after extensive research and inquiry they have been able to find but little among the numerous institutions originated by philanthropy for the comfort of the aged and needy of our race, which seems to be adapted to the demands or necessities of the class of citizens composing this society.

Yet, while we have nothing in the form of a proposition for a Pioneer Hospital to present, we would lay before you for your consideration some crude suggestions embracing the idea of a Pioneer Home, which some of our friends think would embody all that could be desired as a hospital, and at the same time afford a variety of privileges, gratifications and comforts, such as real pioneers in advancing years might be pleased to avail themselves of.

First, The following ideas have been suggested by the fact that it is becoming an almost universal custom for the people of our country and State to seek relaxation from business during a part or all of the heated term of the year, ostensibly for rest and recuperation of health, of both body and mind. Cape May, Martha's Vineyard, Chautauqua, Petoskey, and other places are

visited where various diversions, and social, intellectual, and religious entertainments are afforded.

Second, It is known that there are multitudes who would gladly avail themselves of the relaxation, but do not desire the diversions these places afford.

Third, It is also a fact that there are many who, although they might desire them, cannot enjoy them through sheer financial inability, and yet, perhaps, need the relaxation, and might be greatly benefited by some such season of rest. This would doubtless be the case with many members of this association who are already beginning to feel the effects of life's toil, and the weight of increasing years.

Fourth, While philanthropists are erecting and endowing homes for the aged and infirm, which are everywhere reported as great blessings to the recipients, it is asked why could not a Pioneer Home be provided, which would fully meet all the demands of relaxation, diversion, and rest which this class of persons might desire?

Fifth, It is suggested that it might become a permanent home for some, or only temporary, as the better judgment of the wise might decide, but it would most certainly become an attractive retreat to many during summer heat, and to many who would prefer it to the more exciting attractions of other places of public resort.

Sixth, To secure such an object, it is suggested that we purchase improved lands in the vicinity of, and if possible entirely surrounding some one of our beautiful inland lakes; so to protect it from the intrusion of the outer world. This lake should be furnished with docks, bathing houses, boats, and fishing apparatus, and the grounds prepared for such diversions as the age and infirmities of pioneers might demand. To these should be added vegetable gardens, fruits, and flowers; and within, library, reading-rooms, instruments of music, and anything and everything that would exhilarate but not inebriate.

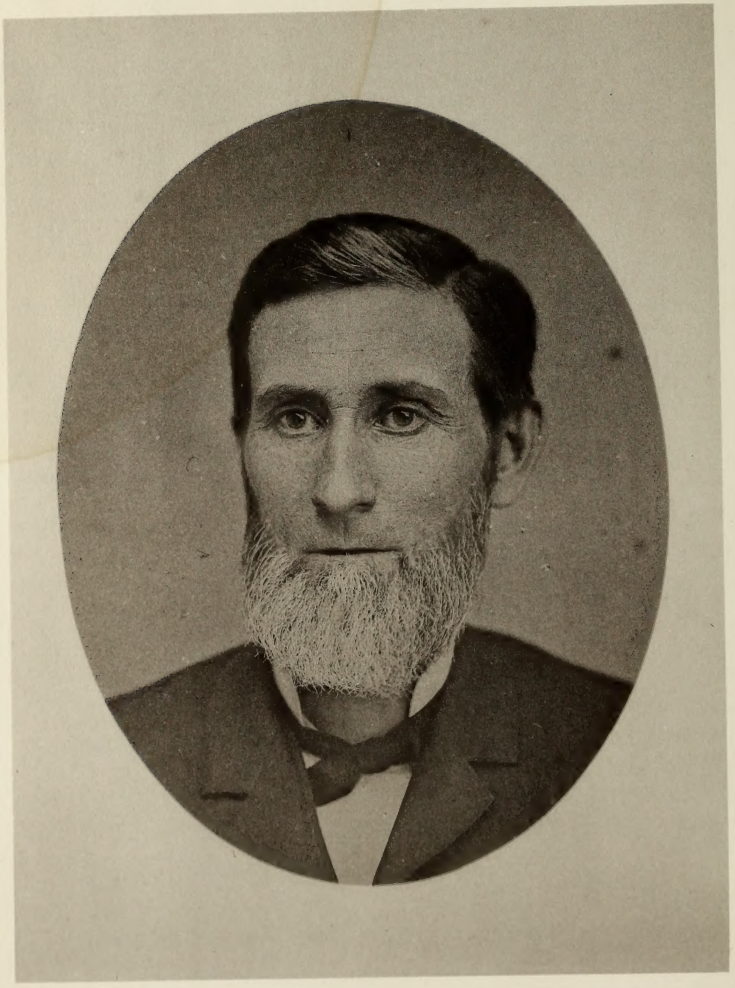
Seventh, As a feature of economy, it is suggested, and would certainly be a great desideratum, that as the culture of the lands might be expected to produce profits, that these should be applied to, and for the reduction of expenses on the cost of boarding, etc. This might be made to so reduce the price of boarding, that where it ranges from five to twenty-five dollars per week, at public resorts, here it might not exceed the sum of two dollars.

Eighth, Lastly, to provide funds for this purchase and purpose, it is thought to be reasonable to suppose that from the eight thousand members of the association, we might expect five thousand to contribute ten dollars each; while others, anticipating the benefits to be afforded, might contribute twenty-five, fifty, a hundred or more dollars, for such an endowment.

Finally: this plan of course contemplates a legal incorporation, and that it be sustained and regulated by such rules as should make it unsectarian in all matters of politics and religion, and forever free from everything which would be calculated to mar the harmony of either inmates or guests. If such an institution could be provided, it could not fail to become an honor to the State of Michigan, and a great blessing to future generations.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE TAYLOR, *Chairman.*



GEO. H. GREENE.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE H. GREENE, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

George Henry Greene, the present corresponding secretary of the State Pioneer Society, was first elected to that office at the annual meeting in February, 1879, and re-elected annually at each succeeding annual meeting since. He was born October 12, 1836, in the township of Monguagon, Wayne county, Michigan, on Grosse Isle, that beautiful island in Detroit river, now so famous as a summer resort.

His father, Augustus Weeden Greene, a farmer, was a native of Providence, Rhode Island, born in that city March 13, 1813, who came to the Territory of Michigan in the autumn of 1834, from Vermont. His route was by the Erie canal to Buffalo, thence by boat to Detroit, being eight days crossing Lake Erie. Soon after his arrival in Detroit, he rented a farm on Grosse Isle, known as the Rice farm, and in December, 1835, he married Amy Jenkins Davis, daughter of David Davis, who was then a pioneer of Michigan, having come from Huron county, Ohio, in, or prior to, 1827, and formerly from Marietta, Ohio. In 1837 he (A. W. Greene) took a contract of excavating a portion of the Gibraltar and Flat Rock canal, but in consequence of the wild-cat panic of that year, the company collapsed before the contract was completed, by which he lost all he had. He then removed to Raisinville, Monroe county, which was his place of residence just forty years. He died in Kansas June 6, 1879.

The subject of this sketch is a descendant in the ninth generation from John Greene, surgeon of Warwick, Rhode Island, who came from Salisbury, England, in 1635, and settled first in Salem, Massachusetts, but soon after, like Roger Williams, and for similar reasons, was driven out of that jurisdiction to return not "upon pain of imprisonment and further censure," and in 1638 was compelled to seek shelter, with Williams, among the friendly Indians of the Narragansett at Providence. He finally settled in Warwick, in 1642, where names of his descendants are still to be found, among whom are General Nathaniel Greene, of revolutionary fame; Governor William Greene, the revolutionary war governor of Rhode Island; that brilliant historian, William H. Prescott, and Senator Henry B. Anthony, of Providence Rhode Island, now the father of the United States Senate, serving his fifth consecutive term.

Mr. Greene received his education in the schools of Raisinville, and Yates Academy, at Yates, Orleans county, New York, by closely applying himself to his studies during the winter term of each year, as he was obliged to assist his father on the farm during the summer season, after he became old enough to work.

At the age of eighteen he commenced teaching a district school in the town of London, Monroe county, and subsequently for several years taught in the schools of Raisinville, and a portion of the time served as school inspector for that township.

In 1862 he was married to Miss Julia Lucretia Baldwin, daughter of Goodrich Baldwin, of Raisinville. In 1863 he removed to Lansing, Michigan, and engaged in the manufacture of chairs. In 1865 he accepted a position as overseer of a cane shop, at the State Reform School, and the following year was appointed principal teacher of that institution and soon after was again promoted to assistant superintendent, which position he held four years, when in 1871 he entered the office of the Secretary of State, where he was employed about a year on the compilation of the United States census of 1870. In 1872 he was appointed to a clerkship in the Auditor General's office, a position he still retains.

He is a member of the Masonic fraternity, having been admitted to that order in 1865, since which time he has been honored four years as Master of Lansing lodge No. 33, F. & A. M.; nine years as High Priest of Capital Chapter No. 9, R. A. M.; is now and has been for the past seven years, Prelate of Lansing Commandery No. 25, K. T.; and for the year 1883 was Grand Master of the Grand Council of R. & S. M. of Michigan.

In religion he is a Presbyterian, was one of the original members of the Franklin street Presbyterian church of Lansing, and assisted in its organization twenty years ago, and was for several years the superintendent of its Sabbath school.

In politics he has always been a Republican, casting his first vote for governor for Moses Wisner, and for President Abraham Lincoln.

He is proud of the fact that his family, in a long line of nine generations, coming over but a few years later than the pilgrims, has helped to make the entire history of this nation, and that he, born only three months before Michigan was admitted into the Union, has participated in its entire history as a State. He takes great pleasure as an officer in the State Pioneer Society in promoting the object of its organization—that of gathering up every scrap of history pertaining to our beautiful peninsular State, and placing it where it can be useful to the future historian.

LANSING, May 29, 1884.

THE GROWTH AND PROGRESS OF MICHIGAN.

BY SENATOR THOMAS W. FERRY.

Read at the Annual Meeting, June 8, 1882.

The pioneers and founders of the new States of to-day have an easy task before them compared with that which confronted the pioneer settlers of half a century, or the period of the pioneers of our own State, forty years ago.

Now railroads are built up to the point of settlement, and the pioneers find themselves in swift, easy, and constant interchange with the outside world, near and far. Their homes are a day behind them, the sea coast a day before them. They enjoy at once, by means of steam, all the facilities, comforts, and luxuries of the oldest settled parts of the country. Now, wherever they may happen to dwell, with goods, chattels, household gods, can glide in splendid trains, with restaurants, sleeping apartments, and all the luxuries of food and furniture at hand to their destination, whether East, or to the newer soil of the farthest West.

In fact, comparatively, the pioneer settlers of to-day know not a deprivation of any kind. They can communicate instantly with friends left behind, however distant, and much less than a "Sabbath day's journey" brings them to their side.

How different fifty or a hundred years ago!

Then, transit through the wilderness was a most painful, tedious, and laborious process, a matter of hardship and endurance. The pioneer life was in fact, in all its aspects and experiences, fraught with suffering and privation. Settlements proceeded slowly. The growth of population, and of villages and cities in wild regions was slow indeed compared with similar growth to-day. Such growth now is like magic. We find on the remotest frontiers all the luxury and splendor of old communities, all the arts, means, and appliances of the most advanced civilization. Villages, towns, and cities, with elegant streets, churches, hotels, public buildings, and private residences, appear in a night—risen like exhalations.

In other days the whim of some great monarch, some Alexander, Constantine, or Peter the Great could, like the *fiat lux* of deity, cause a commercial emporium or a seat of empire to rise, as Troy is fabled to have risen, like mist, into towers, to the notes of Apollo's lute. But this feat of a great conqueror or autocrat, who represented in his own person and will the power and capability of a large fraction of the human race, is now performed every time a new city is reared on western wilds and prairies, or at the feet of rocky slopes.

The current means of concentrating population, building material, utensils, and comforts of all sorts, in any given locality, on any chosen site, however remote it may be from the old centers of civilization, are such as to make the erection of a city an affair, not of years, as it used to be in the dreadfully slow times of our ancestors, or even of our own immediate pioneers, but of months, and the city thus improvised is as then, of no cheap construction, but springing into form like the goddess Athena, full grown, panoplied, and splendid; so that where late was dense forests, dreary prairie, abounding wild beasts, flora and waving grass, behold! substantial, compact, beautiful cities, with vistas of adorned streets and electric lights, dispelling night's gloom. "The everlasting murmur, deep and loud," through day and night, of their countless throngs, "choking the ways that wind 'mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind." And this swiftly created city is not jealously gated, and walled against foemen, but lies hospitably open to all comers and sojourners, by means of iron arteries, radiating to all sections of our domain, for rapid transit to all communities.

Thus has modern civilization, by the aid of science, and the inventive faculty, made the work of the pioneer settler of to-day easy and cheerful. Not so grew our own metropolitan city of the straits, founded as far back as the initial year of the eighteenth century. It attained to its present magnitude and beauty by slow processes. It began erection in the day of small things and clumsy methods. But its later growth has been under the impulse of current art and science. In 1819 steam navigation became a potent factor in advancing the settlement of our State; and in 1825 the Erie canal was opened by the perseverance and genius of the great New York statesman, DeWitt Clinton. This canal united the waters of Lake Erie with those of the Hudson. It facilitated the settlement of Michigan greatly.

It made a continuous water-way from the Atlantic to Superior and the Mississippi. Thus we must include the illustrious New Yorker as among the grandest of our own pioneers. In the words of another: "Fourteen years of Clinton's life were assiduously devoted to his favorite project of uniting the Hudson and the great lakes and Mississippi. He was the advocate, the memorialist, the topographer, and financier of the vast enterprise; and accomplished it by his wisdom and intrepidity, without the slightest pecuniary advantage, and in the face of innumerable obstacles. Its consummation was one of the greatest festivals sacred to a triumph of the arts of peace ever celebrated on this continent. The impulse it gave to commercial and agricultural prosperity continues to this hour." It at once whitened the "great lakes" with numberless sails. It gave fresh start and impetus to our own State, so that it is most proper at a meeting of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan, that there should be a commemorative notice of DeWitt Clinton, who was of the greatest of pioneers, not only of Michigan, but of all the States of the northwest laved by our saltless inland seas. To quote again from an eloquent essayist on the life and achievements of Clinton: "The great lakes of America prophesied to the far-reaching vision of Clinton her future progress. He perceived more clearly than any of his contemporaries, that her development depended upon facilities of intercourse and communication. He beheld with intuitive wisdom, the extraordinary provision for this end, in the succession of lake and river extending like a broad silver tissue from the ocean far through the land; thus bringing the products of foreign climes within reach of the lone emigrant in the heart of the continent, and the staples of those

midland valleys to freight the ships of her seaports." DeWitt Clinton was a statesman in the best sense of the word, and not a politician. A colossal statue of him in bronze or marble, with his imperial front contemplating the waters of Detroit river, would be an appropriate ornament in the metropolis of Michigan, and a fitting tribute of the gratitude of our people to one to whose far-sighted policy and genius our State has been so much indebted.

Now the tendency of public life in this country is to merge statesmanship into politics. The broad views and high aims of the fathers of the republic only occasionally inspire the leaders of party. The only lasting renown which can be achieved by public men is by identification with grand and progressive ideas, and great and beneficent public enterprises.

So much by way of general remark on the subject of pioneer settlers; and by way of comparison of the great facilities enjoyed by such settlers to-day, with the sorrows, privations, and hardships of all kinds suffered by the pioneer settlers of fifty years ago. None can more fully appreciate this contrast than those who are gathered here to-day, many of whom can furnish illustrations of its truthfulness by their own experiences. And here let me say, that the subject of the settlement of our State, privations of its pioneers, with all the historic associations and facts connected with all, is embarassing to the speaker and writer by reason of their extent and variety. Out of so many topics that crowd on him for notice and comment, it is hard to choose those best suited to the limitations of an ordinary paper. An able pamphleteer upon "Michigan and Its Resources" says that the formative period in the character of the people of our State as a political community, was between 1830 and 1840. This was not long ago. Nevertheless, though our history as a State is quite recent, dating from 1835 or 1837, still we have witnessed the admission of so many younger sister States to the Union since we reached our political majority, that we can not help feeling somewhat venerable, as a commonwealth, and can not help assuming toward the later members of the family the manner of a grave and reverend seignior.

Time is now so crowded with events, that a few years mean more than centuries long ago. Although multitudes of pioneers of our State still live—and long may they yet live—and though we may be regarded as a nineteenth century community, basking in the blaze of its civilization, still the organization and maintenance of the Pioneer Society of Michigan, grouping county, town, and city branches, was a wise and foresighted conception. For how swiftly do human generations succeed each other; and how quickly oblivion makes a prey of memorable men and events, if means are not promptly adopted to make the leading characters and facts of a given period matter of permanent record, so that he who runs may read, and value the past. This society was organized with its local branches for historial, biographical, and memorial purposes of all kinds; and its establishment affords evidence of such an enlightened interest in the men and events of our brief past as becomes a highly civilized community. And who are more worthy of minute and enduring historic record than the pioneer settlers of a great, wealthy, prosperous, and constantly-growing State like our own? Who are more worthy of periodical commemoration, by societies specially organized for that purpose, in a spirit of fraternity and reverent confession, than the men and women who transformed a wilderness, rustling and rugged with primitive forests and jungles, misty with miasmatic vapors from undrained bogs, marshes, and stagnant waters, into a beautiful, civilized, and intelligent State, studded

with thousands of attractive and happy homes, with fruitful fields, gardens rich with every variety of plant and shrub and flower that minister to human needs and tastes, and lustrous with beautiful villages and elegant cities? Not longer ago than 1815, a high federal official pronounced Michigan "unfit for cultivation," an irreclaimable marsh and wilderness which was "not worth the expense of a survey." Such was the deliberate judgment of a United States Surveyor General, and General Land Office Commissioner in 1815–16.

In the face of the latest statistics of Michigan, it is somewhat amusing to read such a judgment in the light of the current product of our State, I say, whether vegetable or mineral. A territory not worth the expense of a survey, which produces a wheat crop of nearly twenty million bushels, and a corn crop of equal amount, and whose surface is whitened by two million sheep, and whose cut of pine in 1881, was over three thousand millions of feet. The same statistical authority from which the above facts are derived, reveals the fact that Michigan leads all American States in lumber, copper, and salt; that it has probably supplanted Pennsylvania as the largest iron ore producing State; that it is the chief northwestern fruit State; has the largest fresh-water fisheries; that it is fourth in wheat and wool, and contains the greatest copper mines in the world. Such a territory, with its inexhaustable possibilities, albeit of erst "not worth the expense of a survey!" But we have later surveyed for ourselves, exposed the early blunder, and already come to a great destiny as a community, with prospect of still richer things in store for us; and so we forgive, and try to forget the past.

As for our mines, there were prehistoric copper mines within our borders in the memorial days of yore, whereof there is no record except fragments of copper and the vestiges of mining operations.

The student of the prehistoric past can find abundant monuments of that past within our lake-girdled limits.

We even can boast of a brief feudal past, when our territory was the ranging ground of adventurous Jesuit missionaries and French warriors, and pilgrims from France of *the old régime*.

However much we may differ in our beliefs and ideas from LaSalle and Marquette and Cadillac, and the other romantic and enthusiastic knights errant, and missionaries errant, who roamed the dense wilds and great fresh-water seas of the primitive northwest in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, still we can not help hailing them from our vantage ground of the nineteenth century, as among the noblest pioneers of our peninsular State. Though the savages, whom they crossed the ocean to convert and civilize, were destined to early extinction, yet their dauntless explorations of this continent, sustained by a belief that they were constantly watched and guarded by more than mortal allies, their heroic endurance of privation, martyrdom, and death, will never be forgotten or cease to be celebrated at all gatherings like this for commemorative purposes. Indeed, there are pomological traces still surviving in our borders of the French missionary pioneers of our State. We are told that when Father Marquette and his Jesuit brothers paddled around our beautiful peninsula, over two hundred years ago, dropping here and there the seeds of a few apple and pear trees, along with the "seed of the Word," they little dreamed of the great future that was indicated for Michigan, in the thrifty growth of seedling fruit trees that were to spring up along their pathway. A few of these old trees and some that were planted a few

years later, are still found in various places on the shores of Erie, Huron, and Lake Michigan. They are healthy and strong, bearing crops of fruit, monuments of the adaptability of our State to the cultivation of the apple and pear.

For the above interesting information I am indebted to the admirable pamphlet entitled "Michigan and Its Resources."

But the pioneers of our State were anxious not alone to clear its soil and develop it physically, so that it might, decade after decade, yield an ever larger material product of cereals, fruit, ores, salt, and lumber, for the enrichment of its cultivators, miners, professional and business men, but they were solicitous, also, that the State should produce intelligent men and women; they were anxious to provide the amplest means for the best moral, mental, and religious culture and discipline of its successive generations, as they should rise to fulfill the duties of citizens, be they agriculturists, artisans, professionals, business men, or legislators. They were anxious to provide an effectual antidote against popular ignorance, which means popular shiftlessness and degradation, and unfitness for the duties and enjoyments of a free State, and for the exercise of the franchise of freemen.

Therefore it was, that they laid the foundations of our State in the cement, so to speak, of popular intelligence, by providing an admirable system of State education which is now recognized by all as unsurpassed; a system including every means of mental culture, from the common school to the University. Thus, while they cleared the soil of the State of its primitive jungle and wild vegetation, they took effectual measures that the popular mind should be equally well laid open to the light of truth and knowledge.

Out of a population of 1,636,937, according to the census table of 1880, showing the per centum of illiterates to the total population of the States, with relative rank, Michigan stands fourth on the list, only the States of Nebraska, Iowa, and Maine showing a smaller per centum of illiteracy. Even Massachusetts, the chief New England State, and most notable of all the States for its culture and literary product, ranks sixteenth on the list—far below our own Michgan in respect to popular intelligence; while the population of our State is very nearly equal to that of Massachusetts, and at its present rate of increase, will shortly exceed that of the latter State. Indeed, it may be remarked, that since its admission into the Union, forty-five years ago, Michigan has passed thirteen of the older States in population.

I have spoken of some of the world-renowned French explorers and pioneers of our State and the other northwestern States. Some of our American pioneers are equally famous, and recognized as more than mere local celebrities, as belonging in fact, in the Pantheon or Vathalla of the Nation's great men whose memories it will never suffer to fade out.

To the history and manners and customs of the aboriginal tribes of the great northwest, Longfellow owed the inspiration and material of his beautiful Indian epic, "Hiawatha," which has hallowed the entire lake region, and especially the shores and sand bluffs of Michigan, Superior, and its forests and melancholy fen-lands, and made them familiar to all the world, as only the verses of a true poet can make familiar whatever objects they describe.

And apropos of the fresh-water seas which nearly embrace and mark the boundary for hundreds of miles of our peninsular State; what wonder is it, that these lakes, with their forest margins and wild-fowl, vast expanses of

wood and wave, glorious sunrises and sunsets, charmed with an irresistible fascination the eyes of the early French voyagers and explorers? Charlevoix, one of these, is eloquent in his account of the straits of Detroit and their bordering forest scenery, and the atmospheric lights and shades. Parkman, the author of "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," devotes a page or more to a description of the sunsets in the vicinity of Detroit.

In all respects our Michigan has been lavishly favored by nature in its vegetable fertility and endogenous wealth, and in its vast environment of the purest navigable water, which gives an extent of oceanic outlook nearly as great as of the ocean itself.

Ours is indeed the central State, the peninsular commonwealth, of that grand northwest, whose forests, and lakes, and cataracts, and beauty created a fascination upon their original explorers, stirring unwonted emotions of the sublime and beautiful, even on travelers like Chateaubriand, who were familiar with the finest and sublimest scenery of Europe and Asia.

Whether looked at then, from the point of view of the political economist or the æsthetic observer, our State and its environment are sure to command admiration.

Let me say in closing, that there can be no gathering of its citizens here, in this, its young and beautiful capital—Lansing, for a nobler object than that for which the periodical meetings of "The Pioneer Society of Michigan" are held.

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

BY HENRY M. UTLEY.

Read at the Annual Meeting, June 7, 1882.

The people of the State feel a deep interest and cherish an honest pride in their University. It has carried the name of Michigan around the world. Its rolls bear the names of men who have been honored in the most learned scientific and literary circles, who have become distinguished in the professions and who are recognized as men of ability and influence in all the higher walks of life. The institution is conspicuous among the great universities, and has inaugurated reforms in educational methods which have led the way to progress in the systems of liberal education throughout the world, not only in respect to courses of instruction, but in throwing wide open the doors of every department to all would-be-learners, without distinction of race or sex.

The brain that conceived this career, so grandly entered upon, the hand that planted the germ and fostered its tender growth, have ceased to think and to do on earth.

In November, 1881, all that was mortal of the first president of the University was laid away to everlasting sleep in the shadow of the lofty crags of Switzerland. Fit monument! Symbols at once of his towering intellect and of the rugged and enduring grandeur of his character!

Henry Phillips Tappan was born at Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, New York, April 18, 1805. On his father's side he was descended from the Huguenot family of Tappin, of Lorraine, who emigrated to Holland, and thence to America; and through his mother from the DeWitts of Holland. His father, Major Peter Tappan, a revolutionary officer, when eighteen years of age, took part in the siege of Yorktown. Later on in life, having endorsed carelessly for a friend, he was thrown from affluence into pecuniary difficulties, and his youngest son and child, the subject of this sketch, was thus at the early age of fourteen cast entirely on his own resources. He struggled on, teaching others while but a student himself, and graduated with high honors at Union College, Schenectady, in 1825. Later he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College, and still later the degree of Doctor of Laws from Columbia College, New York.

He chose the ministry for his profession and entered Auburn Theological Seminary to complete his theological studies. Before finishing his course he preached a winter in Schenectady, aiding Dr. Van Vechter.

April 17, 1828, he married Julia, eldest daughter of Col. John W. Living-

ston, who still survives, cherishing tender memories of him who was for more than fifty years her companion in the highest sense. Soon after marriage he settled at Pittsfield, Mass., having having been called to take charge of the Congregational church at that place. Here he labored for three years, when an affection of the throat compelled him to relinquish public speaking. He resigned his charge and went to the West Indies, where he spent six months in the effort to recruit his health; but he never recovered from the throat affection sufficiently to enable him to again accept a settlement as pastor. Upon his return from the West Indies, and at the age of 27, he was called to fill the chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the New York University, where he remained until 1838, when he, with the great body of the professors, left in consequence of troubles in the University. He then devoted himself to his favorite study of Mental Philosophy; and in 1839 put forth his first work, entitled: "Review of Edwards' Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will." Another volume entitled: "The Doctrine of the Will determined by an Appeal to Consciousness," followed in 1840. This was succeeded by another volume in 1841, entitled: "The Doctrine of the Will Applied to Moral Agency and Responsibility." These volumes were republished with corrections and additions, a new table of contents and an appendix on "Edwards and the Necessitarian School," newly composed by the author, in one volume, octavo, Glasgow, 1857. It attracted wide attention among the scholars and thinkers of Europe, and at once gave Dr. Tappan rank as a profound scholar, an original thinker, and a Christian philosopher. The distinguished M. Victor Cousin at this time calls him "equal to any of his class of thinkers then existing in Europe."

In 1841 he published "Elements of Logic," long used as a text book in colleges. This was revised in 1856 and made to include an "Introductory View of Philosophy in General, and a Preliminary View of the Reason." In 1856 he was made a corresponding member of the Institute of France, in the Department of Philosophy. The North American Review said of him: "The name of Henry P. Tappan is one well known in the world of letters, and its owner, whether viewed as a polished gentleman, a profound scholar, or a Christian philosopher, stands among the first men of his age."

He also published "A Treatise on University Education" (1851), "A Step from the New World to the Old and Back Again, with thoughts on the good and evil in both" (1852). He also published a number of orations, addresses, tracts, etc., and contributed an introduction to "Illustrious Personages of the Nineteenth Century" (1853), and articles to the Biblical Repository, Methodist Quarterly Review, etc.

His work on The Will and Review of Edwards was written at a time when bigotry was rampant, and any one who exercised the freedom of thought to which an enlightened and honest judgment might lead him, was in danger of thereby making himself an outcast and an alien. Dr. Tappan wrote and gave out his work at a time when he was struggling with life, and when the honest expression of his opinions and convictions closed the doors of many posts to him, which otherwise would gladly have welcomed him. Contemporaries of that time told him, although they agreed with him in the main, he was in advance of his age, and it would be more prudent in him to be silent. But the old free spirit of the DeWitts stirred in him, and he could not hold his peace when it seemed to him that duty bade him speak.

About 1849 he visited Europe where he spent two years in study and travel.

He was recalled to resume his old chair in the University of New York, and it is well known that he conceived the plan of developing that institution upon the theories advanced in his work on "University Education," published about this time. He contended that the city of New York, with its vast accumulation of wealth, the center of capital and the commercial metropolis of the continent, was favorably situated also to become the great center of learning and culture, and could establish and maintain a great University which should attract to itself students from all parts of the land; and while retaining all the best features of the institutions of the old world, should at the same time, untrammeled by precedent or caste, be thoroughly representative of our broad, free America.

But Providence had ordained him for a different sphere than that he contemplated in his native State. Before entering upon his duties in the University of New York, after his return from Europe, he was called to the University of Michigan. This call was entirely unsolicited and unexpected by him. The Board of Regents, which then consisted of Michael Patterson, Edward Moore, William Upjohn, James Kingsley, Elisha Ely, Charles H. Palmer, Andrew Parsons, and Elam Farnsworth, had previously invited George Bancroft, the historian, to the presidency of the University. He declined the appointment and proposed the name of Dr. Tappan. A correspondence ensued between Mr. Palmer, chairman of the committee of the regents, which had the matter in charge, and Dr. Tappan, resulting in the unanimous election of the latter, August 12, 1852. He visited Ann Arbor, looked over the ground, conferred with friends of the University, and in the following September accepted the appointment. He had evidently made up his mind that here in this comparatively new and undeveloped State were laid deep and firm the foundations of an institution which promised a better superstructure at his hand than even the much favored University of New York. Time has justified the wisdom of his choice.

His inaugural address was delivered at Ann Arbor, December 21, 1852; and as it is a full and clear exposition of his views of the plan and place of the University in an educational system, something more than a passing allusion to it will be permitted.

He says: "Institutions of learning have been founded both by individuals and the State. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the University of Paris were the work of individual munificence and enterprise in their inception and in much of their after development. So, also, most of the colleges of our country have been created by individuals. The State lent its aid when these institutions had already attained conspicuity and given demonstration of their value and importance. Prussia and Michigan are examples of States creating educational systems. The first has been completely successful, and the institutions of Prussia, like ancient learning and art, stand before us as models which we are constrained to admire, to approve, and to copy. The institutions of Michigan are yet in their infancy, but we think there is the promise of a bright career, of a full and ripe development, which cannot well disappoint us."

He then proceeds to a discussion of the English Universities, which are merely a collection of colleges, with a four-years course of study embracing so much Greek and Latin, and mathematics and philosophy, winding up with a grand commencement display, when the young men aired their oratory and the University proper discharged its only legitimate function, which was to

confer degrees. He contrasted this with the Prussian system which takes the child at a tender age into the primary school, passes him thence to the gymnasium where he remains until he has completed his eighteenth year, when he can pass into the University, provided he is prepared to undergo the examination. In the University are courses in theology, law, medicine, philosophy, or general science and literature, the last of which is extended at the pleasure of the student. Most of the colleges in this country are modeled upon the English plan. The educational system of Michigan closely resembles that of Prussia. We have the primary school, the high school, which fills the place of the gymnasium of Prussia, and crowning all, the University. Continuing, Dr. Tappan says: "I have not therefore been traveling out of the record in giving an exposition of the Prussian system as a just and adequate exemplification of what is meant by a system of public instruction. I have indeed taken high ground as to education, but I have done no violence to public sentiment. I have only been reiterating and expounding the thoughts and words of the men who laid the foundations of the educational system of Michigan, of the men who have been and are now its acknowledged supporters. One half the work is done when we have laid down a principle and adopted a model. How can we vacillate now? How can we be looking about for expedients? Our way lies right before us."

Again, looking at the English model and the colleges in this country founded upon it, he says: "What are our academies but incipient colleges, and what our colleges but more mature academies, with the power of conferring degrees? We, too, have covered only the first period of education, and left the second period, or the University proper, undeveloped. There is another respect, too, in which we have followed the English. We have laid out immense sums of money in providing dormitories for students. In erecting colleges we have uniformly begun with two things—the erection of dormitories and a commencement exhibition; as if sleeping in cloisters, reciting poems and orations in public, and the conferring of degrees were essential to the educational system. * * * * Now all this is opposed to the Prussian model. In Prussia the great aim is to provide libraries, museums, laboratories, observatories, and philosophical apparatus and a sufficient number of eminent professors. In Prussia they take care of the great things and let the small things take care of themselves."

And so Michigan having wisely adopted the most perfect standard as her standard the only course for her was to proceed in the direction which she had chosen. After a glance at the progress already accomplished in the primary schools of the State, and the then imperfectly developed, but now well perfected, high, or union school, and the place of the normal school in the system, he turned his attention to the University as he then found it, and discussed at some length its proper development. He found a University organization with a faculty giving instruction in the gymnastic or collegiate course. He proposed an immediate advance. There should be organized additional faculties. There was already a department of medicine; there should be one of law. There should be schools of science, of civil engineering, of mining, of agriculture, of mechanics. There should be a library, a laboratory, an observatory, a museum, a gallery of fine arts. Post graduate courses should be established for those who wished to remain at the University and continue their studies after completing the course laid down for a degree. He would have the University one in fact as well as in name; a great and shining light

which could be seen from the uttermost parts of the country—the crowning glory of the grand educational system adopted by the State.

He says: "There are the lower schools for the education of human souls. Why are they called lower, but that there are others which are higher than they? And if there are the higher there must also be the highest. But since we must have the lowest for earliest years of life and the higher for the more developed years of youth, who shall forbid us the highest for the discipline of manhood? And then, as there are different years and conditions to be educated, and different callings to be fitted for, so there are a vast variety of knowledges to be gained. There is a knowledge of the stars of heaven, as well as the stones of the earth; a knowledge of men, as well as of beasts, birds, fishes, and insects; a knowledge of organized matter in plants and animals, as well as of crude matter in the crust of the earth; a knowledge of languages and music, as well as of winds and tides; a knowledge of pure science, as well as of mixed science; a knowledge of invisible forces, as well as of visible motions; a knowledge of the past, as well as of the present; a knowledge of mind, as well as of matter; a knowledge of law and duty, as well as of disease and medicine: a knowledge of the divine, as well as the human. What shall we do with all these knowledges? Destroy some of them, or set them aside? Nay, they are all in God's universe, and can not be quenched any more than the stars of heaven; and the mind of man is made for them all; and as if by a divine inspiration, will be busy with them all; and all that is good and beautiful in the world flows out from them. * * * * We have described a University as a place where all these knowledges are to be found—a shop of the nine muses where they sell their wares to the children of men. Is not that land destitute, in which such a place can nowhere be lighted upon? Without such a place we must want many branches of knowledge, or seek them in other lands. Instead of making our own scholars and our own books, we must import them or be without scholars and books. * * * * Blot out the University of Michigan, young as it is, and would it not seem as if the ancient forests were again overshadowing the land? This young University—shall we not carry it forward to perfection? Is not the ambition worthy of a free and independent people which would make it one of the great Universities of the world, where all knowledges are to be found, where great and good men are to be reared up, and whence shall go forth the light and law of universal education?"

And so, with his whole heart and soul therein, he entered upon his work at the University.

There was at this time in operation, the literary department, which embraced the usual undergraduate classical course, and which was attended by about fifty students, and the medical department, which had been established about three years before, and which had an attendance of about one hundred and thirty students. The students of the literary department were lodged in dormitories in the University buildings. As has been already intimated, Dr. Tappan believed that the true policy was to expend money for libraries, museums, laboratories, observatories, rather than to build costly buildings to provide dormitories for students. He said: "Why not let young men provide their own board and lodging? Our colleges are not located in the wilderness, but in pleasant towns where accommodations are abundant." So the dormitory system was abandoned and all the students were sent to find their homes among the people of Ann Arbor. There were those who

objected to this innovation upon the time-honored custom of the colleges, and regarded it as subversive of all proper discipline over the young men. Dr. Tappan maintained that the students were residents, if not citizens of the State of Michigan and of Ann Arbor; and as such were amenable to all laws and social usages. Furthermore, it was one of the fundamental principles of his discipline to put every student upon his manliness, rather than to treat him as a school boy, who must be watched in anticipation of truancy. The evils which the croakers predicted from turning the students loose in Ann Arbor never showed themselves, and so the whole dormitory system was fortunately and forever abandoned. The interiors of the buildings were remodeled into class rooms, lecture rooms, and rooms for the literary societies. In one building was provided a spacious chapel for daily morning devotions and Sunday afternoon religious lectures. The upper floors of this building were given up wholly to a library, museum, and art gallery, which from very small beginnings soon developed into something worthy the name.

When Dr. Tappan came to the University it had a library of about 4,500 volumes, stored away in a small and inconvenient room. Four thousand of these volumes had been purchased in Europe in 1844 by Prof. Asa Gray. The remainder had been added from time to time by purchases and donations. It had been the custom for some member of the faculty to hold the nominal office of librarian, while some student, under his direction, gave out books once or twice a week. By this system, or rather lack of system, the books became badly scattered and a considerable number of them were lost. The library at this time, consisted mostly of miscellaneous English books; and was especially deficient in classical and scientific works, in American literature, and in works of reference. Dr. Tappan at once took measures to improve the library. He appealed to the citizens of Ann Arbor, who responded with a subscription of $1,500. After this the regents made an annual appropriation for the purchase of books and periodicals and the library gradually increased in valuable works. A suitable room was fitted up and the books were properly arranged by John L. Tappan, a son of the president, who had been appointed by the regents to the position of librarian; an office which he filled with signal ability and fidelity.

Dr. Tappan took early steps for the establisment of an astronomical observatory; and it was largely through his personal influence that the desired result was brought about. Citizens of Detroit subscribed $15,000 for the purpose, and one citizen of Detroit, Henry N. Walker, Esq., gave $4,000 of this amount for the purchase of the transit instrument and the meridian circle. The remainder of the cost, amounting to some $6,000, was paid by the regents. The observatory was, in respect to its equipment, one of the best and most complete in existence at that time. Dr. Tappan took special pride and interest in it. It was first proposed by him, and as already stated, it was through the instrumentality of himself and his friends that the money was raised with which to build and equip it. Traveling in Europe he visited various astronomers, and under their advice and with the especial aid of Encke and Brunnow, procured the instruments. He disbursed the money which he had raised, and therefore the observatory may with right and justice be christened his own.

When the observatory was completed, he took an interest in procuring for it a worthy director. Under advice of the regents he first offered the position to Prof. W. A. Norton, of Yale College, and afterward to Dr. B. A. Gould,

of Boston. Subsequently the position was offered to and accepted by Dr. Brunnow, a pupil and then assistant of the celebrated Encke, of Berlin. This offer was made with the advice and warm commendations of Gould and Agassiz, and Dr. Brunnow was urged to an acceptance of it by Humboldt, who desired to see his favorite science advanced in a country which ever held his warmest sympathies. Of Dr. Brunnow's work at the University, or subsequently to his withdrawal therefrom, it is not necessary here to speak. After coming to Ann Arbor he married the only daughter of Dr. Tappan, and so became a member of his family.

The laboratory for analytical chemistry, which is now so important a feature of the University, was established mainly through the instrumentality of Dr. Tappan, seconded by Dr. Silas H. Douglass, who continued for many years in successful and able charge thereof.

When Dr. Tappan came to the University he found no apparatus, except in the chemical department. At his urgent solicitation, departments of physics, civil engineering, etc., were established and provided with the requisite apparatus and equipment.

Then, too, he set about providing a suitable museum of zoölogy, mineralogy, geology, botany, etc. Contributions had previously been made in some of these departments by Drs. Houghton, Sager, and others, but they were stored away in a garret. Suitable galleries were provided above the library and in connection with it, and the specimens were properly classified, arranged, labeled and made available to the students. Correspondence was opened with the Smithsonian Institute, which resulted in liberal and valuable donations and exchanges. A good beginning was thus made in establishing at the University a great museum of natural history.

An agricultural department was established, and placed in the charge of an able and accomplished lecturer and instructor upon the sciences involved in practical agriculture. It was Dr. Tappan's theory that all sciences should be taught in the University, and that they could be pursued by students to the greatest advantage in an institution which gave instruction, not specially in one branch, but in all, which was equipped with laboratories, museums, libraries, and apparatus, and which called together a great and learned body of professors and instructors. To this end he labored with great earnestness to induce the State to turn over to the University the appropriation made by the General Government for an agricultural college, and thus make that college a department of the University. But this proposition met with determined hostility on the part of representatives of the agricultural class, and the result was, that the Agricultural College was set up as a separate institution at Lansing.

When Dr. Tappan came to Michigan the University was unpopular with the people. Among other prejudices which weighed against it, was that arising from the requirement of the ancient languages for admission to the academical department. He therefore suggested the plan, which was afterward adopted by the regents, of three courses—the classical, the scientific, and the optional. He himself said in justification of this plan: "Owing to the paucity of classical preparatory schools in the northwest, to the greater possibility of pursuing without regular instruction, elementary and preparatory studies in science, than of pursuing in the same way, elementary and preparatory studies in Latin and Greek; and to a prejudice, which in a new and

rapidly improving region is not unreasonable, in favor of studies directly connected with the mechanical and useful arts generally, many young men, under a universal application of the old requirement for admission, were excluded from the privileges of the University, who, under the new organization, might gain an education advantageous to themselves, useful to the community, and worthy of university honors."

In the scientific course the military academy at West Point was followed as a model, and two professors educated there were secured to conduct it. The optional course was intended to meet the wants of those who aimed at special acquirements; and of those the inequality of whose preparatory studies in the different branches required for admission, whether into the classical or the scientific course, demanded special arrangements.

The plan proved a success. Prejudices against classical studies died away when these studies appeared no longer to monopolize the University. Owing to it, in conjunction with other auspicious influences, the number of students rapidly increased, attracted from almost every State in the Union. The number of classical students was greatly augmented, and a scientific school of great promise came into being. Within ten years the number of students in the academical department, which, at the time of Dr. Tappan's inauguration, was fifty, increased to two hundred and seventy, and the number of students in all departments of the University, which at the former date was two hundred and ten, increased to six hundred and seventy-four.

Pursuant to a purpose announced some years before, the law department was established as soon as the finances of the University would permit, and a building was erected specially for its occupancy; the citizens of Ann Arbor subscribing a liberal sum to aid in accomplishment of this end.

Dr. Tappan always took a lively interest in commending the University to the people of the State, and especially to the Legislature. He visited that body in 1853, accompanied by some members of the Board of Regents. At this time the Legislature first remitted the interest on the University debt, so called, a generosity which was imitated by every subsequent Legislature, until one, more generous than all the rest, remitted the debt entirely. On the occasion of his visits to Lansing, Dr. Tappan was always invited to address the Legislature in relation to the University. These addresses and the reports which Dr. Tappan made to the regents, and on behalf of the regents to the State authorities, accomplished great results in making the University better understood and appreciated, not only by members of the Legislature, but by the people of the State generally. The institution grew in popular favor and the era of generous treatment on the part of the State was fairly entered upon.

In these reports and addresses he always kept in view the noble plan shadowed forth in the State system of public education and the possibilities which might be attained by its full and faithful development. In one of them he says of the University, the crown of the system: "A University is a collection of finished scholars in every department of human knowledge, associated for the purpose of advancing and communicating knowledge. To accomplish these purposes they gather around them books on all subjects, without any limit, specimens of art, specimens of natural history, apparatus for illustrating the laws of nature and for prying into her secrets; in fine, whatever may aid them in thought, investigation, and discovery, and in making known the results of their labors. Living together they aid and stimu-

late each other. They form a center of light and irradiate it far and wide for the glory of their country and the good of mankind. They create an atmosphere filled with inspirations to thought, research, and culture. Young men who have passed through the intermediate grade, and hence who have learned the art and formed the habits of study, resort to them to hear their lectures, to breathe their spirit, to copy their example, and to submit themselves to their guidance. Thus they multiply and perpetuate themselves. They instruct orally and they instruct by books. They instruct their own country and times; they instruct foreign countries and future generations. They bring to bear the highest powers of mind, ripened and furnished to the highest degree upon those great subjects which embody all civilization, lead on all improvement, and multiply the enjoyments, elevate the condition and determine the destiny of the race."

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Thus it appears that he had a lofty ideal, not only of the work and place of a University, but of the men to fill its posts of lecturers and teachers.

Before Dr. Tappan came to the University the faculty of its academic department consisted of Geo. P. Williams, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics; D. D Whedon, Professor of Logic and History; J. H. Agnew, Professor of Greek and Latin; S. H. Douglass, Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology; and Louis Fasquelle, Professor of Modern Languages. Of this number only Professors Williams, Douglass, and Fasquelle were in actual service when Dr. Tappan began his labors. He at once set about strengthening this faculty in numbers, as the scheme of studies was enlarged and new courses opened. And in rehearsing the names of men who were called to professorships within the next year or two, one can not fail to be struck with the closeness with which the lofty ideal of the president was adhered to, and the wisdom which was shown in making the selections. E. O. Haven, subsequently president of the University, and at the time of his recent death a distinguished bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, was called first to the chair of Latin, and subsequently transferred to that of History and English Literature. When he vacated the latter chair shortly thereafter to engage in more congenial editorial work in Boston, Andrew D. White, now president of Cornell University, was called to the chair, and filled it for several years, with great honor to himself and profit to those under his instruction. Henry S. Frieze, who still illuminates the University by his polished erudition, was called to the chair of Latin; James R. Boise became Professor of Greek Language and Literature, and Alexander Winchell, Professor of Geology, Zoölogy, and Botany. As already stated, Francis Brunnow was called to the management of the observatory and became Professor of Astronomy; positions which he held with great distinction for nine years. When he retired he was succeeded by his pupil, the late lamented James C. Watson. In the newly created scientific department, Wm. G. Peck was made Professor of Physics and Civil and Mining Engineering, and Wm. P. Trowbridge was made Professor of Mathematics. Both these gentlemen were graduates of the West Point Military Academy, and were scholars of eminence then and have since become men of national reputation. Charles Fox became Professor of Theoretical and Applied Agriculture, but had only fairly entered upon the work for which he was in every way so well fitted, when he died, and owing to the action of the State Legislature in establishing the Agricultural College, the chair was never again filled. Devolson Wood succeeded Professor Peck in the chair of Physics and Civil Engineering, and Edward P. Evans became

Professor of Modern Languages upon the death of Prof. Fasquelle. Thomas M. Cooley became lecturer upon Constitutional Law.

The mere mention of these names is sufficient to show that the policy which Dr. Tappan advocated, of calling into the faculties men of acknowledged learning and ability and undoubted leaders in the several departments of study which were to be placed in their charge, was fully established. Thus far only the academical department of the University has been spoken of. The same policy was pursued in the medical department. Dr. A. B. Palmer was called to the chair of Materia Medica and Practice of Medicine; Dr. Ford, to that of Anatomy; Dr. Edmund Andrews, to that of Comparative Anatomy; Dr. S. G. Armour to that of Institutes of Medicine, etc. So, in the law department, established a few years later, the same judicious care was exercised. Dr. Tappan himself speaking upon this subject says: "In selecting professors for this department, I conceived that, while we should not pass by our own State in all the appointments, we should seek to associate with it at least one man of national reputation, wherever he might be found. We had sought for our other professors in various directions; and I could see no reason why, in this case, we should deviate from a policy based upon considerations of the highest merit in the individual, and of securing for the University the highest reputation and success."

Mention has been made of instruction in fine arts. Work in this direction in the University was specially favored by Dr. Tappan. He alludes to it more than once in his inaugural address. A school for the fine arts was included on the same plane with schools of science, engineering, law, medicine, agriculture, and the mechanic and industrial arts, as necessary to make up that grand whole, the University. Thus galleries of the fine arts became requisite. He early broached and strongly advocated this idea. It was heartily shared and cordially seconded by Profs. Frieze and White. The former laid the foundation of an actual gallery by purchasing and paying out of his own pocket, during a visit in Europe, for copies in terra cotta of some of the noble antiques in the gallery at Naples, and of copies in plaster of Paris of the Apollo and other pieces, in Rome, together with a large collection of engravings and photographs of the principal views in the Eternal City. To this collection was subsequently added a fine collection of medallions, in plaster, the gift of Prof. White, and named in honor of his father. Mrs. Tappan added a set of engravings in frames, of the cartoons of Raphael, and Dr. Tappan donated a copy of Raphael's Madonna and a large and valuable collection of engravings and lithographs of works of the great masters in the Munich and Dresden galleries; all appropriately framed. One of the graduating classes presented a full-size copy of the Laocoön; a citizen of Dresden presented a superb engraving of Holbein's Madonna; citizens of Ann Arbor procured copies in Marble of the exquisite statues of Nydia and Ruth, by the Michigan artist, Randolph Rogers. Thus was founded an art gallery of genuine merit and of no mean magnitude, to begin with; and there was fostered a genuine spirit of pride and emulation in the progress of so worthy an undertaking. It is to be regretted that since Dr. Tappan's day at the University, this matter has not received the attention it merits.

The University with all these departments in successful operation, with learned and able faculties, with a large and rapidly increasing body of earnest and enthusiastic students, was in the high tide of prosperity when the war of the rebellion broke out in 1861. The effect of the war was to diminish per-

ceptibly the number of students. The patriotic call to arms which sounded through the land drew into the army great numbers of the young men, old enough to do military service, and all the students in the University whose homes were in the southern States, of course disappeared from its halls. The soul of Dr. Tappan burned with patriotic fervor. No one who was a resident of Ann Arbor at the time will ever forget the Sunday following the attack upon Sumter. The excitement throughout the country was intense, but no where more so than in Ann Arbor. The people, citizens and students, as if by a common impulse, gathered in and about court-house square to look into each others' faces and to inquire: "What means this act of war, and to what will it lead?" On that bright and balmy spring afternoon hundreds, perhaps thousands, were assembled under the trees in front of the court-house. Among them was Dr. Tappan, and he was called upon to speak. He did so; and earnest, impressive, and thrilling as he usually was upon the platform, he was infinitely more so upon this occasion. His patriotism was as lofty and unquenchable as that of any hero of song or story. He spoke at some length. He reviewed the course of events which led up to the overt act of war; he expressed the belief that the conflict would be long and deadly; that many must fall, and that many others must press forward to fill up their places. But his heart did not quail, nor his step falter at the prospect. He declared there was nothing to do but to go forward to the maintenance of the integrity of the country, with a firm faith in God and in the righteousness of the cause of the Union. His address was inspiring. It aroused to even greater ardor the patriotism of the young men and made an everlasting impression upon every heart. The scene was one never to be forgotten.

But this was not a sudden and temporary ebullition of patriotism on the part of Dr. Tappan. The sentiment was a profound and earnest one. Many of the students of suitable age and circumstances were disposed to enlist, and he encouraged the disposition. Not only then but throughout the whole subsequent events of the war, he was a radical sympathizer with President Lincoln and the Government. He declared his sympathy upon every suitable occasion, public and private. He was also active on behalf of the Union cause in contributing to the work of the sanitary and relief commissions, and in doing what lay in his power to mitigate the suffering and sorrow which invariably follow in the footsteps of war. Dr. Tappan was an earnest and sincere admirer and lover of his native country and the tenor of all his teachings was to inspire a similar sentiment in all who were brought within his influence.

There was still other service for which the people of Michigan are indebted to Dr. Tappan. He has been spoken of as the head of the University and the advocate of its development in a certain direction. He was not less the friend and advocate of the entire system of public education adopted by the State—the common school as well as the University. In his inaugural address at the University, to which reference has been already made, he says, referring to the system: "It aims to unite the interests of the lowest schools with the highest institutions, and to provide for the youth of the State every form and degree of education which their circumstances and pursuits may demand, or to which their tastes may incline them. It is a system which would connect by regular gradations the common school with the University; and provide for the first elements of thought, and for its ripest development. * * The educational system fitted to a free people, and fitted to them because based

upon the rights of humanity itself, is one that shall open opportunities of education of every grade to those who wish to avail themselves of them. Common school education should be perfected because it is as essential to a free people as air and light to creatures that must breathe and see. And since the perfection of common school education must depend upon the qualifications of the schoolmaster, normal schools and whatever may serve to raise up able and efficient teachers become a prime necessity." Again: "Let the primary schools be enlarged and perfected in their discipline and courses of study. This will most effectually be done by means of the union and normal schools. The union of districts will enable you to concentrate your resources for employing better teachers and introducing higher branches of study. In our union schools (now high schools) we may introduce the study of the classics; and thus we shall want no other preparatory schools for either the classical or scientific departments of our colleges. The multiplication of union schools appears to me, therefore, essential to our system. The normal school is connected immediately with the interests of the whole primary school system as our great resource for competent teachers."

These ideas are reiterated and elaborated in an address upon "Educational Development" delivered before the literary societies at the University in 1855, wherein he reviews the progress of educational development in the old world and also glances at what has been accomplished in our own country. He concludes that the system adopted by Michigan is the wisest and best, and advocates its fullest development and perfection. The subject is again discussed in a report made in 1856. He says: "The primary grade, or the common school, can be perfected only by a sufficient supply of competent and permanent teachers. The great evil throughout our country, in respect to common schools, has ever been that the necessity of supplying so many districts with some degree of primary instruction has unavoidably led to the employment of a large number of inferior teachers; and when teachers well qualified have been employed the compensation has been so low that they have been disposed to follow the vocation only as a temporary expedient and until some more profitable employment could be found. A very considerable proportion of teachers, too, are young men in pursuit of an education or a profession, and who of course, regard the common school as a field of mere temporary labor. It may be a long time before this two-fold evil is entirely removed. What remains to us is to pursue a system which shall most effectually tend to remove it. Now, competent teachers can be secured only through the proper development of normal schools and of the schools generally which compose the intermediate grade. Permanent teachers can be secured only by increasing the rate of compensation. * * * * In the distribution of the school fund the object should be not merely to reduce the cost of education to the pupil, but much more to improve the quality of the education. * * * The intermediate grade is comprised of the normal school, the union school, or academy, and the ordinary college. Whether the union school or academy will ever be expanded so as to embrace the whole intermediate grade, eliminating the college from the University and reaching the compactness of the German gymnasium, time alone can decide. The point of immediate interest is the improvement and adequate endowment of the union school or academy and of the normal school and the multiplication of these institutions. * * * Every friend of the higher education must, of necessity, be the friend of common schools for the simple reason, if no other, that he who would read Milton's grand

epic must first study Webster's spelling book; he who would study the calculus must first learn the multiplication table. And for the same reason, if no other, he must be the friend of every kind of school in regular gradation. We regard education as a great whole, having its beginning, its middle, and its end; and applicable to the diversified interests, to the highest good of mankind."

In this aspect Dr. Tappan appears not merely as the head of the University and interested in its development and prosperity, but also as a citizen of Michigan, firmly believing in its system of common and high schools, and doing everything in his power also to promote their development and prosperity. Owing to his position and the confidence which the people reposed in him, the frequent and reiterated expression of his views did much toward public enlightenment on the subject of popular education, and his influence was very great in impelling progress in the direction pointed out.

Dr. Tappan's connection with the University closed in the summer of 1863, when he was summarily dismissed therefrom by the Board of Regents upon the eve of its dissolution to be succeeded by a new board. Of the circumstances which led to this action on the part of the regents it is difficult to speak dispassionately, and a discussion of them at this time and place would be unprofitable. The fact, however, can not be withheld, that the dismissal was the result of petty intrigue on the part of a very few persons in and out of the Board of Regents, and in no way reflected upon Dr. Tappan, as a man, or in any of his relations to the University. He and his friends were deeply grieved over it, and felt that a great personal wrong had been done him. This feeling was shared by the great mass of people of the State. It found expression several years later in the action of a subsequent Board of Regents in rescinding the offensive resolutions of its predecessor and unanimously inviting Dr. Tappan to return to the University as its guest, and to receive at the hands of its corporation and of its great throng of professors, students, and alumni an ovation which should be, as far as it was possible for human effort to go, a reparation for the great injury done him.

But Dr. Tappan felt that his advanced age and the great distance to be traveled to reach Ann Arbor prevented his acceptance of the proffered ovation. The wound to his feelings had been deep and sore; the more so, from the very wantonness of its infliction. He loved the University as if it had been his own offspring. He knew that here was his life-work, a work that was congenial to him, and in which he felt the loftiest ambition. That it should be so rudely cut off in the height of his activity and at a moment when it was apparent that great things were being accomplished, was a blow from which he never recovered. Bruised and bleeding, he took refuge in a foreign land, far away from the scene of his cruel wrongs; but though, with the lapse of years, the wounds might heal, the scars could never be effaced.

In the autumn of 1863 he took up his residence in Berlin, which continued to be his home for several years. Here he devoted his time to the congenial study of philosophy and philosophic literature. His reputation gave him entree to the most learned circles of that great capital. Scientists, metaphysicians, literateurs, all coveted his companionship and welcomed him to their most select gatherings. He was a member of several "societies," and his learning and ability placed him in the front rank even among so many distinguished philosophers. The celebrated Prof. Dove said to a citizen of Michigan, who visited Berlin in 1866: "Michigan must be superlatively

wealthy in great men that she can afford to send away from her borders such a man as Dr. Tappan."

With such genial companionship and such delightful atmosphere Dr. Tappan spent several years, engaged with his books and with voluminous correspondence with learned men of other cities, and in writing upon his favorite topics, enjoying to the fullest degree the libraries and art galleries of the great German metropolis. The intellectual products of this period of his life have never yet been given to the world. But it is hoped that at no distant day some competent biographer will come forward and compile with his other writings, the essays and correspondence of this ripest and most scholarly epoch.

He next transferred his residence to Basle, in Switzerland; chiefly, if not solely, to give his grandson, young Rudolph Brunnow, the advantages afforded by the University of that ancient town. After a few years spent here it appeared that the climate affected members of his family harshly and he removed to Vevay. In the suburbs of this delighful town, on the shore of Lake Leman, which mirrors Mt. Blanc in its glassy surface, with the great Alps always in sight, and in the midst of the most lovely and romantic scenery in the world, he bought a cozy and comfortable home, christened Chateau Beauval, and here the remainder of his days was spent. His tall and erect form did not bend with the weight of years, though his hair and beard became snowy white. His physical strength endured remarkably and his intellectual vigor was unimpaired. Citizens of Michigan traveling in Switzerland always made it a point to visit him. He invariably greeted them with great cordiality and entertained them with characteristic hospitality. During his long residence abroad he never lost interest in his native country or its concerns. His patriotism was undiminished and his visitors always found him familiar, not only with public affairs in this country in general, but also able to discuss intelligently a great variety of details. He watched with satisfaction the progress of Michigan in material development; he saw with pride the growth of the University, and noted the hold it was gaining upon the people of the State, and their readiness to strengthen it in substantial ways.

Here, surrounded by every personal comfort, with a devoted family and a wide circle of friends, he calmly waited through the evening of his days for the morning of everlasting life.

There is enough in what has been already said to indicate the great intellectual power and activity of Dr. Tappan. Another aspect of the man to which allusion has not yet been made, is worthy of a passing glance. Simplicity, urbanity, and great kindness of heart were prominent traits of his character. There was a dignity of presence which sat easily and naturally upon him, and which was due to his massive and stately physique, his grace of carriage, and his courtly manner, rather than to any studied attempt to be impressive. He was one of the most simple and approachable of men, and destitute of any semblance of pride of position or of intellectual attainments. He was frank and open and manly in all his intercourse and encouraged by precept, as well as by example, like conduct in others. He was as free and brave and vigorous in condemning shams, in resisting wrong and injustice, and in denouncing all wickedness as he was in applauding truth and justice and righteousness. His tastes and habits were simple and unaffected and he dearly loved the companionship of those of like tastes and habits. A venerable professor, who was a member of the faculty during the whole period of

Dr. Tappan's régime recalls these characteristics in a feeling note to the writer, in which he speaks of the regular weekly meetings of the faculty, when, the business being concluded, professors who found enjoyment in personal intercourse with the president were in the habit of accompanying him to his home. These informal gatherings afforded him free scope and the topics discussed naturally covered a very wide range. Here it may be inferred, those who were associated with him in the great work at the University were inspired with his enthusiasm therein, and his lofty ambition to accomplish the best results. In this unrestrained social intercourse those deep and tender friendships were formed which so warmly attached to him nearly all his co-laborers. He was fond of thus welcoming to his fireside and of entertaining with genial hospitality and with ready fund of anecdote and disquisition, not only his associates of the faculty, but students and alumni and all others who enjoyed his personal esteem and confidence. He never drew the line of friendship upon the basis of wealth or social distinction, or of aristocratic breeding, but welcomed with free and open-hearted cordiality every earnest, honest man who showed a disposition to make the most of himself and his opportunities.

The professor before alluded to, recalling incidents illustrative of his character, mentions the circumstance of a young man once applying for admission who had been expelled from a college in a neighboring State on account of his unorthodox views of religious dogmas. After listening to him intently and drawing him out, so as to gain some insight into the character of the man, Dr. Tappan said to him good-naturedly: "I don't think you will do our students any harm, and I hope they may be able to convince you of the error of your views; you may be admitted to the University." He proved an industrious, faithful student, and spent some six years there, earning his living most of the time by menial labor, such as sawing wood, digging cellars, etc. While there he was very sick and helpless for several months, with inflammation of the lungs. Dr. Tappan personally, together with members of his family, cared for him, nursed him and provided him with medical attendance and the luxuries, as well as the necessaries, of the sick room. This man is now a prominent and highly influential citizen of a neighboring State. He sometimes returns to Ann Arbor to recall the scenes of his former joys and sorrows and to shake the hands of his early friends who remain. He misses the familiar form and face of Dr. Tappan and his eyes always fill with tears at the mention of his name. This is only one instance illustrating the great kindness of heart which Dr. Tappan always showed toward those who needed sympathy and assistance. Such instances were many. Among the great number of students who flocked to the University, then as now, it may readily be believed, were many who were striving for an education under very disadvantageous circumstances. Some were orphans, homeless and friendless; others were children of poverty who were compelled to earn their own subsistence; some were stricken down with disease among comparative strangers and without ready means of support; others toiled under great despondency. Dr. Tappan did not wait for such cases to be brought to his attention. He sought them out. He brought balm to many an aching heart and throbbing brain—the balm of a tender and womanly sympathy, the consolation of cheering words and substantial help and encouragement. There are no records in the archives of the University of these noble and kindly deeds of Dr. Tappan,

but they are written in imperishable lines on the hearts of those who were lifted up thereby.

It is not strange that Dr. Tappan should have been beloved by the young men who were brought into contact with him. The sentiment toward him was not simply one of admiration for his great learning and ability, or of respect for his dignity and authority, but of affection for a kind and sympathizing and helpful spirit. Though nearly twenty years have passed since he quitted the University and the State, never to return to them again, this feeling has been by no means obliterated, or even diminished. It is still fresh and strong in the hearts of those who, a quarter of a century ago, young men seeking education at the University, are now in the midst of the activities of life and are leading in business, in politics, and in the professions.

I remember a favorite metaphor which Dr. Tappan sometimes employed in his sermons. He said: "There is standing somewhere beside your pathway a veiled figure with uplifted dagger to strike you to the heart. God in his mercy has ordained that you can not see this figure, and know not where it stands. But it is surely somewhere beside your path and you may not escape it. So order your life, therefore, that whether death be hidden in the vernal groves of youth or behind the barren rocks of old age, his presence shall strike no terror to your soul." This precept Dr. Tappan applied to himself. He was not merely the philosopher, but the Christian philosopher, and guided his conduct by the teachings of the Great Master. He illustrated throughout his whole life the sincerity of his religious beliefs and the earnestness of his devotion thereto. And when, at last, Death, as a thief in the night, struck him down upon the instant, who can doubt that, like Elijah of old, he tasted not the bitterness of the dark waters, but was translated to the other shore.

In the language of another: "He is gone from us and from the world of workers and thinkers; yet with very many of the early graduates and friends of the University, its walls and lofty dome will long reflect the tender 'afterglow' of that beautiful land he loved so much, and in which he finds his grave. We honor his work, especially what he has done for us; we revere his memory, and we will bear in mind that—

"'He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.'"

HISTORY OF THE OLD BRANCHES OF THE MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

Written for the Kalamazoo County Pioneer Reunion.

The framers of our constitution wisely provided for an ample school system; one embracing a plan for a primary school, an academy of a higher grade, and a university. The university was to be the central institution, crowning a well-endowed educational system. The academy, midway between the primary school and the university, was denominated a branch of the university. Superintendent Pierce, in his first report to the legislature, presented a plan for a system of branches of the university in which any county, with the requisite number of inhabitants, would be entitled to an academy of the highest grade as a branch of the university; provided that the supervisors cause to be procured an eligible site, the erection of suitable buildings, all to be approved by the superintendent. The board of supervisors were to appoint "six wise and discreet persons" who, together with one appointed by the superintendent, were to constitute the board of trustees. Of this academic board, the judge of probate, the two associate judges of the court, were to be *ex officio* members, and county clerk *ex officio* clerk of the board. The trustees were to superintend the general concerns of the school, appoint professors and teachers, and make report to a board of visitors. This board was to consist of three persons, to be appointed annually, one by the supervisors, and two by the superintendent. It was their duty to visit the academy at its annual examinations, to inquire into its concerns, examine the proceedings of the board of trustees, and forward their report to the superintendent. For the support of these institutions the supervisors were to secure from the county a sum equal to that they received from the university fund. In each school there were to be three departments; one for the education of teachers, one for the highest branches of English education, and one for classical learning. Each branch was to have a female department under appropriate instructors. These institutions were not to have the power to confer degrees. At the time of their organization the State gave the eight schools $8,000. And the entire amount they received from the State during their existence was $30,000.

The original eight branches of the University, that were supported by the State, were located as follows: At Monroe, Tecumseh, Niles, White Pigeon, Kalamazoo, Pontiac, Romeo, and Detroit. Branches were also located at Grand Rapids, Parma, Jackson, Ypsilanti, Utica, Coldwater, and Mackinaw.

But these latter received no support from the State. If there was a school established in a town it was converted into a branch of the university, and when, in 1846, the State closed the branches, many of them continued as before, though without any aid from the State, and have grown into flourishing institutions.

The following are the eight original branches of the University, established by the regents and aided by the State, with the time of their opening and the names of their first principals:

Pontiac, September 15, 1837.....Prof. G. P. Williams.
Monroe, February 19, 1838.....Rev. Samuel Center.
Kalamazoo, May 1, 1838.....Prof. G. B. Eastman.
Detroit, May 20, 1838.....Rev. C. W. Fitch.
Niles, September 15, 1838.....Prof. Joseph Whiting.
White Pigeon, May, 1839.....Rev. Samuel Newbury.
Tecumseh, May 15, 1839.....Prof. Andrew Harvie.
Romeo, December 1, 1842.....Prof. Rufus Nutting.

At Ann Arbor there was a preparatory department also called a branch, which was opened in 1840, by Profs. Williams and Whiting, who were professors in the University, but gave the charge of the branch to assistants employed for that purpose. There were at no one time more than seven branches in operation, some of the earlier ones being suspended and revived several times. When first established the entire salaries of the principals were paid by the State. But the University requiring the funds at the disposal of the regents more and more, less and less was given to the branches, till their appropriations were entirely withdrawn, and their support depended upon tuition fees. This was in 1846, which terminated the branch system.

There was at the opening of these schools, a certain class who called them aristocratic institutions, because supported by the State, and would not patronize them. But when they saw the sturdy pioneers' sons and daughters graduating from them into the higher walks of learning and science, they perceived that it was an aristocracy that the world admires.

In the language of Superintendent Pierce: "The branches were the all-important link between the common schools and the University." They were specially intended to fit young men for entering the regular classical course of the central school at Ann Arbor; also to prepare some for the profession of teaching, that the primary schools might be supplied with competent instructors; and also to qualify others for the numerous employments of life, and to accommodate all those who require a more extended education than is usually to be obtained at the district schools. They were essential to the harmony of the educational system of the State, as they were connected with the primary schools, supplying them, as said, with the best of instructors, and on the other hand furnishing students for the University. It was at a period when the State was too sparsely settled for the establishment of the central school at Ann Arbor. And during this period the branches were the recruiting departments for the University. In other words, the University, before she could begin her own proper work, may be said to have gone about the State, like the early circuit judges, holding temporary sessions to instruct and prepare the people for the great work of education. As from Doris, colonies went out that took Greece into pupilage, and made her the classic land of the old world, so from the old branches, colonies of students went out to school the new settlements and infuse a love of learning and an enthusiasm for education among the early settlers of this State. The branches had the same text books as

those designed for the University; hence the people derived a great benefit from these local institutions, as in them, the student could go through the whole University course, thus affording to a large class of young men their only opportunity of getting a complete education, or the student could take just as much of the course as he had time and means to secure; thus giving to our young men and young ladies the educational advantages that were needed for the various employments of life. It is on account of a lack of just such a department in our present school system, that thousands who have time only for special instruction, are deprived of the very means to make themselves useful in life. They cannot wait for the minutiæ and prolix routine of the graded system. They can learn what they want in one-fifth of the time required by the school course; and they ought to be aided in those special studies that will be of value to them in life. Rev. John D. Pierce, aided by Hon. Isaac E. Crary, was the founder of our educational system. The branch system was a favorite with Mr. Crary, and he suggested it to Mr. Pierce, who, as we have shown, made use of it as a means to develop the central school. The district school grew into the branches, and the branches grew into the University. It has been claimed lately, by a public lecturer, that Chancellor Tappan introduced the Prussian system into the University. Now we do not wish to take one laurel from Henry P. Tappan, for he "brought to the University not only great ability and culture, but also an unusual enthusiasm in the work of higher education," but John D. Pierce, years before Chancellor Tappan had heard of the Michigan University, had secured the Prussian system and its adoption into our constitution. It was all there, and the learned chancellor merely aided in developing it.

The old branch buildings were plain structures, with but little facilities in school apparatus. But I would rather have some one of those old principals seated in his arm-chair in the old recitation-room, than a modern professor in one of our amply endowed colleges, yet without the rare ability to teach that characterized the principal of the old school.

Schools are valuable not in the proportion to the costliness of building and facilities for instruction, but in proportion to the intellectual wealth and scholastic attainments of their instructors; and instructors are valuable not in proportion to their mental wealth and scholarship, but solely for their ability to instruct. Says an eminent writer: "There are two classes of college teachers. The one seems to be born for nothing else. They are pedagogues from center to circumference. Highly qualified by scholarship, they may be for their work, but it is plain that they could do nothing else. Their manners take their hue from their wonted and predestined occupation. The other class is made up of the smaller number, who were men before they were schoolmasters. They wear the impress of a larger contact with society and the world. It is evident that, even if they have not left a broader and more public arena, they would be at home elsewhere than in the recitation room. A certain high-bred air and tone, it may be, indicates familiarity with an atmosphere more ample than that in which their daily work lies. The gentleman is not lost in the scholar." Here we have the fully developed man, scholar, and teacher. Such men are rare. A man that knows the most may not be the best teacher; sometimes he is the poorest. But he who can impart the most knowledge, and can develop the full scholar is the best teacher. James A. Garfield once said, speaking of endowing schools with suitable apparatus: "I would rather be in a log school-house with Mark Hopkins seated on one

end of the bench and I on the other, than in the best endowed college in the land." Great teachers are born, not made. And you will find their births, "like angels' visits, few and far between." For the last twenty-five hundred years you can count them on the ends of your fingers. And they are men who achieved their greatness as instructors unaided by the facilities of modern school apparatus. We have Pythagoras of Samos, the first Greek philosopher; Socrates, the first moral philosopher, teaching the Athenean youth in the streets; Plato, teaching in his grove; Aristotle, in the lyceum; Epicurus, in the garden; Zeno, in the porch. We have Gamaliel instructing young Paul; Alcuin with Charlemagne and his court, or the throngs in Paris; John Trebonius teaching Martin Luther; Dr. Arnold the English youth at Rugby; Dr. Abbott, in his famous Exeter Academy, developing a Webster, Everett, Sparks, Cass, or a Bancroft; or a Mark Hopkins instructing a Garfield in Williams College. These were all great teachers, who arose to eminence by the merit of their genius as instructors. They became great in their profession from the ethical nature of their teaching; from the "*moral thoughtfulness*" imparted to their pupils, that became the corrective, guiding power to them in after life. The principals of the old branches were mostly clergymen; but the clergyman was lost in the instructor, yet not so much but what he imparted ethics enough, with the branches taught, to give the highest value to the scholarship obtained. In the teaching of our schools to-day this ethical training is sadly neglected. The reason given is that there is no time for it. 'Tis true that, in the old days, there were less professions and pursuits in vogue, hence the teacher could give all his time to the few. Now they are multiplied ten-fold, and all the time is taken up with the mere *text-book* instruction, and none is left for the teaching of morals or manners. The classes march to the recitation seat with the exactness of little military companies, go through the class evolutions with the same preciseness, and are marched back to their seats again. Here the real value of teaching, that which comes from personal contact, personal interest in the pupil, is lost. The teacher has no time to find out the bent of the pupil's mind or genius. This should be his first and all-important duty, and when found, he should give every aid in his power to fit the pupil for his life-work. But instead, it is hurry on, and hurry off, by classes; all individuality is lost in the rigid class form, and the pupil goes on through his entire course, merely as a component part of a little school-room squad. This is not teaching, nor is it being educated. The relation between the teacher and pupil is merely professional, and often so cold and formal that it chills, when it should animate the ardor of the pupil for study.

Our colleges and high schools, though amply endowed with material resources, and learning, yet, in many of them, from president down to tutor, there is a great lack in the art of instruction. There is no way to make them flourishing institutions save by turning out the learned "Dominie Sampsons" that constitute their faculties, and putting in their places men who are not only qualified by learning, but are competent instructors.

I am indebted to Hon. Witter J. Baxter, Secretary of the State Board of Charities, for some of the important facts in this sketch of "The Old Branches." Mr. Baxter was connected, as teacher, with two or three of these institutions, and is well versed in their history.

REMINISCENCES BY C. A. LAMB.

Written June, 1874.

Fifty years ago the latter part of last June, in company with my revered father and my brother, R. P. Lamb (who subsequently entered the ministry), I arrived in the then territory of Michigan, landing in Detroit from the old steamboat Superior (the only boat which at that time plied between Buffalo and Detroit), some time in the afternoon. We immediately started on foot for Oakland county, and traveled as far that day as Stevens' hotel, and put up for the night. We found the landlord and his lady to be Baptist members, and enjoyed a very pleasant visit with them. From there we passed on and found our way to a former friend, Joseph Lee, who, with his companion, had formerly been members of the Baptist church of Hopewell, in Ontario county, New York, where my father labored in the ministry for some ten or twelve years. Here we found a hearty reception, and made it our headquarters during our stay in the territory. We found that a Baptist church had recently been organized in Pontiac, of which our brother and sister were constituent members. We were soon made acquainted with other members, David Douglass, Esquire Gibbs, and others; and while here my father preached and broke bread to the church in Pontiac. As I was informed, it was the first time the church, as such, enjoyed the privilege of coming around the Master's table, and it was a good season. While here we were invited to go to Stony Creek, with brethren from Pontiac church and others, to sit in council to examine the order and standing of a number of brethren and sisters who had covenanted together and wished to be recognized as the Baptist church of Stony Creek. Here we formed an acquaintance with old Brother Taylor and several of his family; with Judge Willard and his pleasant family; also with his brother, and some others. The church was recognized, and father preached and gave the hand of fellowship. It was a precious season.

Returning towards Pontiac by the way of Troy, I put up with Deacon Jones, long since fallen asleep, and preached to the people in a log school-house. I looked around the neighborhood and found there were several Baptists in the vicinity, and saw that there was a prospect of a church in that neighborhood; and feeling much pleased with the land and the prospects of a thriving country, under the culture and enterprise of an intelligent people, I was easily led to form the project of emigrating and settling in that neighborhood, and I left the place with the determination to make that my point, should I find myself in circumstances to emigrate to the territory before some other man should enter the field, as a Baptist minister. As yet there was no Baptist minister settled in the territory. Finishing our visit in Oakland, we bade adieu to our friends there, and set our faces homeward. We traveled as far as Brother Stevens', and put up with him over the Sabbath, and I tried to preach to them the gospel of Christ. The country was new and sparsely settled, con-

sequently our congregation was small, yet large enough to claim a blessing. On Monday we took leave of our hospitable hosts, and made our way to Detroit. Here we were detained for a day or so, waiting for our boat. This gave us the opportunity to look around a little to see what was going on. The city that then was, was principally composed of the old French settlers, with their unique dwellings. The Yankees had but just begun to take possession, and put up their more modern buildings, both for dwellings and business. The architects were then engaged in laying the foundation of the capitol building, which stood away in the distance from the settled part of the city. The city then extended but little north of Jefferson avenue, quite out upon the common. Here we found friend Palmer and his brother, who had emigrated from Canandaigua, New York, and had engaged in mercantile business. With them we had formed an acquaintance while they were in Canandaigua. The boat finally arrived from Buffalo, and among its passengers we found Brother Elchana Comstock, who had come out with his family to take possession of the territory under the patronage of the New York State Convention, designing to make Pontiac his headquarters. In early life he was an acquaintance of my father and mother in old Connecticut. We could heartily give to him the hand of fellowship, and bid him a hearty God-speed in the new and interesting field upon which he was entering. While here we visited the old fort, still a military post, occupied by a squad of U. S. troops. Here is where Hull so ignominiously gave up his sword and surrendered the post to the enemy of his country. We were shown where the British marched up in front of the fort, where, with the artillery of the fort, they might have been cut off like the grass before the mower, but were suffered by Hull to march in and take possession without opposition.

But the bell rings on the old Superior, and we must get aboard, or wait another week or two for her return from Buffalo. So we bid adieu to Michigan, and are soon homeward bound, where we arrived in due time, richly laden with the new experience of our Father's care over us and ours in our absence from each other. From this time, July, 1824, I labored, first, to supply for a part of the time the Baptist church in Wheeler, Steuben county. Then, in 1825, I was called to labor as pastor with the Baptist church in Italy, Yates county. I staid with them one year, and then resigned in favor of Brother Hosford, who finished his course in this State some years ago, I believe at Parma. I was next called to settle with the Second Baptist church in Pultney, Steuben county, New York. Here I was ordained forty-six years ago this present fall. About the 24th of August, 1829, I bade adieu to my friends and brethren in the State of New York, and set my face towards the then far-off Michigan. Coming by land to Buffalo, I found the steamboat that was next to leave for Detroit crowded to repletion with emigrants and their effects, so that I could not get my little all on board, and rather than leave what little I had behind, I concluded to avail myself of the chance of going in a nice schooner, the Commerce, about to start. The captain offered to take us through, and find us on the way, for what our naked fare would be, and find ourselves, on the steamboat. So I got all on board about the 27th of August, and we launched out on our voyage; and between adverse winds and calms, with some favorable breezes, we brought up at the wharf in Detroit on the morning of September 6th, 1829. My mind still was placed on Troy. I soon learned, however, that they had made an engagement with Brother Booth, and that he was expected on the ground in a short time; and as I afterwards

learned, he did arrive in a few days after I did. Among my effects I had brought a fine young beast, and a light wagon and harness. So after getting what few articles of household stuff we had stored, I tackled my beast to my wagon and started for Bloomfield, where my father-in-law had settled. I found the roads had not greatly improved since my former visit. For a few miles out of the city it had been causewayed with logs and covered with earth; after that for a considerable distance the logs were laid, but were bare, and some of them had rotted and broken away, so that my horse had to make long strides, and my wagon got safely over by letting it go empty. Next came a section of alternate water and mud-holes, interspersed with patches of dry road. We however succeeded in reaching my father-in-law's a little before night, and were made quite welcome. My first care was to find where I could spend the Lord's day, in obedience to the great commission received from the Master Jesus, and the commission I had received from the Board of the New York Baptist State Convention, an appointment was got up for me at the little village of Franklin. Here I spent my first Lord's day. My time was occupied for a season in getting my little family properly settled. My second Lord's day was spent at Pontiac. I preached in the log court-house, and was agreeably surprised to see come in among my hearers one of my good deacons, and another prominent brother, with their wives, from the church which I had so lately left in New York. After they had made us a very pleasant visit, they went on their way and left me to await the new experiences which I was destined to realize in an entire new field. I learned of one of the members who resided in Franklin that there was a church in Farmington which had no minister.

I also learned that there were but two settled ordained ministers in the territory—Elder Comstock, of Pontiac, and Elder Moses Clark, who lived on the Huron, between Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti. Both had ministered to the church in Farmington. But an alienation had sprung up, occasioned by the breaking out of the anti-Masonic excitement. Elder Clark was extremely radical, and Elder Comstock was conservative; or in other words, did not feel it his duty to carry matters to extremes. The Farmington church, or at least its leading members, sympathized with Elder Clark, and as I found, had become alienated from Elder Comstock, so that they would no longer call on him to preach or administer the ordinances. My first visit to the Farmington church was October 10, 1829, I met them in covenant meeting.

The next day I preached and broke bread. It was an interesting season. The church at this time numbered about eighteen members, scattered over four townships. The church was organized in 1826, with ten members, three males and seven females. During the five years which had passed since Stony Creek church was organized, the churches of Troy, Farmington, and first church of Detroit had been organized. I find that in this year the Pontiac, Stony Creek, Troy, and Farmington churches united in forming the Michigan Association, incorporating in their constitution a law against the reception of any member into their churches, unless they were baptized by a regular baptized minister of the gospel after the strictest sect a Baptist. When the first church of Detroit applied for admission it was held off because it could not subscribe to this article. As my commission as a missionary restricted me to no other parish bounds than the territory of Michigan, I made it my business to visit Elder Clark and Elder Comstock in my travels,

and to labor to conciliate them and the brothers. And after a little I had the happiness of seeing these old ministers take each other by the hand and renew their fellowship for each other. And Elder Comstock was again kindly received by the brethren into their hearts and their houses, and the clouds which had obscured the light of these little churches began to recede and a new light began to irradiate the surrounding darkness. With Brother Comstock and family I soon formed a pleasant acquaintance.

As Brother Comstock was laboring under the patronage of the same board, we were led to coöperate upon the field. Sometimes we went out together, and sometimes we alternated, and one preached on one day, and was followed by the other upon another day, perhaps a week or two ahead. We traveled as far as Romeo to the north-east, and as far as Saline to the south-west, preaching, one or the other of us, in one or all of the following places: Pontiac, Stony Creek, Romeo, Southfield, Farmington, Redford, Nankin, Plymouth, passing through Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor. Though we had no stated appointments farther south than Redford, Nankin, and Plymouth, I call to mind one little incident which occurred in our appointments which happened to be alternated at Togus Plains, in Nankin. I preached there, and took occasion to dwell upon the immutability of God's gracious purposes to save sinners, and the certainty that when He began a good work He would carry it on until His people were all safely brought home.

There happened to be a somewhat prominent Methodist minister present, and my meat proved quite too strong for his Arminian stomach and it caused him to vomit up considerable bile. In short, the man came out somewhat violently against my doctrine, and in a week or so it was Brother Comstock's turn to visit and preach to the people there, and his ears were filled with a report of my sermon and its effects upon the Methodist man, and he took for his text: "Those that have turned the world upside down have come hither also." And he gave the Arminians a double portion in due season. But I must hasten lest I make my narrative too long. In my visits to Farmington, I soon felt that the spirit was moving upon the hearts of some at least. In February two were added by baptism, and a number by letter; and from that time on for six years, the church receiving frequent accessions by baptism and by letter. The last I baptized in that church was July 9th, 1837—three in number. In Redford I baptized twelve before there was a church organized. They united with a conference. A church was recognized the first Wednesday in June, 1832, and my brother Aroswell was its first pastor. After him Brother Curtis, whose praise is in all the churches, followed.

In laboring statedly in Plymouth I soon found a number of members which I advised to unite in church relation, and a council was called not far from June, 1830, and by it they were recognized as the Baptist church of Plymouth; and I think their first settled pastor was Elder Carpenter; subsequently Elder Wm. Grow. About the beginning of the year 1832, the brethren in Auburn were recognized as a Baptist church. Who have been its pastors I do not recollect. The 27th of August, 1832, the Baptist church at Oakland was recognized by council. Not far from the 1st of May, 1833, Brother Slater of the Ottawa church was ordained at Oakland church by a council called for that purpose. June 16, 1833, the church of Bloomfield was organized by a council called for that purpose which met at the house of Dr. Swans. The first of 1834 the church of Northville was organized. The question of receiv-

ing members baptized by other denominations came up, and such had been the influx of Baptist ministers and members from the east that that question was overruled in opposition to the rule in the constitution of the association, and since that time the question has not been raised at the organization of any church where I have been present. A Baptist church of West Pontiac was organized in the winter of 1834. A Baptist conference at Walled Lake called a council to recognize them as a Baptist church in gospel order, in Feb., 1834. This was mostly a colony from Farmington church. In Oct. 1836, a council was called to sit with the church of Oakland to examine and ordain Brother A. W. Button. He was ordained and for years labored in that vicinity. In the spring of 1837 a council was called by the Walled Lake church to ordain Brother Geo. Pennell to the gospel ministry. The brethren at Shashaba were organized into a church, not far from this time, and Brother John Martin was examined and ordained by the same council. In April or May, 1837, a council was called to recognize the Baptist church in Hartland. The church was recognized and my brother Aroswell, since fallen asleep, was for several years their beloved pastor. But my time is elapsed. In reviewing the past 50 years, in view of the moral and religious changes that have taken place in connection with our denomination, as well as in the physical world, what reason have we to exclaim: What hath God wrought? From the little band that first gathered at Pontiac, before the war-whoop of the Indian brave had scarce died to an echo, how has the little one become a thousand and the small one a strong nation! Our Michigan, which at that time was dressed in the robes of its native wilds, and still was the hunting ground of the red man, has not only been made to bud and blossom like the rose, but while the wild uncultivated wastes have been turned to cultivated fields which produce almost every necessary, not to say luxury, to satisfy the physical wants of man, the means of supplying his moral and spiritual wants have been wonderfully multiplied. Well do we remember the log cabins which afforded our shelter, and our sanctuary as well, where amid the untamed wilds we first bowed the knee, and renewed our allegiance to our God and consecrated our lives to His service. With melancholy pleasure we remember the joy which we derived in our wilderness homes from the society of beloved brethren and sisters who had bid adieu to the privileges and luxuries of an old country to hazard the hardships and dangers of a new. What joyful seasons we realized when, in order to enjoy Christian privileges, sisters would travel on foot six or seven miles, sometimes with a babe in their arms, not on sidewalks, but upon the rough earth, by marked trees, and then meet together in a log school-house, or some brother's cabin to listen to the Word and enjoy again the ordinances of the Christian church. But now the scene is changed; instead of the log cabins for dwellings or school-houses, in almost every town and hamlet there are convenient dwellings, and the towering spire arises from convenient, and in many cases, magnificent temples dedicated to the service of the true God, accompanied by temples of science dedicated to the welfare of the rising generation, while the band which first consecrated themselves to the service of God and to the salvation of man at Pontiac, has multiplied its twenties a thousand fold. Here, my brethren, we will raise our Ebenezer, and inscribe upon it "hitherto the Lord hath helped us." AMEN.

A PIONEER MINISTER.

SKETCH READ BY REV. SUPPLY CHASE, BEFORE THE DETROIT PIONEER SOCIETY APRIL 21, 1873.

The writer was commissioned in February, 1836, by the American Baptist Home Mission Society as missionary to preach the gospel in Michigan, then a territory.

His field of labor was Pontiac and vicinity. Being anxious to arrive on the field at as early a day as possible, he, with his wife and infant daughter left their home in Onondaga county, N. Y., on the 24th day of April, in a buggy, and after six days' travel, found themselves in Buffalo. This was before the days of railroads, and as the Erie canal would not be open for several weeks, travel by land was the only alternative. The remainder of his family, consisting of two small sons, was left behind. The winter of 1835–6 was one of unusual severity. Although it was the last week in April, the snow drifts were in places from three to six feet deep, and traveling very difficult. At Buffalo, horse, buggy, missionary, wife, and child were shipped on board the steamer United States for Detroit, with many other emigrants, April 30, 1836, and landed at Detroit on the morning of May 2.

These were the glorious days of steamboating, when Wilkins, Blake, and others trod the deck with all the pride and dignity of men to whom was committed almost a nation's destinies.

The United States was the first boat that left the port of Buffalo that season, and Lake Erie, for 15 or 20 miles, was nearly covered with masses of floating ice, making navigation difficult.

THE HOTELS.

These were the palmy days, also, of hotel runners, as we found when the boat made her landing at the foot of Woodward Avenue. The confusion of tongues was like that of Babel. Cries of "American," "Mansion House," "Eagle Hotel," "Cottage Hotel," "New York and Ohio House," etc., etc., made "confusion worse confounded." To one unused to such proceedings, as was the writer, and a stranger also, it was simply bewildering.

After landing horse and carriage safely, we took up our line of travel for the "Cottage Hotel," under the guidance of the runner, who had succeeded in capturing us by his gorgeous descriptions of the superiority of his house over all others. Driving up to the door, wife and child were assisted to alight, and escorted into the house, while the writer drove around to the shed, to see that the horse was provided for, as he had been on short rations on

shipboard, from the length of the voyage. Returning to the house, he found his wife in the sitting room of the hotel, with a most woe-begone countenance. It was plain we had been sold. Our expectations of a savory breakfast, to satisfy the cravings of a sharp appetite, were vanishing fast. Sitting around the stove were some eight or ten men, who seemed to have no business in particular, except to drink whisky and squirt tobacco juice upon the stove. Motioning her husband aside, she exclaimed: "Oh, we cannot stay here. What shall we do?" "Well, wait until the horse has eaten his provender." But it was too much. After enduring it a short time, the horse was brought to the door, and we sought new quarters, leaving the larger portion of oats in the manger, for the benefit of the next horse that came.

OFF FOR PONTIAC.

After remaining in the city one day, we left for our destination, Pontiac. Although the preceding winter had been one of the most severe, and noted for the immense quantity of snow, yet so dry had been the weather during the spring, that not a single mud hole was found between Detroit and Pontiac, the like of which did not occur again for many years. This road had been built at the expense of the U. S. Government, and though no mud was found, yet the corduroy foundation, for the first twelve miles, was intolerably bad. We found Pontiac a thriving and busy village, of great expectations, and no small pretentions, as being, at that time, the largest interior town in the territory. The only house of worship in the town, was a small, frame building, standing on the site of the present Congregational church. The Baptist church occupied the courthouse, as a place of worship. At this time there was a small Baptist meeting-house, built in 1834, at Stony Creek, and a log house, built and used as a place of worship, by the Baptist church of Troy. These, it is believed, were the only houses of worship in the county of Oakland. On arrival at Pontiac, it was found that the church had made arrangements for preaching, so that the writer's services were unnecessary, and after a sojourn of a few days and notifying the H. M. Board of the situation, while waiting for further instructions, he concluded to visit Mt. Clemens. At this time it required about three weeks for a letter from Pontiac, or any interior town in Michigan, to reach New York, and an answer to be returned. There were few daily mails, no railroads, and, in winter, nothing better than the stage coach. At this time the country from Pontiac to Utica was quite thickly settled, although much of it was uncultivated. From Utica to Mt. Clemens was mostly a dense wilderness, with the settlers' cabins in the midst; some just beginning; others with a few acres cleared, but all struggling with the difficulties of making farms in a heavily timbered country. No roads, only as we found our way among the giant trees.

MOUNT CLEMENS IN THE EARLY TIMES

Mt. Clemens at this time was one of the promising towns of Eastern Michigan. A year or two previous to the time of which we write, C. C. Cooley had purchased the farm of Hon. C. Clemens, and, imbued with the spirit of the times, had platted a city, very beautiful on paper, with broad streets and avenues, and by advertising, etc., many men from New York and New England had been induced to purchase lots and improve them, so that a town had grown up of 800 or 1,000 inhabitants. Here all was bustle and expectation.

Town lots were advancing, extensive improvements were proposed, and all expected it to become the center of power and influence. Such being the case, it was soon surrounded by a cordon of suburban villages whose very names at this day are almost forgotten. On the south was Marcellus, on the west was the city of Frederick. On the east, at the mouth of the Clinton river, was the city of Belvidere, and on the southeast was Long Scauise, on the margin of Lake St. Clair, which was to be connected either by railroad or canal. At the present day these are all gone. Some old ruins are all that remain to mark the sites of these cities of a former age. At the time of which we speak business was very brisk, shipbuilding was being carried on, a glass factory was nearly completed, and a heavy business was done in the purchase and shipment of staves. Situated at the head of navigation, on the Clinton river, it was connected with Detroit by steamboat, three times a week. In the autumn of 1835 a Baptist church was organized here, of which the writer became pastor. It had no house of worship, neither was there a meeting house of any denomination in the county of Macomb. A courthouse and jail of hewed timber occupied a part of the public square, a small school house, nearly finished, was the only other public building in the town. In addition to the Baptist church, there was also a Presbyterian church, and a Methodist class. The Presbyterians, by right of priority, claimed the court house for their use, while the school-house was used by the Baptists in the morning, and by the Methodists in the afternoon. Such was the situation in May, 1836, when the writer became a resident of Mt. Clemens. In his ministry the morning was spent in the village. After a hasty dinner the horse was saddled and away to some log school-house in the woods where a neighborhood congregation would be found waiting to hear the gospel, and after a supper on some settler's plain fare, away to a third appointment in the evening. During the week one or two sermons were preached in settlements that could not be reached on the Sabbath. Where school-houses were found they were used; where none existed, the log cabin of the settler was thrown open and the neighbors were called together to hear the Word. In the warm weather of summer, barns were used when they were to be had.

In this manner the entire region that could be reached from Mt. Clemens was visited and the gospel preached. In nearly every settlement Sabbath schools were instituted. These stated preaching excursions were generally made on horseback; the roads, if such they could be called, not permitting a carriage, and extending through the towns of Clinton, Macomb, Jefferson, Lenox, and Ray, along both sides of the Clinton river, nearly to Utica, into the Red Run settlement, and down toward the mouth of the river until the Catholic settlements were reached. This comprehended the several cities and villages referred to. Occasionally a visit was made to the half-way house, on the Gratiot turnpike, where was a small settlement.

Although the spring of 1836 was very dry, about the 10th of June the rain commenced falling; and in such abundance that the whole country was flooded; the streams overflowed their banks, carrying away nearly all the bridges and rendering traveling nearly out of the question. Twice during that summer the Clinton river overflowed all the lower part of the town, so that the inhabitants were under the necessity of leaving their houses and betaking themselves to the upland. The whole country seemed to be an interminable swamp. The corduroy was even often afloat, requiring the skill

of a Canadian pony to cross in safety. This and the succeeding year, 1837, were known as the years when the water in the rivers and great lakes was higher than it had ever been known. Many of the old farms bordering on Lake St. Clair were under water from six inches to two feet. Orchards of fifty years' growth were destroyed, houses were flooded. The city of Belvidere was entirely submerged, although the farm on which it was built had been cultivated for more than half a century. Under these conditions, in such a country, the crops were either entirely destroyed or badly damaged; food was necessarily scarce and high, and there was much suffering among the new settlers. Money was almost out of the question; some families were driven at times to the necessity of subsisting on leeks and greens of the forests and marshes. In the spring of 1837 the writer joined with his nearest neighbor and sent to Detroit for a barrel of pork, warranted good, which on being opened, disclosed the skin and bones of an Ohio shock-fed hog of uncertain age. For this he paid thirty dollars, chartered funds. Even potatoes were not to be had. A few were obtained for seed at one dollar per bushel. But under all these privations, very little selfishness was manifest. Those who had, shared with those who had not. Hospitality generally prevailed.

FRONTIER HOSPITALITY.

Announcement for public worship was usually made in form something like this: "Preaching at the school-house, in —— settlement, on —— evening, at early candle light, and don't forget to bring a candle." And here they came, men, women, and children, generally a good sprinkling of babies, who frequently assisted in the musical part of the exercises, although it must be acknowledged they did not always keep the best of time. After preaching, the minister was of course invited to share the comfort of some one of the settlers' homes for the night. These were neither magnificent or extensive. The best of them were divided into two rooms by a partition of boards through the middle, making what was called the bed-room. Here was the spare bed. But many of them had but a single room with a "Dutch back" as it was called, being a wall of stones laid up with clay against the logs, for a fire place; sometimes clay pounded down and made hard for a hearth; sometimes a chimney and sometimes not. But the hospitality was hearty and wholesouled. Supper over and family worship past, then came the tug of war. There are the two beds in sight. One of these the minister is expected to occupy. But how is he to disrobe himself and retire to peaceful slumbers under the circumstances? But even here, difficulties are overcome, for the hostess would be knitting most industriously with her back toward the bed, when the host would say "Elder, you will occupy that bed;" or the ladies would have business out doors until the mystery was finished and the Elder was snugly stowed away with his face to the wall.

Sometimes the case was different, and he was requested to climb a ladder into the attic, and share a bed with some of the younger members of the family, with the stars shining through between the puncheons which covered the roof, if the night chanced to be clear, or find a little snow sprinkled over the bed, if the night was stormy. Sometimes the husband and father would invite himself to a share of the "Elder's bed," while the mother and daughter occupied the parental couch; thus, in reality, separating husband and wife. Thus we lived and labored among the pioneers. Aside from the foreign pop-

ulation, they were largely from western and central New York, with a good sprinkling of New Englanders; mostly young; few middle aged; occasionally a gray head; energetic, used to hard work, they had come to Michigan to get homes, and they were bound to succeed. Then began privation. Then came the opportunity for the exercise of female tact and ingenuity in making the old and worn garment look "almost as good as new;" making the last year's bonnet do double duty, and getting a nice pair of pants for Johnny out of father's old ones. The courage with which the women bore these privations was admirable. Always cheerful and hopeful, looking forward to better days.

Often the whole outfit given the daughter by loving parents, when she left the parental home a happy bride, would be piled up in a single room, bruised and damaged by the long journey and rough usage it had received, yet, there was no complaining, "*We shall have a better house by-and-by.*" After the cabin home came the school-house, *also a cabin,* often surrounded with the primeval forest, and here the little groups of youth received the rudiments of their education, for these fathers and mothers knew the value of knowledge. These were the men and women who laid the foundations of civilization in Michigan. Such, to a great extent, were her pioneers. No nobler material ever entered into the composition of any people. From homes like these have come the men who are filling places of honor and trust in this and other States of the great west. From these families have come the business men, the intelligent farmers, the lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and educators of the present, who are giving to Michigan her exalted position of the foremost State of the west, in all that pertains to a progressive people. No wonder that in the late rebellion the commanding General could say: "*We are safe, for Michigan is on guard to-night.*"

It was from such families, where the principle of equal rights for all had been practically exemplified, came the men who were ready, if need be, to fight and die for the right, and whose life-bood has reddened nearly every battlefield of the south.

The generation that were then engaged in "lifting up the ax against the thick trees," has mostly passed away. A few yet remain. Occasionally I meet one, and always comes the same friendly, whole-souled greeting as in the former days. But they have left their monument behind them; not only in our institutions as a State, but in the broad fields, the beautiful homes, the growing cities, and material wealth accumulating on every side.

THE PIONEER CLERGYMEN.

The compensation of the clergyman, at that time, was very meagre. From one to three hundred dollars was the extent. On this he was expected to live and provide for his family, if he had one. The writer was commissioned to preach the gospel for one year, at a salary of one hundred dollars, from the American Baptist Home Mission Society, with the proviso that an equal amount should be raised by the people to whom he preached. At his request fifty dollars was added to pay the expenses of moving. The amount received from the people, was mostly paid in produce, or "dicker," as then called; some wheat, corn, oats for horse, potatoes, butter, pieces of pork at killing time, etc., etc. Of money there was very little in circulation, and letters often remained for weeks in the postoffice, for the want of twenty-five cents

to pay postage. But to the writer the promise has been fulfilled, that to him who serves God, "bread shall be given him, and his water shall be sure." But it was only by the most rigid economy, and a resolute determination that expenses should never, while in health, exceed income, that it was accomplished. His first residence (and this was all that could be obtained) consisted of a single room, fourteen feet square, or thereabout; no stove or fireplace for cooking; a privilege of cooking by a fire in the yard, and a chance to place a children's bed in a small chamber. This room was eating room, sitting room, study, sleeping room, and parlor for months, until a house could be built. And happy times were seen and enjoyed here; full of joy and faith, heart and hope. The church grew, and converts were multiplied.

And what was true in the writer's experience, was true in the case of most of the ministers who came to Michigan with the early pioneers. They were men who entered the ministry from a sense of duty; men largely the product of the great revivals among the churches of western New York, from 1826 to 1836. Few of them had been favored with a classical education. They were largely from the farms and mechanics' shops; men brought up to labor, who could use the ax, or hold the plow, or handle the plane when occasion required, without being ashamed to be seen at work. They were of the people, sympathized with the people, and shared their privations. Plain men, with a good, common English education, knowing little Latin, and less Greek, but with a good fund of common sense; men who loved their work, and repined not at the self-denial and sacrifices which they were called to make. Such were the men who laid the foundation of the religious institutions of Michigan. And what was true of the Baptist ministry was essentially true of the ministry of other denominations. Men who could arrange a sermon by torchlight, or on horseback, and preach it under circumstances which would have appalled the man who depends upon reading from his manuscript, for want of light. To the labors of such men is largely due the originating of our institutions of learning, which bless our State. Noble men! they have mostly ceased from their labors; they have gone to their rest; their works remain; their names are hallowed in many a household. A few yet linger among us.

MILITIA PARADE.

In the month of June, 1836, occurred what was probably the last regimental parade of territorial militia of what is now the State of Michigan, at which the writer was requested to officiate as chaplain. This he was very willing to do, having been familiar with military matters previous to entering the ministry. The regiment was reviewed by Gen. John Stockton, who yet lives at Mt. Clemens in a ripe old age. Some who bore arms that day were understood to be heroes of the Toledo war which had recently closed, with their blushing honors thick upon them—doughty feats of arms performed on the battle fields of Monroe county, or in the swamps of Maumee. Some of these yet linger among us and delight to fight their battles o'er again, and recount their perils among the pig-pens and hen-coops of that theater of desperate war. Soon after this, Michigan was received into the Union, her sin of combativeness forgiven, and her anger pacified by giving her the then unknown wilderness of the upper peninsula, with all its immense stores of mineral wealth for the narrow strip of swampy land adjudged to Ohio. Wrongs and insults were heaped upon her in her infancy and weakness, but they were blessings in

disguise, however they meant it not so. Howbeit the peace offering was accepted, and the heroes of the Toledo war beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks and retired to the peaceful pursuits of civil life. Toledo lives, and the blood that was [not] shed laid the foundation of a permanent peace.

THE PATRIOT WAR.

In the winter of 1837–8 occurred the patriot war in Canada, and one company of the patriots was quartered at Mt. Clemens; a motley crew of loafers, renegades, and dead-beats, apparently gathered from the offscourings of the country, whose chief exploits were to see how much whisky they could put themselves outside of, and how much dirt and profanity they could indulge in. During the winter they had a few dress parades, when they would have compared favorably with Falstaff's warriors of an earlier day. Like all other uneasy spirits, they talked loudly of human rights and aristocratic robbery. As the spring opened they disappeared, and probably might have been found among those who bled on the heights of Windsor, or perished in the naval conflict of Fighting Island in the Detroit river. The others doubtless deeming discretion the better part of valor, acted on the principle that

He that fights and runs away, will live to fight another day.

The war was soon over; the patriots were routed at all points. Some were imprisoned, some banished to Van Dieman's Land, and if I rightly remember, a very few were executed. Since that day Canada has been intensely loyal and glories in her attachment to the British crown.

At the first session of the State Legislature in the winter of 1836–7, a general banking law was passed, exceedingly liberal in its provisions, under which associations of men for banking purposes might be formed, and business commenced when thirty per cent of the subscribed stock had been paid in, or secured to be paid by bond and mortgage on real estate. Among other provisions was a bank commissioner, who was to visit each bank, once in three months, or oftener if thought necessary. Under this law there sprang up, as by magic, a host of banks, largely engineered by unscrupulous speculators, who persuaded the farmers, in many places, to mortgage their farms to secure bank stock, and thus become suddenly rich. The result was that the country was soon flooded with bank notes fresh from the mint, got up in the highest styles of the engraver's art. They were all banks of issue as well as deposit. A certain amount of specie was to be kept on hand for the redemption of notes, which they were permitted to issue, to the amount of two and one-half times the capital stock.

A few weeks, and the balloon was inflated; men became excited; money was plenty; every man who had real estate to mortgage could become speedily rich. The price of land rose; produce rose; it was flood-tide; a glorious morning had dawned; the era of *wild cats* had come; men sold their farms or other property at great advances, and hastened to reinvest, for they knew not how long their beautiful promises to pay would be of any value. The notes were not permitted to circulate, to any extent, in the immediate vicinity of the place where the bank was located, but were sent as far from home as possible. The bank commissioner made his examination, the box of specie was brought out and counted, the record made, and while the officer was entertained by the

gentlemanly proprietors, it was said that the box of coin was taken out the back way, and started on its way to the other institutions, to be counted and sworn to again and again, until the circuit had been completed.

But it was not long before the bills began to find their way back, and they were like "curses which come home to roost." Those who held them wanted the specie for them, *so the promise ran*, but the bank had little or none. *You must wait.* We shall have some in a few days. But it never came. There soon were ominous whispers heard; bills were at a discount, 5–10–20–50 per cent, and finally unsalable at any price. Men were filled with anxiety, their pockets full of money, and yet unable to buy a barrel of flour. The bubble burst; the "wild cats" died, and their unburied and decaying carcases polluted the air of the whole State with an intolerable stench. Many of the farmers were ruined, for their mortgaged farms were the only assets; the speculator had nothing at stake. [They did not lose their farms, because the banking law was declared unconstitutional, and the mortgages went for nothing.]

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT SCHEMES.

At the first session of the Legislature after the State was admitted to the Union, a magnificent system of internal improvements was determined upon, and an act passed to borrow $5,000,000 to carry out the project.

Through the southern tier of counties was to be built a railroad, having its eastern terminus at the city of Monroe, and its western at New Buffalo. Commencing at Detroit and running through the second tier, was the Central, with its western terminus at the mouth of the St. Jo. From Port Huron a railroad was to be built through the wilderness to the navigable waters of Grand river, or Lake Michigan. From Mt. Clemens was to be built a canal through the third tier of counties to the mouth of the Kalamazoo river. On the route of this last a corps of surveyors and engineers was employed, with headquarters at Mt. Clemens, and in the fall of 1837 the ceremony of breaking ground took place near the village. On this occasion an immense concourse of people was present from nearly all parts of the State where there were settlers. Gov. Mason and staff, many members of the State government, and a large delegation from the city of Detroit were in attendance. The first spadeful of earth was raised and deposited in the barrow by Gov. Mason, amidst the huzzas of the multitude, and every one thought the era of internal improvements was fully inaugurated. Whisky flowed profusely. Tables were spread in the adjacent grove, and a sumptuous dinner was provided, to which—after the oration was over—the government of Michigan, with all the invited guests, repaired, and did ample justice to the feast. Then came the toasts, with speeches and responses. It was a day of democratic glory. All were hilarious with joy and whisky. Distinctions were abolished. All were on a level. After a time an honored senator from Macomb county was placed upon the dinner table, amidst the crockery and glassware, and called on for a speech. This he attempted, but he never got beyond "Fellow citizens!" for his voice was drowned by the vociferations of the crazy multitude by which he was surrounded.

This was the day of great expectations. Mt. Clemens was to be the great port of transshipment for the immense productions of interior Michigan when the wilderness had disappeared and the banks of the Clinton and Kalamazoo canal had become studded with busy and thriving cities.

But alas for the great canal! It dragged its slow length along until it reached Rochester, Oakland county, where it made a permanent halt, and I do not remember of but a single craft that ever navigated its waters. A portion of it is still used as a mill-race, but the wooden locks have long since gone to decay. The prospects of the greatness of Mt. Clemens faded like a summer cloud.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY WM. C. HOYT.

Read before the Pioneer Society in Detroit, June 7th, 1873.

"Young man, go west!" This trite saying is said to have originated with Horace Greeley, but this is a mistake. Thirty-seven years ago, in a village inn where usually congregated, after the labors of the day were over, the saints and sinners of my native village, an old, gray-haired savan addressed this saying to me. "Why?" says I. "Why, because," says he, "in a few years this will be an old town. This will be the place for old men, but young men should go west. You go and find a good location, settle down, attend to your business, grow up with the place, and in a few years you may be a member of Congress, or of the Legislature of your adopted State." These remarks of this old sage, of course, filled my head with ambitious notions, and I thought if I could rise in the world, and become a member of Congress, or even a member of the Legislature, I would be willing to pack up my things and go west.

In the summer of 1836 I embarked on board of a steamboat at Buffalo, bade my father farewell, and started for the west—Michigan. Michigan was then a western territory. It lay very near sundown, was the abode of Hottentots, Yankees, Frenchmen, and muskrats. Detroit was a small city, and there was a vast wilderness extending from the vicinity of this old town to the north pole. We had a prosperous voyage, and after a pleasant ride of about three days, I landed on the wharf in the city of Detroit. I think Dr. Whitney, now living, was the first man I became acquainted with in this place. He kept a warehouse on the dock. With him I deposited a red chest, containing a library of thirty volumes. In my pockets I had a little loose change, which, when shook up, made a different noise from that which Uncle Samuel now supplies us with. After wandering around this city, the foundation of which lay in an ancient mudhole, and forming a few acquaintances with some of the natives, and making myself familiar with them, I concluded this town was too large for me, and consequently decided to go to the village of Niles, in this State.

On a beautiful day in the month of June, I left the city of Detroit for my new home, Niles. A stage-coach, at that time, was the only mode of public conveyance, and in it was packed one morning, in front of the Michigan Exchange, then kept by Austin E. Wales, now of Erin, a jolly company of ladies and gentlemen, on their way to different localities in the west. The driver cracked his whip, and four spirited horses started off under full gallop

for about two miles, when we came to a road without a bottom. In 1836 the road between Detroit and Dearborn was the worst, probably, over which man and beast had ever traveled. The track through the Dismal Swamp was said to equal it, but both were the sepulchers of many an unfortunate being. After a ride of several hours we arrived at Dearborn, and returned thanks for our preservation from the perils of the deep sea of mud.

A ride in a stage-coach is different from a ride in a railroad car. The former vehicle usually contains three seats, on the inside of which are packed in close proximity, from nine to twelve persons. On the outside, on the front seat, sits the driver, with two or three passengers; on the top is stowed away baggage and several more persons. The boot in the rear contains the trunks. When the journey continues two, three, or four days, the passengers form many agreeable and friendly acquaintances; time passes away pleasantly; young ladies chat and spark with young men; old men tell stories; others sing songs or whistle familiar airs.

At Niles, a beautiful village on the St. Joseph river, was my home in the summer and fall of 1836. It then contained a population of about 400 or 500 persons, mixed, of course, but I found there men and women from the aristocratic circles of Philadelphia and New York, possessing much intelligence, wealth, and industry. There then resided George and Hoffman, Jacob, and Dr. Wm. B. Beeson, Vincent L. Bradford, a distinguished lawyer from Philadelphia; Chipman, commonly known as "White Chipman," Jewett Trombly, Mr. and Mrs. Graves, parents of Mrs. Gen. Morrow, and others, the memory of whom suggests many pleasant recollections.

Certain business matters called me back to the State of New York, and in the fall of that year I entered a lawyer's office in the city of Buffalo. Here I studied my profession, in due time married, and in the summer of 1842, pitched my tent in the village of Milford, Oakland county, in this State.

This is the place which I intended to make my home, and to follow the advice of the savan of my native village, "grow up with the place."

New villages, or new thickly settled towns, are good places for young practitioners of the law, and Milford was not an exception to the rule. My profession being a lawyer, of course I hung up my shingle, on which was painted in plain words, "William C. Hoyt, law office." Clients flocked to see me and I commenced business with flattering prospects of success. Clients were plenty, but money was scarce. I soon became accustomed to the circumstances which surrounded me, and resolved to go ahead. The justices of the peace before whom I had the honor to appear were not learned in my profession, and were chosen from among the agricultural or mechanical employments. I remember distinctly about the first time I appeared before a justice of the peace; the official dignitary was somewhat conceited in his notions, and although he was willing to concede the fact that the young lawyer, who appeared before him from the city, was more learned in the law, but that he, the justice, was superior in common sense. The cause on which I was engaged was a plain one, on a promissory note. The opposite counsel pleaded the usual plea, the general issue, and gave notice of set-off. After the witnesses were duly examined and the counsel for the defendant had summed up, his opponent for the prosecution made his speech and brought before His Honor a large amount of law books, and in the course of his remarks quoted extensively from Blackstone, Kent, and Chitty, using several Latin quotations, such

as "ipso facto," "fac simile," "habeas corpus," and "e pluribus unum." While I was engaged in explaining my case, supposing that I had made a very convincing argument, the justice, scratching his head and pointing his index finger to the counsel, interrupted him by saying "Young man, you came from the city; we, out here, don't understand this slang. You will please address the court in plain English." These remarks by His Honor took the starch out of me, and taught me one lesson in the practice of my profession, that is, to speak plain English before a justice of the peace.

I often met, in the course of my practice, a gentleman farmer for whose memory I have the highest respect, one who filled the offices of member of the House of this State, Speaker of the House, State Senator, Governor, member of the House of Representatives, and Senator of the United States: Kinsley S. Bingham. Mr. Bingham's success as a practitioner, although he was never admitted to the bar, mainly depended on his good common sense and native shrewdness,—that kind which made him a successful politician. There was no *starch* in his composition, and he was popular with the masses. One day he and myself had a tilt before a justice of the peace. The court was held in a barn. The jury lounged upon the hay-mow, and among our auditors were the barn-yard fowls, who would often cease their conversation and listen to the eloquent remarks of distinguished counsel.

I think in the summer of 1844 I first met that celebrated wit and genius, Rufus Hosmer, usually called by the familiar cognomen "Roof." We were engaged on opposite sides, and appeared before a justice of the peace. The day was a hot one, in the month of July. I think at that time he weighed about 225 pounds; at any rate he was a fat man, and had the appearance of being a jolly, good-natured man. We examined each other for a few moments before proceeding to business, and photographed each other's dimensions. His first salutation was nearly in the following language: "Young man, where are you from?" I answered him according to the facts. "I would advise you to return to your parental roof." I retorted by saying that the present "Roof" was a sufficient shelter, and seemed to cover a large space. Our clients were good chequer players, at any rate had that reputation. After a short conversation they agreed to let the controversy be decided by this game, the winner in the game to win the suit. Clients, counsel, and court consented, and the matter was settled in this manner. The litigants were satisfied, counsel nodded assent, the justice entered the proper judgment, and a happy crowd dispersed.

There were practicing between the years 1842 and 1852, in Oakland county, several men who were eminent as lawyers. Gov. Richardson, Alfred H. Hanscom, Father Draper, Charles Draper, Judge Hunt, A. C. Baldwin, George Wisner, Moses Wisner, Thomas J. Drake, his brother Morgan L. Drake, Judge Crofoot, Calvin C. Parks, last, but not least, our mutual friend Henry C. Knight. These, with few exceptions, have gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. They have appeared before that Judge where lawyers are not allowed to plead, except, I will add, in self-defense.

MICHIGAN, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY DR. ~~H. A.~~ J. P. ALGER.

You meet beneath this lofty dome,
And statesmen come and go,
Where wild Indians used to roam
With tomahawk and bow.

Here you meet as friends,—
Relics of departed years;
Eventful memories blend
With mingled joys and tears.

In olden times you wandered west,
'Ere Michigan was a State,
To this land by nature blest,
Between the ocean lakes.

You were not old and feeble then;
How time has passed away!
Your sons grown up to men,—
Their locks are silver gray.

Your brown and raven hair,
Now white as winter snow,
Has changed by age and care
Since fifty years ago.

The paths along the river side
Were then but Indian trails,
Where now the locomotives glide
Along the iron rails.

Jackson then was president,
Mason your governor boy,
Blackhawk on slaughter bent,
Declared an Indian war.

Fever and ague's sinking chills
Old settlers well remember
That many graveyards filled,
From July till December.

All remedies failed but two,—
Experience against all spleen;
Nothing else would do
Like liquor and quinine.

Women, like angels then,
Drew near affliction's bed,
Doing as only woman can
For suffering, sick, and dead.

Our institutions wise and grand
Are scattered o'er the State,
The monuments of Michigan,
Divinely good and great.

The State adopts the Christian rule,
Gathering the children in
To our humane orphan school,—
The like has never been.

Improvements now are keeping pace
With lightning, steam, and pen;
Hastening for the human race
A brotherhood of men.

Michigan's productions stand
Foremost of all the States.
Behold her tonnage overland,
Her commerce on the lakes.

She's had statesmen unsurpassed,
And heroes, clad in blue;
Patriots, like Bagley, Chandler, Cass,
In spite of treason, *true.*

Members of this immortal band
Must part to meet no more;
The pioneers of Michigan
Have mostly gone before.

May wisdom guide the ship of State
You launched in years long past,
And Michigan grow good and great
As long as time shall last.

Let churchmen here, of every creed,
Ope' wider yet the door,
Where the stylish and the rich
Shall worship with the poor.

And all together praise the Lord
For blessings that are given,
And may you reunited meet
With Christ, the Lord, in heaven.

ADVENTURES OF GEORGE MORAN.

BY LEVI BISHOP.

In the month of November, in or about the year 1826, when George Moran had been living at Grosse Point about a year, a couple of gentlemen from Tennessee came up to this frontier, wishing to buy a few small Indian ponies. They called on General Cass, and the General sent them, with a letter of introduction, to Mr. M. at Grosse Point. Having stated their object and having accepted the invitation of Mr. M. to stay with him over night, the three came down to Detroit the next day and took a boat for Walpole Island, in the River St. Clair, which was then inhabited by Indians, and where the desired ponies could be obtained. They put up at a tavern kept by one George Rapp, on the island. This island was then traversed by three roads, and our party started out, one on each road, so as to find the ponies and leave word with the owners that they should be brought the next day to Rapp's tavern, where purchasers could be found for them.

Mr. M. was detained longer than the others on his route, and on returning to the tavern he was overtaken by a dark night and by a heavy rain-storm. Seeing a light at a short distance he concluded it must proceed from a wigwam, and he made for it in order to obtain shelter and quarters for the night. On arriving at the place he found a log hut about fifteen or sixteen feet square. He knocked, was bid to enter and went in. In one side of the room there was a fire-place and chimney of clay, and there sat an Indian with his wife, by the fire.

Mr. Moran told them he wanted to stay over night. They told him he could not, as they had no bed, and nothing to eat. Mr. M. told them he did not care for that, and he was going to stop there any way. He then stepped around and lay down, curling himself up in a small depression of the ground, with his back towards the fire. His feet were towards the Indian and his wife, but he was so situated that he could see them. He had been assistant pay-master to the Indians, and he had been among the Indians so much that he understood ordinary conversation in the Indian tongue. The man and his wife did not know him, nor he them, and he had a curiosity to hear what they would say about him; so he soon feigned to be asleep, and commenced snoring. The man and wife then began to converse in Indian. The woman asked her husband why he did not send him away. "Maybe that I cannot," he replied. "That man," she continued, "must be a Yankee, *for he is very impolite.*" "Yes," said the husband, "he must be a Yankee, for he speaks English."

The conversation was here suspended a few minutes, when the woman spoke up and said he must be a Frenchman. "No," said the man, "he is not." But she persisted that he must be, and on being asked by the husband how she knew, she replied that "he must be a Frenchman, because *he slept just like a dog.*"

After another pause in the conversation, the woman spoke up and said that they could find out what he was, and suggested that her husband should tell him in the Indian tongue that she was sick, and ask him for something to go and buy liquor with. The Indian accordingly spoke to Mr. M., in the Indian tongue, telling him that his squaw was sick, and asking him for money to buy liquor. At first Mr. M. paid no attention to what was said, but on the request being repeated several times, he finally took a quarter out of his pocket and gave it to them. As he did this, he said to them in Indian: "Here, take this; what fools you are to bother me." On hearing him thus speak, in their own language, the woman, with much emphasis, exclaimed: "There, he is an *Indian* himself. 'I told you he was a Frenchman.' "

The nationality of Mr. M. being thus determined, they thanked him very kindly for the money, and the woman started off in the rain with a half-gallon kettle, to obtain some liquor at Rapp's tavern. The distance was a mile, and yet she soon returned with a kettle full. She went into the hut and seemed quite pleased at her discovery that the stranger was a Frenchman. She inquired if he was mad at the annoyance they had given him, and being informed in the negative, she sat down by her husband and handed him the kettle. This they continued to pass between themselves during the night till the kettle was empty.

When Mr. M. got up in the morning and was about to start off to the tavern for his breakfast, the woman was leaning against the chimney asleep, and the Indian proceeded to give the following account of his two wives: The first, he said, was of Walpole Island, and she was a bad woman, for she would not drink at all; but his present wife was a Saginaw, and she was a good woman, for she would drink a quart a day if he would let her have it. Her then insensible condition lent a sanction to what was said of her.

This Indian was a half-breed, with long white hair and a long beard; and while the two conversed usually in the Indian tongue, they could also speak English very well.

Some three or four ponies were purchased from the Indians by the party, and having returned to Detroit, the Tennessee gentlemen went back to their homes in the South.

One rainy night in the fall of 1873 a little granddaughter of Mr. M. came into the house, at Grosse Point, and told him that two women were sheltering themselves from the rain under the front piazza of his saloon, on the bank of the lake, across the way. He sent and invited them into the house. They proved to be an aged Indian woman and her daughter and a little grandchild. A lunch was provided for them, and then buffalo robes and blankets were spread on the floor for their accommodation for the night.

In the morning the woman told Mr. M. that she formerly lived on Walpole Island, and that her husband, who was well known on the island as Robert John, had died a few years before. Upon a little inquiry it was ascertained that this was the same man and this was the same woman who had successfully inquired into the nationality of Mr. M. forty-seven years before, on Walpole Island; and who had shrewdly fancied that he was a Yankee

because he was impolite, and that he was a Frenchman because he was an Indian and slept like a dog.

After her husband died the woman had gone to Huron Point, since called Belvidere, on Lake St. Clair, where she acquired a livelihood by the manufacture of baskets. The two women had been to Detroit, on the occasion referred to, to sell baskets; and on their way home, tired and wet from the rain, they had applied at several houses for leave to stay over night, but were refused by all, until they arrived at the generous and hospitable mansion of our venerable and esteemed friend and pioneer, whose name stands at the head of this paper.

FIRST TRIP TO MICHIGAN.

BY ENOS NORTHRUP.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, February 6, 1878.

On the thirty-first day of May, 1830, I started from Hinckley, Medina county, Ohio, for Michigan, with a gentleman from the same place, as a traveling companion. We started out with a one-horse wagon, and some patent wheelheads to pay our fare on the route. Our plan was to go up the lake shore to Detroit. Well, the first day we went sixteen miles, to Columbia.

June 1—Started out this morning after a hard shower; went about five miles, and broke king-bolt to our wagon. We were five miles from any one, in the woods, so we mended up as best we could, and drove on as far as Ridgeville, and put up for the night.

June 2—We struck out this morning through bad, muddy roads, and made twenty-one miles, then stopped for the night at Elbridge.

June 3—Our road to-day took us through oak openings; timber short, soil sandy. We called it a poor country, and let it go at that. We crossed the Huron river at Milan, and went on to the village of Enterprise. This is on a low prairie, the first I saw. I suppose at that time it was more properly a marsh. It is ten miles long, by six or eight wide. We put up for the night on the town line. We came nineteen miles to-day.

June 4—We started out this morning through a light, sandy country, with scrub oak timber. About ten o'clock we struck the Black, or Maumee swamp. Many of the pioneers of Michigan know what the Black Swamp is better than I do. It is a place never to be forgotten by any one that traveled through it in those days.

June 5—Wading slowly through the Black Swamp we came as far as the Maumee river. Crossed over on a flat-boat, and put up for the night at Mr. Hubbell's. This is Saturday night and here we staid until Monday morning.

June 7—To-day went as far as Monroe village, on the River Raisin. Crossed the river here and made out to reach Detroit to-day. We did not have a favorable opinion of Michigan, from Monroe to Detroit, at that time. After staying in the city nearly two days, we started for the west part of the State, Kalamazoo being our place of destination. We were two and one half days in reaching Ann Arbor, over the old territorial road. We rested here and replenished our larder, for a final plunge into the then wilderness of Michigan. Here we fell in company with two more wagons, and nine men and one woman, who were going to Kalamazoo county. So we all agreed to keep

together and help one another through. About one o'clock we started, marching in Indian file, and stopped for the night somewhere in the vicinity of where Dexter now is. Here we cooked and ate our supper, made our beds under our wagons, and thus had a comfortable night's rest. After getting our breakfast and washing dishes, we started out for Jackson, and reached the city before night, where we staid until morning.

June 14—We spent the forenoon looking around in the woods where they proposed to lay out a city. We then thought it rather visionary. We went up Grand river to see where they had just commenced a saw-mill. After dinner we started on our journey. After leaving Jackson we found a beautiful country composed of oak openings. Six miles from Jackson we crossed Sandstone creek. Went three miles farther and came to what then was known as the Big Marsh. Here we camped for the night, but could not find any water; consequently we had to eat our supper of salt pork and dry bread without water. After supper we made a shanty of brush, and went to bed, but could hardly sleep on account of the mosquitoes.

June 15—This morning found us very thirsty, so we made an early start without our breakfast, and traveled over five miles before we found water. We then stopped and took breakfast, and after a rest we started on our journey and went as far as Rice creek. Here we camped for the night.

June 16—We broke camp early this morning and pursued our winding way through the open country, following the Indian trail all the way from Ann Arbor to Kalamazoo. All went merrily until about ten o'clock Mr. Toland's team got mired crossing a large marsh. We all turned in and helped pry and lift them out, and again we got under way, until about one o'clock, when we broke the thills to our wagon, but we soon mended them and went as far as Mr. Toland's on Toland's Prairie. This was the first dry prairie I ever saw. It was very beautiful to all, especially to those of us who had never before seen one.

June 17—This morning leaving the rest of our companions, we started for Gull Prairie, five miles distant. Here I found my brother and Col. Barnes, who had preceded me a month or more. They were plowing up the prairie and planting corn. This was the first crop of corn ever planted by white men on Gull Prairie.

EX-GOVERNOR ENOS T. THROOP.

BY HENRY LITTLE.

From the Kalamazoo Telegraph, October 22, 1873.

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

DEAR SIR,—I suppose that you take pleasure in receiving and preserving all the items of interest relating to the history of Enos T. Throop, ex-Governor of the State of New York, and for ten years a citizen of this county, where he made such varied, gratifying, and indelible impressions, that we love to cherish and honor his memory. To his genius, his intelligence, high attainments, his honorable public and private position, his sterling qualities and moral worth, this testimonial tribute is cheerfully and most respectfully inscribed.

The Spring Brook farm that Gov. Throop owned and occupied, was first begun by a Mr. Elsie, in 1836. The Elsie tract of land contained 240 acres, on which Elsie built a log house on the east side of the road, and a few rods north of the brook, and a frame barn upon the opposite side of the road. The house was divided into two rooms by a partition through the center, where was a chimney, giving a fire place in each room. Mr. Elsie improved about forty acres of this land, and he had near his house a dozen or fifteen apple trees, which were crooked, sickly things. For some reason not known to me, Mr. Elsie did not succeed very well, and the farm, after his occupancy of it a few years, passed into other hands.

Mr. Throop made his *debut* in this county in the early part of the summer of 1847, and commenced his inquiries and researches for a farm. At length he arrived at Prairie Ronde, and made a careful examination of the farm of Samuel P. Cobb, of that place. Cobb's farm was a splendid and most desirable one, it being complete and perfect in all its fixtures and appointments. When Mr. Cobb gave his terms for this place, Mr. Thoorp said that he "would take it into consideration, and dream over it through the night, and let him know the next morning." When morning came, Mr. Throop said to Mr. Cobb that he "had carefully revolved the thing over and over in his mind, and dreamed over it, and that he considered the farm, in one respect, like a a nice Durham cow; i. e., the cow is so perfect throughout that he could not make any improvements upon her; and that it was so with his farm, he could make no improvements upon it, and therefore he did not want it, but wanted a place where he could have the pleasure and satisfaction of improving it."

The next that we learn of Gov. Throop's operations, he had, on the twentieth day of July, 1847, bought of George F. Bragg, two hundred and

forty acres of land, the consideration for which was one thousand and five hundred dollars. That purchase included the Elsie farm alluded to above. The cost per acre was six dollars and twenty-five cents. On the seventh day of July, 1848, Mr. Throop, by another purchase, made a great addition to to his farm, and soon he possessed a farm containing eight hundred acres.

When Mr. Throop took possession of his first purchase in 1847 (and for some time after), he boarded with Mr. Vradenburg, who lived about a quarter of a mile south of the Throop farm.

Gov. Throop's wife, whose maiden name was Vradenburg, had died many years before. The Gov. said he "had had one wife, who was a very excellent woman, and that he would *never* do violence to the sacred memory of that angelic being, nor distract his thoughts from the contemplations of the *one* to whom he had been endeared by the strongest ties of love and affection, by marrying again." That resolution he has strictly adhered to.

About one mile up the Spring Brook from the Throop farm, there was a saw-mill. Mr. J. R. Adams, who was once engaged with Mr. Volney Hascall upon the Gazette of this place, left the printing office and went there to operate that mill, and died there in the summer of 1848. In the spring before he died, he killed a very large wild gobbler turkey. His wife, L. B. Adams, was a woman possessing rare accomplishments; the effusions from her vigorous pen had placed her name high upon the tablet of fame. Mrs. Adams was unlike some literary ladies, because she could also turn her hand to matters and things appertaining to domestic economy. She therefore took the gobbler feathers, which were so richly and beautifully diversified in forms and colors, and arranged them into patterns and figures, and sewed them upon cloth in such a manner that, when completed, it proved to be a very elegant lady's cape. Gov. Throop, on seeing that cape, so much admired it, that he bought it, and paid her twenty-five dollars for it, and sent it to his niece, in New York.

Mr. Throop continued to board with Mr. Vradenburg for a considerable length of time after his first purchase in 1847, but during all that time he was actively engaged in his preparations for making a beginning on his farm. At length he secured the service of a Scotchman and his wife, the woman to attend to household duties, and the man to look after outdoor matters. All things finally being ready, Mr. Throop, with Mr. and Mrs. Fox, went into and began housekeeping in the old log house that had been built by Elsie 11 years before. Fox and wife remained there for a considerable length of time, and Mrs. Fox died there. Mr. Throop having come here for the express purpose of carefully searching out and finding a place on which to make "improvements," had now arrived at the very acme of his most extravagant aspirations. Different tenants had occupied the farm for a few years previously, and consequently all the fixtures were much impaired. Although Gov. Throop's physical structure was of the tall, thin, light, fragile make, yet his giant intellect, his sleepless energy, far-reaching enterprise, and wonderful perseverance admirably fitted him for the emergencies before him. Mr. Throop was decidedly and emphatically a matter-of-fact man, and what he devised was sure to be accomplished. In all his operations he was most rigidly systematic. His proposed farm improvements were first projected and platted on paper, the lines and angles, and bounds being accurately determined by the square, scale, and dividers, which was transferred to the land (enlarged) by the help of the compass and the chain. Along the highway he left some of the original

forest trees. Through the center, and running the entire length of the farm there was a lane, or farm road, on each side of which remained some of the old forest trees, while the spaces between them were occupied by small locust trees, and small clumps of young trees dotted the fields and pastures here and there. When felling the trees, in clearing the land, he had some trees, here and there, cut in such a manner that the stumps appeared like chairs with backs. This was done by chopping the tree half the way off on one side, and then cutting the opposite half about eighteen inches higher, by which means he was provided with a goodly number of rural chairs, from which he could readily select the one that would suit his inclination or convenience, from which he could note the movements of his workmen, observe the condition of his herds, and see his "ewes graze and lambs suck." Besides a respectable herd of neat cattle he had a goodly number of valuable horses, and between two and three hundred sheep. Mr. Throop did not labor with his own hands much, if any, yet he very often lent his personal presence where his work was being prosecuted. It was his practice to walk over every lot, and field of his at least once in every day, which made him perfectly acquainted with the true condition of everything all the time. He was a man of great endurance, and was such an adept in walking, that he would outwalk, and tire out any robust, work-hardened farmer. Gov. Throop in the arrangements for his orchard and garden, observed the same order and system, and if possible, with greater exactness than was found elsewhere. By referring to the orchard chart you would find the names of all the different kinds of fruit written against its number, *i. e.* against a particular number in a certain row, would be written *greening*, and against another number in another row would be written *Baldwin*, and so on through the whole catalogue of apples, peaches, pears, &c. And so also with regard to the garden, you might with that chart before you while sitting in the house, determine the exact locality, and name of every shrub, and plant, and flower, and every other thing, whether useful or ornamental, in that fine garden. There you would find a choice collection of rare and valuable European and American plants and flowers. He frequently sent orders to France and other parts of Europe for fruit trees, plants, and flowers. At one time he ordered certain varieties of apple trees from France, for the purpose of growing his own cions for grafting.

At one time he ordered a certain number of small young quince trees from France, and, by some misunderstanding, they sent him fifteen hundred, which were many more than he desired.

He had a valuable kind of sweet, or evergreen corn, which was unlike any I had ever before seen; the ears were at least one foot in length, and very straight and beautiful. He had great quantities of large, cultivated strawberries, and one year, having more than were needed in his family, he told Mrs. Fox that if she would pick and sell them she might have the avails of them for her pin money. When Mr. Throop learned that she received but seven cents per quart, he shook his head and said "they did not understand the difference between his nice cultivated berries and the wild ones."

Among all the numerous systematic operations, and rules and observances, there were none that Mr. Throop adhered to with greater tenacity than to his hygienic system, which he had reduced to a mathematical certainty. The application of his prescribed treatment, to his own maladies, were as amusing to others as beneficial to himself. He always kept one ax exclusively

for his own individual use. When he felt any premonitions of approaching melancholic, or found his physical energies began to droop and lose their vivacity, he would seize his ax and go for a log, or the wood pile, and ply the ax with great vigor, every stroke telling with ringing emphasis. That he called "*violent* exercise, *vial* exercise, and *vial* of exercise." A complete cure was always effected in a few minutes. At one time the Governor had a relative by the name or Hatch who was stopping with him a short time, when one day Hatch was complaining of languid feeling, Mr. Throop told him that all he "needed was some *vial* exercise."

In the Spring Brook, a few rods below Mr. Throop's house, there was a small island, to which he had access by means of a rustic bridge. That island he fitted up with walks and arbors, and bowers. There were two trees standing a few feet apart. These were so notched as to receive and sustain a board which he used for a seat. The formation of new wood by the growth of the trees, year after year, so pressed upon the ends of the board as to cause the center to spring downward, giving it the appearance of an inverted arch. There he is now, reclining on his seat. But has he chosen that quiet retreat to escape from trouble or sorrow; is he suffering from a depression of spirits, or giving way to a fit of melancholy? No, not a bit of it, for no man has more buoyant feelings, or enjoys life better than Mr. Throop. That is his Paradise; there he holds delightful communion with nature, and with his kindred spirits of the past and present; there he is in such a state of felicitous, transporting enjoyments that the gods might envy him. On his right and left are the clear, sparkling, laughing waters of the brook merrily rushing onward, in whose bosom the minnows and the sparkling shiners were holding a perpetual holiday, gay butterflies were dancing and flitting in the sunlight, the joyous birds were carolling among the trees, the bright-eyed, saucy squirrel is chippering, and frisking about from tree to tree, and soft, gentle zephyrs are rustling the green leaves. There in the midst of that delightful scene were awakened these pleasant memories of the past, with all their varied, endearing, and thrilling associations. There was such a vivid, retrospective mirage of past events presented to his lively imagination, that his whole heart and soul, and every fiber of his being, felt the emotions of a new inspiration. Instantly he was transported to the exciting scenes of the court room, to the halls of legislation, where were discussed the policy and impolicy of certain State measures, he heard the wranglings of aspiring politicians, saw the operations of the shrewd, crafty diplomatist, and once more he was in crowded cities of the old and new world, where he saw all the marts of trade, commerce, and manufactures, in their full tide of active operations. There, on his island Paradise, whose temple had been consecrated to his best thought and reflections, upon whose high altar he offered the best and richest gifts from his warm, loving heart, to whch he received gratifying responses from Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Calhoun, Marshall, Webster, Clinton, Jackson, Van Buren, and hosts of other high dignitaries, and rejoiced that he once enjoyed their friendship and confidence. There, too, on that lovely island he wrote many of those beautiful and happifying epistles to his distant friends.

And, now, indulgent reader, I will invite you to go with me and visit the interior of his house, and pay our respects to our distinguished friend in his own *sanctum*. There he is sitting in his library, where there are many rare and valuable curiosities. There are hanging upon the walls splendid pictures

from the hands of the old celebrated masters. There is Ætna, and Vesuvius, and the "Sunset." He bought no pictures but such as his own eyes had previously seen the subject, so that he might know that he had a true and correct representation of the object. In his library are choice selections from the old and new world. But there is one book that requires a descriptive notice. It is a part of the Holy Bible, and supposed to be five hundred years old. If that is correct then it would be about one hundred years older than the art of printing. That good old relic of past ages was in size about like our 8 vo. The binding was good, strong leather, much resembling calf. It was between two and three inches thick. The leaves were of parchment instead of paper. The letters, which had been formed with a pen, were in style much like the German text, and some larger than the two-line great primer. The capitals, which consisted of many strokes or lines, were all uniformly done in red, blue, yellow, and black, each line being a distinct color, but the small letters were all black. It was, really, the most elegant specimen of penmanship that I ever saw, and it must have cost some poor old monk many long years of hard labor. Mr. Throop always took his meals alone, by himself, unless he had invited guests. Mr. Throop having been born in the year 1784, he, of course, was reared and educated in the old school, when customs and practices prevailed which were entirely unlike those of the present times. Mr. Throop was more than forty years old when the first public temperance movement was inaugurated. In those good, old times, all of us were in the habit of occasionally taking a "wee drap of the good cratur," and its use, by any one, whether priest or layman, was not considered as a reprehensible act, unless they drank to excess. Now, Mr. Throop did nothing more, nor less, than simply to still adhere to an old, time-honored custom of continuing the *ardant* on his table at meal times. On certain great state occasions, and on national holidays, such as the 4th of July, and the 8th of January, Mr. Throop ordered his table to be laid for several distinguished guests, who were to dine with him at his Spring Brook Mansion. On such occasions the chairs, and plates, and glasses, etc., were placed in due order for Jackson, Van Buren, and others; and his best brands were ordered from his wine cellar. The host and his guests being seated at the table, the host presided in a half real, and half pantomimic style. At the proper time all the glasses are filled, and the host brings his glass in contact with another, and says: "General Jackson, your good health, peace, and prosperity." (Response): "Governor Thoorp, the same to you in return, with liberal additions." The glasses being re-filled, "President Van Buren, your health, my respects and best wishes." "Governor Throop, live forever, and be President afterwards." The glasses at last are all filled to the brim, and Jackson proposes, "The Constitution," or "The Old Flag," when all rise to their feet, and, amid the waving of hands, there went up loud and hearty cheer after cheer.

Mr. Throop built additions to the old log house, and otherwise improved it very much. He propped and stayed the roof while he removed the old logs, whose place was supplied by upright studs, which were clapboarded on the outside, and lathed and plastered on the inside. In front of the house he built a portico, about eight feet square, the columns of which were white oak, about ten inches in diameter, with the bark preserved on them, just as they grew. On a certain day Mr. Throop and some of his neighbors were sitting in that portico, when two gentlemen were driving past, each man being alone, and having a very splendid turnout. Some one enquired as to who they were,

the response being, "I don't know, and I don't care," when Mr. Throop said that he "*did* know—that they were destitute of a cultivated taste, because they did not even *look* at his portico."

In 1857 Mr. Throop sold his farm, then containing 800 acres, to John Glenn, for $18,000, and all his personal property (except four horses, which he took east), at auction, for $3,000 more. He began there ten years before, with 240 acres, with 40 acres improved, and left 800 acres, with 250 improved. Much of his land, after his first purchase, he obtained for $2 per acre, so that the first cost to him, of his 800 acres, was about $3,000.

When Mr. Throop had closed up all his affairs, and the serious reality pressed upon his mind that he was about to leave the dear old farm where he had taken so much pleasure in devising, and so successfully executing all his fondly cherished schemes, and that he was also to sever his connections with his friends and neighbors and all other pleasant surrounding associations, he was so overwhelmed with sorrow that he sat down and wept like a child.

And that was not a mere superficial or momentary burst of grief, but it was real, deep, and lasting. The remembrance of all those delightful associations, were ever present and fresh to his mind for years after, causing him many bitter regrets that all, all was only of the past! About one year after he left here he wrote to Mr. Vradenburg, requesting him to ascertain upon what terms he might obtain the Tift farm, which was about half a mile north of the one formerly owned by Throop. At that time the community lost one of Nature's noblemen, a gentleman, who, in his deportment and in all his business and social relations, was familiar and attractive, polite, affable, obliging, and instructive.

> It was supposed that he had not one enemy in the world.
> He was the light and guiding star of the community.

Many sought his counsel, because they confided in his judgment. By the favorable results of his practical experiments in the various departments of agriculture, he tested the true value of science, as well as of theories, and showed by his example that success was insured by a determined, persistent, energetic use of judicious means. He was so far from being a politician that he would not talk about political matters even with his intimate friends of his own party nor read political papers.

In this very rough and imperfect sketch of the history of this great and good man, I have not attempted to embrace any portions of his history either before or since he was a resident here. I trust that will be done by more competent chroniclers than myself. I have endeavored to collect some few of the many reminiscences of his successful career during those ten years. But brief and imperfect as my sketch is, it gives some faint glimpses of him as a farmer. As a business man, he had few equals; as a friend and neighbor, he held a high and enviable place in the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. He had a wonderful, quick, and vigorous intellect, a fertile imagination, acute sensibilities, a refined taste, a correct judgment, a strong mind; of rigid integrity, of great energy and perseverance of character, of a confiding nature, and having strong and abiding attachments. All of which, and many more sterling qualities, coupled with his great literary attainments and vast experience, made him what most would consider a model man.

HAWLEY GERRELLS IN 1828.

SHEBOYGAN FALLS, WIS., *Nov. 25th, 1874.*

To Geo. H. Cannon, U. S. Surveyor Michigan:

DEAR SIR,—While in California, a postal card from you came to the Falls, addressed to me, requesting me to give an account of my first journey in Michigan, when a boy. The card was forwarded to Watsonville, California, but I did not receive it, having left that place, and was in Los Angeles about the time it was forwarded. Just returned from the dusty State, I hasten to comply with your request.—HAWLEY GERRELLS.

In the spring of 1828, I took passage on a canal boat, at Fairport, New York, for Buffalo. Went on board the steamer Enterprise; was sea-sick before the boat was fully clear of the ice; arrived in Detroit the fourth day, at sunset; landed on a platform built out to deep water, a few feet wider than the gangway of the steamer; stayed over night at Benjamin Woodworth's hotel, the only first class hotel in the place, sign on a post in the street, fare, sixty-three cents for supper, lodging, and breakfast.

Went in the direction of Pontiac, and passed through a swamp that reached eleven miles, at that time; no house or settlement to be seen on the road; arrived at Pontiac the same day; only a few buildings were there; a new horse-barn had just been built, and a man was painting it yellow; the boards were not planed. Every part of the place was nearly in its primeval state, nevertheless, it was growing very fast. I did not particularly observe its importance, or all its improvements. I went past a few miles, to Mr. Postle's, where I stayed, in company with B. S. Northrop, a few days, and made several pleasant excursions over the surrounding country, with his son, Charles Postle.

It was surprising to me to see such energy and perseverance manifested among the settlers. All seemed to be inspired with high hopes of future wealth and happy homes. Rochester, Auburn, Stony Creek, and surroundings were of interest, and bid fair to become places of importance at some future day. Names were given to the villages, but the buildings were wanting.

Went to Mr. Perrin's, I think, in the town of Salem. He directed me to Plymouth, where I met with several friends who formerly resided in Fairport, New York, among whom was Mr. Holbrook, a merchant. His store was of small dimensions, and occupied a corner lot in the mud. From Plymouth, I followed an Indian trail to Ypsilanti. A saw-mill and grist-mill were being finished; a log grocery near the end of the mill-dam, a log tavern and a few other buildings constituted the whole place.

On my way to Clinton, I met several persons jaded and worn, and homesick. They had been clear out to the White Pigeon, and it was the "*cussedest*

country they had ever seen." When at Clinton, I called at the only log house then completed, and it was used for a store, tavern, and dwelling. The body of a log house was up, on the opposite corner. I partook of some bread and milk with the family, paid my bill (six cents), enquired the distance to Tecumseh, "four and a half miles," was the answer. It was a rainy day, but I traveled on, regardless of the rain and mist, in order to reach my sister's somewhere near Adrian; but instead of turning the corner, as I should have done, I went straight on, and forded a stream, and, after traveling five miles, came to a house, two men standing at the door. On enquiring the distance to Tecumseh, they told me it was "nine and a half miles;" that I must go back to Clinton, then turn to the right. I turned about to retrace my steps, when one of the men asked me how I would trade rifles. I had a good rifle, and did not wish to part with it, so I told him I would not trade, if he offered me his farm to boot.

When I got back to Clinton, the woman in the house appeared a little frightened, but she set some bread and milk on the table, at my request, and while I was eating, several questions were asked, and promptly answered by me. After having related my adventures across the river twice, and my anxiety to reach my sister's that day, and being heedless about direction, etc., she remarked that she thought I had been chased by a constable; for I appeared to be nearly exhausted. She closed her remarks with a smile, as she said: "*You had a chance to see the country.*"

I took the right road this time, and walked with renewed speed, startled at times at the sudden bounce of the deer across the road, till I reached Tecumseh. The tavern was painted green; several frame houses, and a grist-mill and saw-mill were there.

I still pressed forward with the hope of reaching my sister's, till night shed its darkness on the landscape. I therefore abandoned my purpose, and stopped over night at Mr. Sackrider's, about two miles from Adrian. He was a Quaker, and had raised some wheat the previous year. I retired to rest in a good bed, after having walked forty-eight miles during the day.

The next day I found my sister, Mrs. Keyes, living in a log shanty near Adrian; shot a wild turkey the next day in the garden, that weighed fourteen pounds and a half, *dressed.* [The turkey, not the garden.]

Adrian had a name and a few buildings; a store owned by Mr. Winter; a post-office, kept by Mr. Comstock; a saw-mill and grist-mill were nearly completed. All a wilderness back, and Government land in all directions; no roads any farther; a few trails leading to shanties in the forest, and settlers coming in every day; the sound of the ax or gun could be heard in every direction; all was bustle and strife. Provisions came from Detroit and Monroe, but not in sufficient quantities to supply the demand; fish and bread constituted the principal food, except a few deer, squirrels, and turkeys that occasionally fell before the settler's rifle. Potatoes were scarce. A few brought from Detroit, shipped directly from Buffalo, were all that could be had at any price; they planted the eyes and peelings of the few that could be obtained, and thus succeeded in having a moderate crop.

Here ended my first journey to Michigan. I was taken sick with the ague, while on an excursion in the forest, to Bean Creek, now Hudson, and, after much suffering in the wilderness, returned to Adrian. Left my rifle with Samuel Keyes, my brother-in-law, that he might not suffer for the want of

meat, by shooting squirrels and wild turkeys. Returned to Detroit in company with Josiah Shumway, who went with two yoke of oxen and a good lumber wagon, for a load of provisions; passed through the Saline Woods, Ann Arbor, down the river Rouge, and passed over the ground where Gen. Hull surrendered his army to the British; took the same steamer for Buffalo, where I arrived after four days of pleasant weather.

Yours with respect,

HAWLEY GERRELLS.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY REV. ELIJAH H. PILCHER.

Read before the Pioneer Society at Detroit, January 3, 1873.

A few reminiscences of the early history of this country and the personal experience of the writer in connection with it may not be uninteresting to the members of this Pioneer Society. I was not requested to write a history of the country, though I have a large amount of material on hand; but to furnish some items of my own experience in connection with its early history. This is my apology, or sufficient explanation, for appearing so much the hero of my own story.

ARRIVAL IN MICHIGAN.

My first entrance on the soil of Michigan was on the first day of October, 1830; belonging at the time to the Ohio Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, and being assigned to the Ann Arbor circuit for that year. I came directly from Nicholas county in West Virginia, on the head waters of the Big Kanawha, where I had traveled a circuit the year before. This journey to Michigan from Virginia had to be performed on horseback. So the young itinerant preacher performed it in this way, carrying all his wardrobe and library in his saddle-bags. The preceding year he had received only *sixty-seven dollars* for his services, so that when he reached Ann Arbor, the head of his circuit, he found himself in possession of only *ten* cents in cash. But he was among his brethren.

OLD DETROIT.

My arrival at Detroit was on Saturday, October 2, 1830, the day after the execution of Simmons, by hanging, for the murder of his wife—the last instance of capital punishment in Michigan. I remained over the Sabbath and worshiped in the old brick church on the corner of State and Farrar streets. The building is still standing and occupied as a residence. This church was never finished as such, but was sold in 1834, because it was too far out to accommodate the people. I recollect very well we had to walk on a single slab, running across the common, in order to reach the church. The Rev. Alvin Billings, now a superannuated member of the Michigan Conference, was the minister appointed, and this was his first Sabbath. I shall never forget the feeling of disappointment at my first sight of Detroit. Having read of it, and knowing it was one of the old cities of the continent, I expected to find much more of a town. On Monday I went on to my circuit. Ann Arbor circuit extended from Dearborn on the east to Jackson on the

west, or rather, we extended it to Jackson; and it embraced the settlements on either side of the main road, making up about *twenty-six* appointments to be supplied once in four weeks.

JACKSON.

It fell to my lot to preach the Gospel in Jackson as the first minister who ever went there for that purpose. Two sermons had been preached there before by men who had gone there on business, and being ministers, had been asked to preach. My chapel was the bar-room of a log tavern, with the bottles staring me in the face. But they did not adulterate the truth, though, probably some of the congregation who did not imbibe the spirit of the sermon, did imbibe the spirit of the bottles. This was on the 27th of January, 1831. I had the pleasure, after a while, of seeing the bottles removed, and of delivering a temperance lecture in the same room, standing behind the bar, where the bottles had formerly been, they having now been removed. Jackson was a wild, rough, and very unpromising place to build a town, and the inhabitants were poor, and many of them very much dispirited, but they had no alternative but to stay there and shake it out. Many of them shook most fearfully. During this year I became acquainted with one of the wild Indians —who were no Indians at all—who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. He resided on the Rouge, about sixteen miles out of this city. There was nothing of any particular interest about the man, except that he was one of the men who performed that daring act. He died in the summer of 1831, and I attended his funeral. His name was Maxwell.

ANECDOTE.

As an itinerant Methodist minister, one sees all phases of human society. Now he finds himself in refined and friendly society, and now among the illiterate and unfriendly. In one of my districts, a certain man took quite a fancy to me, and described what he regarded as my good qualities to his friend, and finished by saying, "besides all these he is a regular *bred and born* physicianer." Sometimes he will meet with good accommodations and good fare, and sometimes with very inconvenient and poor. On one occasion we stopped before services with a local preacher, who had a shrew for a wife, but who had been very friendly with me. She remained for the day's meeting after the sermon. In speaking to the members to relate their experience, I called the record and did not call her name next after that of her husband, as she was not a member. She arose and darted out of the house very suddenly. Not suspecting anything amiss, I returned to the house and spoke to her, when she made no reply and paid no further attention to me, while I remained, which was not long.

A MICHIGAN HOME.

At one of the appointments on the Rouge, resided a Brother B——, whose house was about two miles distant. He had been very urgent for me to go home with him and spend the night. I agreed to do so, provided he would be at the next appointment there to hear me. When the time came he was on hand, and go I must. We soon left the traveled road and entered the thick forest by a narrow path which terminated at his residence, which we reached a little before sundown. It was summer; the dwelling was a log cabin with only one room, constituting kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and bed rooms.

This one room had two beds in it, without curtains around either of them. The mansion was surrounded by a rail fence, in such a condition that it allowed the pigs to have free access to the yard, and they also had free access to the parlor. Besides them there were two or three dogs, which were commoners in the house, interspersed with some chickens and children. As might be expected there was no carpet on the floor, and the floor was very much as the dirt of the field. All the household linen and bedding might have been washed some time, but if so, it was so long ago that they had forgotten how it seemed. As night drew on, the young minister began to be anxious to know where he was to sleep. When the time came the problem was solved by the man of the house pointing to one of the two beds, and saying: "When you wish to retire, you will occupy that bed," and added that two or three of the children—little boys—would have to sleep with me. His wife was very kind; but still I found no occasion to visit them again. These are only some of the pleasures that go to make up the woof of an itinerant Methodist preacher's life, and tend to give spice and romance to it.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

In January, 1865, being at Lansing during the session of the Legislature, and at the hotel where many of the members boarded, while standing talking with a friend, a gentleman came up and signified a desire to be introduced. It was a Mr. Martin, the late deputy at the State prison. Being introduced, he said he had known the Elder for many years, although the Elder did not know him. Then he said: "About a dozen young men, and myself among them, were at a camp meeting in Bloomfield, in this State, and were disposed to be a little rude one night, when the Elder draped himself as a rowdy and got in among us, and when he got us to the right point for it, he proposed that we should have meeting too. We assented to it, and he proposed to preach provided we would agree to stand by him. To this we all agreed, and that we would hear all he had to say. He then took a text and preached to us, and dealt very plainly with us, and yet we could not get mad at him, for he was so kind toward us." Thus far Mr. Martin, whom I had not seen since that time. This camp-meeting was in August, 1831. By this device the young men were prevented from disturbing the meeting during the night, as they had intended to do; and several of them professed religion during the meeting.

AN ADVENTURE.

At the close of this ecclesiastical year—that is, in August, 1831—Rev. Henry Colclazer, Rev. Wm. Sprague, and myself started from the above camp-meeting to attend the session of the conference, which was to be held in Ohio. We were well dressed and well mounted on fine horses, with well filled saddle-bags, and might have been mistaken for drovers returning from Michigan after having disposed of their cattle, with pockets well filled with cash, which with us was far from the truth. On our way we took tea at a hotel in Monroe one evening, and determined to ride on two miles further and stop for the night with a wealthy farmer, a Methodist brother, with whom we had all dined a year before on our way into the country. It was now growing dark. Just as we reached the outskirt of the city, two men on one horse rode rapidly by us, as we apprehended, to waylay us in a piece of woods, which we remembered we had to pass. We supposed they took us for returning drovers and to be laden with

money. The piece of woods we had to pass was about one mile in length, and very lonesome. We were unarmed—had no weapons of defense, except one had a heavy riding whip and another had an umbrella. The third had nothing. Soon after entering the wood we heard low voices, at which we arranged ourselves abreast, putting the one with nothing in the middle, and rode slowly on. After a little we met and passed two men who were conversing quietly together, and emerged from the wood, without molestation, greatly to our relief. But when we reached the house of our brother, and asked for lodging, he called out, "Who are you?" We informed him. Then he said, "What do you come here for at this time of night?" We told him we had been delayed on the way. Said he, "We are all sick." We replied we wanted nothing, as we had had tea. Said he, "Our beds are all full." We said we had enough, and only wanted a place to lie down. Said he, "We are all sick and our beds are all full, and there is a tavern not far off." We suspected what we afterwards learned to be the fact, that they were as well as usual and had plenty of room. However, we bade him good-by, and rode two miles further to find a hotel. These are some of the things which enter into the life of an itinerant minister, a part of whose salary was that "he should board round" and serve as the spice of life.

A REVISED CIRCUIT.

The next year the boundaries of my circuit were somewhat changed, so that it included Washtenaw county, except Ypsilanti, Jackson, Calhoun, Branch, Hillsdale and Lenawee counties, requiring about four hundred miles travel and to preach twenty-seven times regularly every four weeks. In order to get around this circuit I had to make my own road on the west end of it. The first settlement of this State was mostly in nearly parallel lines, following the great Indian tracks which centered at Detroit. One followed the Chicago road, through the southern tier of counties; the next branching from this at Ypsilanti along the old territorial road, through to the center of the second counties; the third running northwest through Pontiac, and so on to Grand Rapids. There were no cross-roads for a long time. My course lay along the territorial road from Ann Arbor to Marshall. The question then was how to get across to the Chicago road at Coldwater, which as yet had but two houses in it. I could find no one who had ever been through the woods to act as guide. But it must be done, so I hired a man to go with me and work our way. After spending the Sabbath at Marshall, on Monday morning I emptied my saddle-bags of clothes and books and filled them with oats for the horses and raw pork and a bread-loaf for ourselves; then, being armed with a gun and ax, we set forth. This was in the month of October, 1831. An unusual amount of rain had fallen this season, so that all the marshes and streams were full. We took our course, being diverted sometimes by what appeared to be impassable marshes. With the ax we marked or blazed the trees on the south side, so that we could follow the way back without trouble. In this way we continued until late in the afternoon, without any serious difficulty, when we reached the St. Joseph river. This we found to be full banks. We apprehended, what we afterwards found to be true, that it was too deep to be forded well. We found a tree near the bank, leaning over. This we felled with the ax, and crawled over on it, as it reached nearly to the shore. One went over to take the horses when they came, while the other drove them through the river and then went over on the tree. Night soon overtook us, after we

had crossed a kind of prairie which had been killed by fires. We made a camp and kindled a fire at the edge of a wide marsh. We cooked our meat, ate our supper, made a bed of our saddles and fixtures, and slept some, though serenaded by most wolfish music for most of the night.

In the morning we renewed our efforts to find the way through, without success, and returned to Marshall at night, in order to reach the next Sabbath appointment, which was at Tecumseh. In order to reach Tecumseh, we had to return to Ann Arbor, which was no easy task, as you will see. Since going west the floods had carried off all the bridges on the small streams between Jackson and Ann Arbor.

In starting out of Jackson, I found the logs on the marsh at each end of the bridge over Grand river, on the main street, afloat, so that when I rode on them they rolled over and let my horse down among them. Dismounting, I managed to extricate him and lead him by the side of the bridge across which I walked on the floating logs. At Leoni I had to strip the horse and drive him through, and carry the saddle and saddle-bags over on the stringers of the bridge. Some of the brooks he would leap, and some he would wallow through; and so I worried along until I came to Mill Creek, where the village of Lima is now situated. Here the bridge was gone. Taking off everything, I drove my horse into the stream. He went to the opposite bank and returned, as it required some effort to climb it. The water was over his back. I drove him in a second time with the same result. I now put on the saddle, having laid off my coat, and mounted and rode through, the water coming over the saddle, and made him ascend the bank, which was no easy matter for him to do. Here the marsh was wide. When we had made about half the distance to the hard land, he sunk into the mire with all his feet, so that he could not stir. It was now sundown. Stripping up my sleeves, I thrust my hand into the mire and raised his feet and placed them upon new turf, which done, he was enabled to rise. I now had to return across the stream for my saddle-bags and coats, bringing them over on the stringers of the bridge. I reached Ann Arbor about 9 o'clock in the evening, wet and chilly. Having filled the appointment on the Sabbath, I went west to Coldwater, to find the way to Marshall. On the way I found a Frenchman who said he had traded among the Indians and knew the way. I engaged him and he went with me to Coldwater, but the next morning he became so drunk that I could do nothing with him, so I dismissed him and went alone. I was delayed one day to attend the funeral of a child, the first death that occurred at Coldwater. I succeeded in going from Coldwater to Marshall in one day, as I found an Indian trail most of the way until I met the blazes I had made before, only now I marked more of the trees on the north side. The next day I returned, blazing the trees on the south side, so as to be able to go in either direction. The Hon. Isaac P. Swain, now of Detroit, who had settled in Jackson county, was going to the land office at White Pigeon. As he rose a hill he looked ahead and saw what alarmed him, as he was alone and unarmed. It was an ax moving in the air and chipping the bark off from the side of a tree. There were Indians in this part of the country, and he feared what might be the consequences. He, however, summoned up his courage and moved forward, and, to his delight, soon saw it was a white man who held the ax; and when he came within speaking distance he found it was a Methodist preacher, blazing his way through the woods—and he has been blazing away ever since. It

required four days of hard work to prepare this road so that I could get round my circuit.

Game was very plenty, and I often wished for a gun, but could not have one, as I would have to carry it on the Sabbath as well as other days, because there was no returning on my route. In the first setting in of the winter of 1831 it took me nearly four hours, one day, to get over a creek about a rod wide. There was a broad marsh on one side of it, so that the only way of crossing was to go in on the east side and then follow up the stream about four rods to where the marsh was narrow, on the west side. It was now nearly frozen over, having a narrow strip along the middle unfrozen. It was bitterly cold, and the wind blowing fiercely. My horse would not go upon the ice so as to reach the open middle. Finding a small lever, I succeeded in breaking the ice near the shore so as to get him started in, then mounting, with my lever I broke down the ice before me. When reaching the middle of the stream, the water was up mid-sides to the horse, and the ice could be broken with my feet. In this way the stream was followed up the requisite distance. Then another difficulty was encountered, that was, the getting out. The ice came up to the horse's breast. It was very difficult to break it, as he did not like to stand up to it nor to stand still while the ice was struck so near his head. However, it was broken till it was strong enough to bear my weight, which was tested by edging the horse up to it and dismounting. It was still difficult to work, as he had to be held by the bridle lest he should turn and escape. My motto, "*Labor omnia vincit,*" was made good, as we finally got through, but man and horse nearly perished before we could reach a house beyond.

CHOLERA IN 1832.

The first advent of the cholera to this State was while I was on this circuit, in 1832, and well do I remember when Colonel Clark called out the military at Ann Arbor and marched out of the village to the east to stop the stage coach to prevent the introduction of the disease. Notwithstanding this precaution, it came and carried off many, and the new village of Marshall was nearly depopulated. This was also the year of the Blackhawk war, and well do I remember the panic and of meeting the soldiers on their march eastward—"Who marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

ROUGHING IT.

So many of the marshes were unbridged, that sometimes my horse would mire down several times in a day. It was often necessary to dismount and assist him out. In this way the water often came over the top of the boots, and I had to ride with wet feet and limbs, and the latter would become so chafed that it was necessary to wind them with a silk handerchief to ride with any comfort. The people of this day can form no idea of the labor, inconvenience and suffering incident to traveling a circuit here in 1831–32. What was the pecuniary compensation? One hundred dollars a year and board around. We had to share with the people in the coarseness and scantiness of their fare, and sleep in their cabins. It is difficult for even myself to realize the change which has come over the face of the country; that where, so few years ago, it was a wilderness, there are now teeming thousands, with beautiful farms and thriving villages and cities; that in the very midst of the city of Jackson my horse was swamped among rolling logs; that the best hotel in the same city was a double log house, that our best Christian chapel was a bar-

room in the same hotel. Yet these were so; and there are a few persons still living who can attest the truth of what I say.

A JACKSON COUNTY ANECDOTE.

It was but a little after the period of which I write that the county of Jackson was organized, and a certain doctor, whom I know well, was elected one of the county judges. In the absence of the circuit judge he held the court. Complaint having been made, the grand jury wished to find a bill against certain parties for selling whisky to the Indians, and not being able to draft the bill, they appealed to the judge for instructions. Judge R—— took a pen and wrote: "John Doe, to the County of Jackson, Dr., for selling liquor to the Indians, $——," and remarked that that was a good enough bill for him.

AN INCIDENT.

While speaking of Jackson, I may as well relate a little incident which took place whilst I was stationed there, from 1846 to 1848. In the original plat of the village, the proprietors set apart lots for the different churches. One had been assigned for the Methodist church. Subsequently the proprietor sold his whole interest, describing the land according to the United States survey, reserving the lots he had sold, and took a mortgage. He did not except this church lot. This mortgage was foreclosed; the parties who claimed under the mortgage, stood ready to claim this lot of the church, and another was purchased, but I was directed by the trustees to keep a care over this donated lot. Accordingly I made some ostensible improvements on it, to show we intended to retain it. But after a while I found some men at work, digging post holes for a fence. They were warned away, and the work ceased for a few weeks, till they supposed the matter was quiet. I had thought nothing about it for some time, till one Sabbath as I came out of our chapel, I happened to cast my eye in that direction, and saw there was a fence about half way around it. I said nothing to any one, but did say to myself, "my ax will find work in the morning." In the morning, after breakfast, shouldering my ax, I went to the scene of action. Finding "all quiet on the Potomac," I proceeded to attack the fence, and ceased not till every board was off and laid away, and some of the posts cut down. I thought a little muscular Christianity might be of use some time. While at work, the old gentleman who had had supervision of the fencing, came near enough to see that his work was being demolished, and to recognize who it was that was doing it, but said nothing. The next morning the constable visited the parsonage, with a warrant for the parson, in an action for trespass. On the return day, the parson went into court, pleaded the general issue, and obtained an adjournment for three months. In the meantime he made visible improvements. The ground having thawed out, two days before the adjourned day, a man was sent to plan it. As the parson was walking down the street, while the survey proceeded, he met the claimant—a lawyer—at a point from which the lot could be seen. As he came up he began to laugh, and reaching out his hand to shake hands, he said: "Mr. Pilcher, you got up too soon for me this time." To this I replied, that was what I intended to do. He said, "I will withdraw that suit." "Very well," said I, "do as you please." So the matter ended. By this act property was saved to the church, which otherwise would have been lost, and which to-day is very valuable.

In 1832 (September), I was assigned to Monroe circuit, which extended from Trenton to Perrysburgh, in Ohio, including an Indian settlement at Fort Rock. We had established a school at the Indian reservation. These were a fragment of the Wyandottes. Wm. H. Brockway, now of the Michigan Conference, was employed to teach the school. It seemed to be my duty to visit the school, and give some attention to the Indian flock. To do this it became necessary to sleep one night in the school-house on a bench. The next day we made pastoral visits till some time after noon, when we stopped at an Indian hut and asked for dinner. They gave us some hominy out of a kettle over the fire, in one dish with two spoons, and some sugar of their own make. We did not stop to think how clean it might be. This was one of the sweetest meals I ever ate, making good the German proverb, that "hunger is the best sauce."

MONROE.

The Methodist society in the city of Monroe was very feeble at this time. Although there had been Methodist preaching and a church organized as early as 1811, which was scattered by the war; and although as the country became quiet after the war, the Methodist itinerants had been here, the society had not acquired much strength. They had been weakened in various ways. In 1825, Rev. John A. Baughman had captured and carried off, by her own consent, Sarah A. Baker, a widowed sister of Capt. Luther Harvey, one of the most talented and active young ladies of the church, in return for whom he did not furnish any other.

In 1827 the society was very much encouraged by the coming of a Dr. Adams, who was a member of the church, and expressed an earnest desire to have a minister devote his entire time and labor to the city, and gave very large promise of support, if the minister, then on the circuit, would return. The arrangements were made at the conference in accordance with his wishes, but, alas, for the fickleness of humanity. When the minister returned from the conference, he found his main stay had joined the Roman Catholics. With a succession of such disasters, the church had remained so feeble that they could not have preaching oftener than once in two weeks. Two men were assigned to a circuit to come around once in four weeks each. The writer and his colleague, the second year, for he remained till 1834, and Rev. Wm. Sprague, now deceased, determined to change this order of things, and to arrange to have preaching every Sabbath. In order to do this, we rented a room in the court-house, procured a bed and bedding from the county house, and at meal times we went visiting. A wonderful change has come over the city and the Methodist society in it since that time.

During the second year of my living on the Monroe circuit, two young lawyers came to Monroe, whose acquaintance I made, and who have each since then figured largely in the affairs of the State, viz.: Robert McClelland and Alpheus Felch.

It has been my lot to be connected, in some manner, with the growth of the State, that is, perhaps, more as a looker-on than an actor. Still some effort has been made towards its educational and moral development. It was my fortune to be one of three who originated and planned a seminary of learning in 1832, which has since grown into Albion College. When the funds of the University were being frittered away in the support of branches, the system was changed, the branches cut off from supplies, and the funds

concentrated on the single institution, at my motion, when in the Board of Regents, in 1845. In 1838 the Marshall District was formed, embracing Hillsdale, Branch, Calhoun, Jackson, Ingham, Eaton, Barry, Ottawa, Kent, Ionia, Clinton and Shiawassee counties, with a part of Lenawee, Washtenaw, Livingston and Genesee, and it was my fortune to be assigned to the charge of it, as Presiding Elder. At this time there were no cross-roads through Ingham, Eaton, and Barry counties, so that, when once started on the northern line, it was necessary to keep going until all the charges on that line were visited, which required an absence from home of from five to six weeks. The traveling had to be performed on horseback or afoot, as one pleased. Occasionally, one might go to church in an ox wagon. The fare and accommodations on this route were such as might be expected for so new a country.

I determined to change the order of things a little, and succeeded to some extent before the four years' term expired; that was to find a way through the woods, so as to travel north and south, as well as east and west. To accomplish this required many a lonely ride through the trackless forests, and to ford streams which crossed the path. The effort was rewarded by enabling me to visit my family more frequently. Something was contributed towards the settlement of these counties in this way.

AMUSING INCIDENTS.

One or two little incidents, amusing and pleasant to be remembered, occurred during this period. On one occasion, having to attend a quarterly meeting in Eaton county, I came into the neighborhood with Rev. W. E. Bigelow, now of the Flint District, who was then just entered on his itinerant career, and we stopped at the house where we were directed to stay. The house had but one room, besides sleeping rooms, so that we had to be in the presence of the family. We were both entire strangers, but we stated that we had come to attend the meeting, and were directed to call there for entertainment. They received us very kindly. As neither of us was very talkative, we soon drew forth our books from our saddle-bags and gave ourselves to reading, and the ladies attended to their culinary affairs, so as to have something good against the presiding elder came. There were two ladies. It was drawing towards noon, and they began to manifest some uneasiness, and would occasionally go to the door and look, as if expecting some one. Finally one said to the other, "I wonder if the presiding elder will come." "Yes," said the other, "Brother Warriner said he was a very punctual man, and would certainly be on hand." They little thought that the presiding elder was there then, as they did not suspect that such a young-looking man would be such. We enjoyed the fun, but said nothing. They found out in due time.

SITE OF LANSING.

In one of those cross-trips, we passed up the Grand River, where Lansing now stands, little dreaming that in so few years so large a city, and that the capital of the State, would be found there. While on this district, in 1840, I held a quarterly meeting in a barn in the town of Bedford, in Calhoun county, at one corner of which stood a large white oak tree, which had a large scar on it high up, made there by me only nine years before to find my way across to the south, so rapid had been the growth of the country. There was a very nice white school-house near by, but it was too small to accommodate the con-

gregation. This district, which then was so wild and uncultivated, has become a very fruitful land. Churches lift their spires, and school-houses show their goodly proportions, villages and beautiful farms are there, and railways run in almost every direction, and the engine's whistle may be heard almost any hour of the day.

DETROIT.

Thus far I have neglected to say anything in regard to my connection with this immediate locality, and now shall say but a few words. It was my good fortune to be acquainted with five of the seven persons who constituted the first Protestant church ever organized in Michigan. They resided in Detroit and vicinity, but are now all dead. It was also my pleasure to have seen and to have entered the first Protestant church ever erected in Michigan. The church was organized in 1810—a Methodist church here in Detroit—and they erected a log church on the Rouge in 1818, and had a legal corporation. The church organization in 1810, in Detroit, is to be distinguished from the corporation known as the *First Protestant Society*, which was composed of members of all the different churches, and finally resolved itself into a Presbyterian organization. This society was organized August 5, 1816, under the guidance of Rev. John Monteith. It had been abandoned as a place of worship when I came here, and the brick one on the corner of State and Farrar streets had been erected. I have a cane manufactured out of the timber of that old log church.

CONCLUSION.

But it is time my yarn was spun, and we must proceed to wind up the bobbin. It is wondrous to contemplate the changes which have taken place in the last forty-two years, in the active professional life of one man, which is not ended yet. The population of the territory of Michigan was then only 31,000; now it may be set down at 1,500,000. Then there were no churches, except very indifferent ones in Detroit, and a very small one at Ann Arbor; and now we find beautiful, and even elegant ones, all over the country. Then no school system, now one of the best in the world, with beautiful and costly school-houses all over the land. Then a University only on paper; now one in fact, which is an honor to the State, and bids fair to rival, if not outstrip the older ones, and take the very first rank, besides the denominational colleges. Then there were but *ten* itinerant Methodist ministers and *nine hundred and sixty-three* church members; now there are *four hundred* ministers, and *forty-seven thousand* church members, with Sabbath schools and other operations in the same proportion. It is indeed wonderful that all these changes, physical, intellectual, and moral, should take place in so short a time. To me it seems almost a dream.

MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN—NEW VERSION.

AS SUNG BY J. P. MANSFIELD, THE SUNFLOWER SONGSTER OF THE BOARD OF TRADE AT ONE OF THEIR SOIREES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS, FEBRUARY 3, 1881, AND AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STATE PIONEER SOCIETY, BY REV. R. C. CRAWFORD, JUNE 8, 1882.

Home of my heart, I sing of thee,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Thy lake-bound shores are dear to me,
Michigan, my Michigan.
From Saginaw's tall, whispering pines,
To Lake Superior's farthest mines,
Fair in the light of memory shines
Michigan, my Michigan.

When weary watching traitor foes,
Michigan, my Michigan,
The welcome night brings sweet repose,
Michigan, my Michigan.
The soldier, weary from the fight,
Sleeps sound, nor fears the rebels' might,
For Michigan's on guard to night,
Michigan, my Michigan.

No luckless Generals are thine,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Who seek in borrowed plumes to shine,
Michigan, my Michigan,
And who, with tactics all awry,
And powder boats to shake the sky,
Make out to blow themselves sky high,
Michigan, my Michigan.

More blood our Chandler urges on,
Michigan, my Michigan,
To gobble Canada alone,
Michigan, my Michigan.
The lion roars—the kingdom sways,
Foreseeing cities in a blaze—
All finished up in thirty days,
Michigan, my Michigan.

All paper treaties he would spurn,
Michigan, my Michigan,
And lick each nation in its turn,
Michigan, my Michigan,
With Canada and Cuba in,
Howls like the great of fighting kin,
For lack of other worlds to win,
Michigan, my Michigan.

Thy plains are wide, thy waters grand,
Michigan, my Michigan,
And very fair thy farming land,
Michigan, my Michigan.
Thy copper and thy iron bed,
With all thy wealth of "silver lead,"
Must yet with glory crown thy head,
Michigan, my Michigan.

And if our Lansing statesmen all,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Our railroads into being call,
Michigan, my Michigan,
With all the world we'll be made fast,
And, like Chicago, blow our blast,
But probably—*burst up at last*,
Michigan, my Michigan.

"Pacific," somehow, seems "no go,"
Michigan, my Michigan,
But lost itself in drifts of snow,
Michigan, my Michigan,
While "Uncle Sam," whose project fails,
In place of bonds, and lands, and rails,
Receives but *empty dinner pails*,
Michigan, my Michigan.

Then let us to ourselves be true,
Michigan, my Michigan,
And see this highway yet put through,
Michigan, my Michigan.
Let Michigan but take the lead,
She never fails in time of need,
And "Uncle Sam" will then succeed,
Michigan, my Michigan.

And now our Board, by generous deed,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Its friendless bairns must clothe and feed,
Michigan, my Michigan.
If not, our Duncan, just for sport,
May serve them *oats*, or some such sort,
Unless, perchance, he finds him "*short*,"
Michigan, my Michigan.

The following lines were added by Rev. Geo. Taylor, first chaplain 8th Mich. Vol. Inf.:

While on South Mountain's height they say,
Michigan, my Michigan,
The Union troops were giving way,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Your own 17th, young, brave, and tall,
Upon the exulting rebels fall,
And turn the fight at the Stone Wall,
Michigan, my Michigan.

Ericsson's Monitor with grace,
Michigan, my Michigan,
The rebel Merrimac did chase,
Michigan, my Michigan.
Our Worden fought that iron-clad,
Yet Michigan more glory had,
When Pritchard caught their woman-clad,
Michigan, my Michigan.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE ANSON BURLINGAME.

BY LEVI BISHOP.

I recently noticed in a French journal the account of a pleasant affair at Paris, in which the tall Anson Burlingame was a principal actor, which will have a peculiar interest in Detroit and vicinity, where Mr. Burlingame spent many years of his youth, where he acquired the principal part of his education, and where he had many acquaintances and friends. I have made a free translation of the principal incidents, as related, for this society. The story is told, in the original, with inimitable grace and manner, much of which it necessarily loses in the translation.

When Mr. Burlingame was at Paris with the celebrated Chinese embassy, having become quite fatigued with public ceremony, he concluded one day to take a little private recreation in the country. With this view he went down to the sea shore, near Dieppe, where an intimate acquaintance of his by the name of Gudin, a celebrated painter, had a cottage residence. The next thing, as a matter of course, in such a locality, was to go out a fishing, in which amusement the painter and the great embassador were almost miraculously successful, taking in a short time, a large quantity of various kinds of most excellent fish. The question then arose to determine what they should do with the fish. To eat or preserve them they could not, and they did not wish to throw them away; and the happy and humorous idea occurred to them —an idea which could have found a place only in great minds—to take the fish to Paris, and, as a capital piece of pleasantry, to sell them in the public market.

They accordingly purchased several baskets, which they filled, obtained transportation for them to the nearest railroad depot, loaded them on a car, and started for Paris on a freight train, about as well pleased as a couple of jolly fishermen would be, in going up to the great metropolis with a quantity of fresh fish from the coast of Normandy. They arrived at Paris about four o'clock in the morning, when the break of day began first to illuminate the heights of Mont Martel and the lofty towers of Notre Dame. This was an admirable time to be the first on the market, in order to get the first sales of fish; and determined still to carry out their adventure, they hired a horse and cart, loaded on their fish, and started for the grand Halle, near the Place Saint Gustache, being the principal fish market of Paris. In their walk through the streets, beside their cart of fish, many were the hearty laughs they had, and which were had at their expense, in view of their ridiculous exhibition;

and they could not resist the temptation of indulging in all sorts of speculations, like the maid and the milk pail, of Esop, as to the amount they should realize for their fish, all fresh and scarcely done floundering from the English Channel. But although their fish were very fine, they concluded, on the whole, not to be too avaricious in this their first speculation, and to sell at moderate rates, so as to let the whole affair pass off with the utmost good humor. They arrived soon at the market, where they proceeded to unload their fish on the sidewalk, and to prepare for the sales.

Here began the troubles of our gay adventurers. It is a very easy and pleasant thing for great men to fish, but to sell fish is a very different affair. In laying their plans they had entirely overlooked the legal regulations of the market, which all the fish dealers well understood, and which they were interested to see enforced; and they had also encumbered the sidewalk with their baskets of fish, in violation of the city ordinances. Thus situated they found themselves all at once surrounded, much to their surprise, with an excited crowd of market men and women. They were hissed and hooted; the women poured on them their choicest Billingsgate; they were jostled, pushed, and pulled about in the rudest manner; and they were even threatened with more violent treatment, with every appearance that the threats would be executed on the spot.

Totally dumbfounded, and even quite alarmed, the celebrated painter and the distinguished embassador of China to all the rest of the world, took to their heels and ran, amid derisive shouts from the multitude which had been attracted by the tumult, and made their escape to a neighboring street. This afforded the market people a rare opportunity to take their vengeance on the fish, which had been brought all the way from Dieppe, and which had been thus incontinently abandoned. And this they proceeded at once to do as the legitimate spoils of the victors, carrying away in a few moments everything, even to the baskets. All this while the painter and embassador stood afar off, lifting up their eyes on the scene of devastation, but not daring to interpose so much as a gentle remonstrance, even diplomatically, in defense of their rights and privileges. They were, however, glad to notice that the cart which they had hired, was still left, though completely empty, with not a sardine left in it; and as for the horse, he stood feeding on cabbage leaves, with most profound and provoking philosophy, as if nothing of an extraordinary character had taken place.

"Very well," said Gudin, when he had recovered himself sufficiently to speak, "I am very glad we have escaped as well as we have." "Very well," said Mr. Burlingame, with his accustomed coolness, "*allons maintenant déjuner;*" that is to say, "let us now go and take breakfast."

Thus ended a fishing excursion which began most happily in Dieppe, and ended most lamentably, as well as most ludicrously at Paris. It is not stated whether on the whole, the principal actors felt like relating their adventures to their friends, or not.

KASKASKIA.

In December, 1879, Mr. E. S. Mason read the following interesting paper before the Chicago Historical Society:

THE KASKASKIA PARISH RECORDS.

In southern Illinois, upon the Mississippi, a hundred miles or more above the mouth of the Ohio, is situated the ancient village of Kaskaskia. Various dates in the latter part of the seventeenth century have been assigned for its origin, beginning with the year 1683. But the uncertainty upon this point has risen in part at least from its being confounded with an earlier Indian settlement of the same name upon the Illinois river, where was established the Jesuit mission, afterward removed to the present Kaskaskia. When Father Marquette returned from his adventurous voyage upon the Mississippi in 1673 by the way of the Illinois, he found in that region an Illinois town called Kaskaskia, composed of seventy-four cabins. Its inhabitants received him well, and obtained from him a promise to return and instruct them. He kept that promise faithfully, undaunted by disease and toilsome journeys and inclement weather, and after a rude wintering by the Chicago river, reached the Illinois town again, April 8, 1675. Its site has since been identified with the great meadow south of the modern village of Utica, and nearly opposite the tall cliff, soon after known as Fort St. Louis of the Illinois, and in later times as Starved Rock. He instructed the chiefs and the people, established a mission there, and gave it the name of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. His stay was brief, for continued illness soon obliged him to set forth upon that return voyage, which brought him to a lonely grave in the wilderness. To him succeeded the zealous priest, Claude Allouez, who seems to have been at the mission the following year, and at all events reached it in April, 1677. He was lodged, as he says, in Marquette's cabin, and erected a cross twenty-five feet high in the midst of the town, which the old men earnestly commended him to place well so that it could not fall. Departing shortly after, he returned in 1678, but the incursions of the resistless warriors of the Five Nations scattered the Illinois and checked the mission; and the approach of La Salle, who was unfriendly to him, compelled his retirement a year later. The attempts of the priests who accompanied La Salle to continue the work, were set at naught by the attacks of the Iroquois upon the Illinois, who fled before the scourge of the wilderness.

In 1684, however, Allouez returned under more favorable auspices, and was at the mission the greater part of the time until his death in 1690. He was followed by the famous Jesuit Sebastian Rasle, who embarked in a canoe at Quebec in August, 1691, to go to the Illinois, and completed his journey of more than eight hundred leagues the following spring. Within two years he

was recalled to his original charge among the Abnaki Indians to find a martyr's fate long after at the hands of New England soldiers by the waters of the Kennebec. Father James Gravier who had been at the mission during Allouez' absence in 1687, received it from Father Rasle and built a chapel within the walls of Fort St. Louis. His journal of the mission of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady at the Illinois from March 20, 1693, to Feb. 15, 1694, gives a very interesting account of his labors there. This, it will be noticed, is ten years or more after the time when some have supposed he founded the present Kaskaskia. The Illinois nation or confederacy was composed of five bands or tribes, the Kaskaskias, the Peorias, the Cahokias, the Tamaroas, and the Mitchigamias. His work was principally among the first of these, and extended to the Peorias: he longed to include also the Tamaroas and the Cahokias who were on the Mississippi between him and the site of the Kaskaskia of to-day, but was unable to do more than make them a single brief visit, because he was alone in the land, and of the Mitchagamias, who were still lower down the great river, but north of the place he is said to have established in 1683 or 1685, he seems hardly to have heard. He studied the language of the Illinois and reduced it to grammatical rules, and was regarded by his successors as the real founder of the mission because he ensured its permanency. When recalled to Michillimackinac about 1699, he left the fathers Bineteau and Pinet in charge of the different branches of the original establishment, and with them labored Gabriel Marest, who seems to have been particularly associated with the Kaskaskia tribe. It will readily be seen that in the writings of such a number of missionaries at these different dates concerning a mission frequently spoken of as at Kaskaskia, or the village of the Kaskasias, many allusions might occur which would seem to refer to the present place of the name.

But the evidence that

THIS MISSION REMAINED UPON THE ILLINOIS RIVER

until the year 1700, and that there was no settlement before that time upon the site of the Kaskaskia we now know, appears to be well nigh conclusive. A letter written to the bishop of Quebec by John Francis Buisson de St. Cosme, a missionary priest, describes the journey of his party from Michillimackinac to the mouth of the Arkansas by the Illinois and Mississippi rivers in the year 1699. They stayed at the house of the Jesuit fathers at Chicago and set out from there about Nov. 1, upon what one of their predecessors calls the divine river, named by the Indians Chicagou, and made the portage to the river of the Illinois. Passing the Illinois village they learned that the Indians had gone to Peoria lake to hunt. Arriving there they met the Fathers Pinet and Marest with their flock, of which St. Cosme gives a good account and speaks of their charge as the Illinois mission. The party journeyed onward under the guidance of La Salle's trusty lieutenant, Tonti. While on the Illinois river certain Indians attempted to prevent their going to the Mississippi, and intimated that they would be killed. Tonti told them that he did not fear men, that they had seen him meet the Iroquois and knew that he could kill men, and the Indians offered no further opposition. They embarked on the Mississippi the 6th of December, 1699, and the next day reached the village of the Tamoroas who had never seen any "Black Gown" except for a few days when the Rev. Father Gravier paid them a visit. A week later they ascended a rock on the right, going down, and planted a beautiful cross, which their

escort saluted with a volley of musketry. And St. Cosme prays that God may grant that the cross which has never been known in those regions may triumph there. From the details of the letter it is evident that this ceremony took place not far below the site of the present Kaskaskia, which St. Cosme must have passed to reach the rock, but he makes no mention of such a village. Furthermore, within fifteen miles or so of Kaskaskia there is a rocky bluff on the Missouri side, known now as the Cape of the Five Men or Cap Cinq Hommes, which doubtless is a corruption of the name of the good father, as appears from a map made a little more than one hundred years ago, which gives both names Cinqhommes and St. Cosme to this very bluff. It probably is the identical one which he ascended, and he could not have spoken of the cross as unknown in those regions had there then been any settlement so near the spot as the Kaskaskia we now know. Tonti, who was the leader of this party, is thought by some to have

FOUNDED KASKASKIA IN 1686.

Nobler founder could no town have had than this faithful, fearless soldier; but the facts just narrated make such a theory impossible.

Again, in the early part of the year 1700, a bold voyager, Le Sueur, whose journal is in print, pushed up the Mississippi from its mouth, where d'Iberville had just planted the banner of France, and passed the site of Kaskaskia, without notice of any settlement there. He speaks of the village of Tamaroas, where, by this time, M. St. Cosme had taken up his abode on his return from the south. About July 15, going northward, Le Sueur arrived at the mouth of the Illinois, and there met three Canadian voyagers coming to join his party, and received by them a letter from the Jesuit Father Marest, dated July 10, 1700, at the mission of the Immaculate Conception of the Illinois. These two accounts seem to show clearly enough that down to the middle of the year 1700 the present Kaskaskia had not been settled, and that the mission was still upon the Illinois river.

And, lastly, we have the journal of the voyage of Father James Gravier in 1700, from the country of the Illinois to the mouth of the Mississippi, from which we learn that he returned from Michillimackinac, and set out from Chicago on the 8th of September, 1700. He says he arrived too late at the Illinois, of whom Father Marest had charge, to prevent the transmigration of the village of the Kaskaskias, which was too precipitately made on vague news of the establishment on the Mississippi, evidently referring to the landing of d'Iberville the year before. He did not believe that the Kaskaskias, whom Marest had followed, would have separated from the Peorias and other Illinois, had he arrived sooner, and he obtained a promise from the Peorias to await his return from the Mississippi. After having marched four days with the Kaskaskias, he went ahead with Father Marest, whom he left sick at the Tamaroas village, and departed from there Oct. 9 to go to the lower part of the Mississippi, accompanied only by some Frenchmen. This, without doubt, is the narrative of the actual transfer of the mission to its subsequent location upon the peninsula between the Kaskaskia and Mississippi rivers. The eagerness of the Indians to be in closer communication with the French was probably intensified by their desire to escape any further assaults from their dreaded enemies, and to rear their wigwams where they would never hear the war cry of the Iroquois. Both motives would operate most powerfully with the Kaskaskias, because they had been longer under

THE INFLUENCE OF THE FRENCH

than any of the other tribes, and because in their old location they were the first to receive the onslaughts of the relentless foemen of the Illinois. Hence they set out to go to the lower Mississippi, but Gravier's influence, and perhaps Marest's illness, led them to pause at the first resting place, which became their permanent abode. And when we consider that a few years later the same Father Marest who accompanied these Indians on their migration was stationed at the present Kaskaskia, in charge of the mission of the Immaculate Conception, as appears from his letters; that he died and was buried there, as is shown by the parish records; and that we hear nothing further of a mission of this name on the Illinois, we may reasonably conclude that the Kaskaskia of our time should date its origin from the fall of the year 1700, and should honor James Gravier and Gabriel Marest as its founders.

We know from Marest's letters that some Frenchmen had intermarried with the Indians of his village, and dwelt there; and we may naturally conclude that others, trappers, fur-traders, and voyageurs, soon made their way to the new location. And so, almost at the dawn of the history of the territory embraced within the limits of the State of Illinois, this place was inhabited by a mixed population of whites and Indians, under the sway of the priests of the order of Jesus. At first a mission simply; then a trading station, and then a military post, within twenty years from its foundation it had enough of the features of a permanent settlement to justify the good fathers in organizing there a parish, which succeeded to their beloved mission and was known by the same name. A large portion of the records of this parish, beginning, perhaps, with its establishment, and some extracts from those of the earlier mission, have fortunately been preserved to this time, and they throw many a curious and interesting light upon the doing of that early day. Of

THEIR AUTHENTICITY

there can be no question. Some of them are still in the custody of the priest of the parish, and the earlier books, which suffered much damage at Kaskaskia in the great flood of 1844, were afterward removed to a place of greater security by the thoughtful care of a prelate of the church, whose servants have labored so long and so zealously in the region the history of which these records illustrate. Recently the older books have been arranged and rebound and with proper care may remain a monument of the early history of Illinois for many years to come.

In the rebinding has been preserved intact the old parchment cover of the earliest book, on which may be dimly traced in the faded ink the words: "Rigistre" or "Registrum." The rest of the phrase is indistinct, and then "Pro Anno, 1696." It is, perhaps, the same in which Father Marest carried the scanty records of the mission at its removal. But the originals of the mission records have not been preserved, and we have in their stead a copy of a part of them entitled in French extract from the "Register of Baptism of the Mission of the Illinois Under the Title of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin." The copy itself, a small quarto of six pages, is in Latin, and the first entry is of the baptism, March 20, 1695, by James Gravier, of Pierre Aco, the newly-born son of Michael Aco and Maria Aramipinchoue. The godfather was D. de Mantchy, in whose place stood D. Montmidy, and

the godmother was Maria Joanna, grandmother of the boy. This Michael Aco was one of the Frenchmen who accompanied

FATHER HENNEPIN

on his voyage to the Upper Mississippi when the Falls of St. Anthony were discovered and named, and probably was the leader of the party, although the intrepid falsifier, Hennepin, in his writings, assumed that honor for himself. Aco's wife was the daughter of the chief of the Kaskaskias, and Father Gravier's journal describes their marriage in 1693. She was a convert and through her influence her parents embraced Christianity, and she rendered great service as a teacher of the children during the absence of the tribe on the winter hunts. The boy Pierre Aco lived to be a citizen of the second Kaskaskia, and the transcript of the old French title records now in the office of the Recorder of Randolph county, at Chester, Ill., contains a deed from him of a lot in Kaskaskia executed September 12, 1725. The two following entries in the same year are of the baptisms of children of French fathers and Indian mothers, the second of Michael, son of Juan Colon La Violette and Catharine Ekipakinoua, for whom Michael Aco was godfather. It is curious to note the difficulty the good priests seem to have had with the names of the Indian women who appeared at these baptisms as mothers and godmothers of the infants, as shown by their use of Greek characters in writing them. We can imagine their standing at the font and listening to the many syllabled titles of parents and sponsors, smoothly uttered in the Illinois tongue, and vainly trying to reproduce them, until in despair they have recourse to their classical learning for symbols of something akin to these new sounds. In the year 1697 another son of La Violette and Catharine of the lengthy name was baptized by Father Julian Bineteau, who was a missionary in Maine in 1693 and the next year on the St. Lawrence. St. Cosme met him at Chicago in 1699, when he had recently come in from the Illinois and was slightly sick. He died not long after while following his Indians on their summer hunt over the parched prairies, when fatigue and exposure produced in him a violent illness and of which he expired in the arms of his devoted colleague, Gabriel Marest. In 1699 Father Marest baptized Theresa Panecone, aged five years, and the same year, in November, another son of La Violette was baptized by De Montigny of the same party, with St. Cosme, and Tontiwas, the godfathers. St. Cosme, in the letter from which quotation has been made, speaking of their descent of the Illinois and landing at an Indian village on Nov. 28, 1699, says: "We said mass in the cabin of a soldier named La Violette, married to a squaw, whose child Mr. DeMontigny baptized." The entry in the mission record and the letter therefore confirm each other.

April 13, 1703, an infant son of Pierre Bezallon and Maria Theresa was baptized by Father James Gravier, of whom no further mention is made in these records. We know that he returned to the Peorias and renewed his labors, was dangerously wounded in

A TUMULT EXCITED BY THE MEDICINE MEN,

and that these injuries, aggravated by the long river voyage, proved fatal to him at Mobile in 1706.

Under date of April 13, 1703, there appears in the midst of the entries of

baptisms the single sentence: "Ad ripam Mitchagamia dictam venimus"—"We have come to the shore called Mitchigan." Whether this records the first view by some priest who had come to Kaskaskia from the south of the great lake which perhaps he gazed upon from the site of our city (Chicago), or denotes a visit to the river flowing into the Mississippi by which dwelt the Mitchigamias, who gave their name to both lake and stream, we cannot tell. But to some one the event, whatever it was, was important enough to be commemorated in the archives of the mission.

In 1707 first appears the name of Father P. J. Mermet, who came from the great village of the Peorias after the death of Pinet and Bineteau to join Marest, with whom he was happily associated for many years. The latter, writing of their life at Kaskaskia, says: "Mermet remains at the village for the instruction of the Indians who stay there, the delicacy of his constitution placing it entirely out of his power to sustain the fatigues of the long journeys. Nevertheless, in spite of his feeble health, I can say that he is the soul of this mission. For myself, who am so constituted that I can run on the snow with the rapidity with which a paddle is worked in a canoe, and who has, thanks to God! the strength necessary to endure all these toils, I roam through the forests with the rest of our Indians, much the greater part of whom pass a portion of the winter in the chase."

April 26, 1707, Mermet performs the baptismal ceremony for the daughter of Tinioe Outanticoué (godmother, Maria Oucanicoue) and George Thorel, commonly called the Parisian. It is strange to think that there should have been at that early day, in the western wilderness, one having so much of the airs and graces of the gay capital of France as to be known distinctively as its citizen. And probably we do him no injustice when we ascribe to him the distinction of having been

THE FIRST DANDY IN ILLINOIS.

The subsequent baptisms at the mission seem to have been made by Fathers Mermet and Marest, and the names of the women are nearly all Indian, including such remarkable ones as Martha Merounouetamoucoue and Domitilla Tehnigouanakigaboucoue. March 3, 1715, was baptized Joannes, son of Jean Baptiste Potier, and Francoise La Brise, who officiated as godmother at a ceremony in November of the same year. These are the earliest appearances of one of the mothers of the hamlet who seems, from subsequent notices, to have afterward become a perennial godmother. She appears in that capacity on two occasions in 1717, having also presented a child of her own for baptism in that year, and one of the only two chronicled in 1718, and we find her at the font again in 1719. With an entry made Oct. 2 of that year the baptismal register of the mission proper seems to end, although a few entries in 1732-3 and 1735 are appended; but these seem to belong rather to the parish.

For the parish by this time had been established, and the next in order of these documents is a quarto of twenty-two pages written in French, as all the rest of these records are, beginning with the "Registre des Baptemes Falits dans l'eglise de la Mission et dans la Paroisse de la Conception de Ne Dame. Commence le 18e Juin, 1719." It is evident from this that the mission chapel was still in use, but that a parish had been formed. And we learn from the first entry that another element had been added to the population, and that the soldiers of France were at the little village. It is a baptism performed June 18, 1819, by Le Boullenger, of the Society of Jesus, chaplain of the troops,

and the godfather is Le Sieur Jacques Bouchart de Verasal, ensign of the troops. We may mention in passing that the infant was the daughter of the marriage of Jean B. Pottier and Francoise Le Brise. The priest, Father Joseph Ignatius Le Boullenger is said to have been a man of great missionary tact and wonderful skill in languages.

HIS ILLINOIS CATECHISM,

and instructions in the same dialect, concerning the mass and sacraments, were considered to be masterpieces by other missionaries, for whose benefit he prepared a literal French translation. The names of French officers, Charles de Lisle Legardeur and Claude Charles du Tisné appear as godfathers in two succeeding entries, and our good friend Francoise Le Brise appears on both occasions as godmother. We regret to notice that the godmothers as a rule—and she is no exception—declare that they are unable to write, and therefore make their marks. One baptism is of the daughter of a slave woman, bearing an Indian name. January 30, 1720, was baptized the son of Charles Danis, a name well known at Kaskaskia as that of one of the first settlers, to whom was made the earliest recorded land grant in that locality. It was dated May 10, 1722, and executed by Pierre Duque Boisbriant, knight of the military order of St. Louis, and first king's lieutenant at the Illinois,, and Marc Antoine de la laire des Ursins, principal secretary for the Royal India company. The godfather for Danis's child was this same Pierre De Boisbriant, who was the first military commander in that region, and in one sense may be called the first governor of Illinois.

And about this time we meet with the name of

JEAN CHARLES GUYMONNEAU,

of the Company of Jesus, who was the principal officer of the church at the Illinois, and had special charge of a village of the Kaskaskia tribe, six miles inland from the Mississippi.

And now another change takes place, and the village is no longer in the care of a missionary or military chaplain, but has its regular parish priest, Father Nicholas Ignatius de Beaubois, who describes himself as "*Cure de cette Paroisse,*" signalizes his accession by opening a new "Registre des-Baptesmes Faits Dans L'eglise Paroissale de la Conception de Ne. Dame des Cascaskias," which he commences July 9, 1720. And this, perhaps, indicates the time of the substitution of a parish church for the earlier mission chapel. The entries preceding this date made by Boullenger and Guymonneau are, as the manuscript plainly shows, copies, and not the original record; and how this happened we speedily learn. For the precise Beaubois inserts in his register the following statement: All that which precedes is an extract which I, Nicholas Ig. de Beaubois, S. J., curé of the parish of the Conception of Our Lady of the Cascaskias, certify to be correct and conformed to the original, which I have suppressed because it was not in order, and because it was kept on scattered leaves, and the present extract is signed by two witnesses, who have compared the present copy with the original, the 25th of July, 1720.—De Beaubois, S. J. We could wish that this choleric priest had been a little more patient, or his predecessor a little more careful, for the scattered leaves of that suppressed original contained probably the only autograph of Commandant Boisbriant ever written in the parish registers, and would have been a little earlier

original record than any we know of now in Illinois. But it was not to be, and we must content ourselves with the fact that

THIS REGISTER

which Beaubois opened is an undoubted original, and the opening entry of July 9, 1720, is certainly one of the very earliest existing writings penned in what is now the State of Illinois. And it has another special interest of its own, for the godfather at that baptism was Le Sieur Pierre D'Artaguette, captain of a company, and his own signature is appended. He was a gallant young officer of good family in France, who distinguished himself greatly in the wars with the Natchez Indians, and won his promotion thereby and the position of commandant of the Illinois, whence, in 1736, he marched against the Chickasaws and bravely met a tragic death in that campaign. Both this entry and the following one are of the children of slave women. Then we have one of a child baptized by a soldier because it was in danger of death before it could be brought to the priest, but Beaubois nevertheless performed the ceremony over again. In the same year we have La Sieur Giradot, ensign of the troops, as godfather. From this time on he regularly officiates in that capacity, and vies with Francoise le Boise in the frequency of appearance in the character of sponsor. His name was long known in connection with that region, as he spent many years there, and it is probably borne to-day by the town of Cape Giradeau in Missouri. In 1728 Le St. Nicholas Michel Chassin, commissary of the company of the west, in the country of the Illinois, signs the register. He was one of the representatives of John Law's famous Mississippi company, or Company of the West, afterward merged in the Company of the Indies. And in that year a child was rebaptized over whom the ceremony had been once performed, on account of the risk and danger of the voyage up the Mississippi, by Le Sieur Noyent Major de la Place at New Orleans, Sept. 10, 1720, which seems to show that the date 1723 usually given for the founding of New Orleans, is incorrect. So, too, a child born at the Natchez, in December, 1720, and baptized there by a voyageur, Pierre La Violette, probably the son of the soldier named in

THE MISSION RECORDS,

was again baptized at Kaskaskia in May, 1721. And in June of that year that worthy woman, Francoise le Brise, comes once more to the front in her favorite rôle of godmother, and unhesitatingly asserts that she is not able to sign her name, and is permitted to make her mark, which she does with a vigor and emphasis which indicate that she was a woman of weight and influence in that community. By this time she seems to have had a competitor in one Catharine Juillet, who almost divides the honors with her, and who about this period officiates at the baptism of the son of a Pawnee slave in company with Le Sieur Phillippe de la Renaudiere, directeur des mines pour la Compagnie d' Occident—whose name is signed—and the succeeding entry is that of the baptism of the son of the marriage of this Renaudiere, who was a great man in the little colony, and the Lady Perrine Pivet. This affair was one of state, and the baptismal register is signed not only by the godfather, Le Gardeur de Lisle, but by Dartaguette, Chassin, St. Jean Tonty, perhaps a relative of the great Tonti Jean Baptiste Giradot, and others. The last entry in this book of a baptism is on July 28, 1721, and no baptismal register between that date and the year 1759 can now be found.

But next in order of time comes the "Registre des Decedes daus la Paroisse de la Conception de Notre Dame des Cascaskias Commenceé le 4e de Janvier 1721," which begins "with the death in this parish on that day at two hours after midnight of Adrian Rubbillard, aged about forty-one years, an inhabitant of this parish, married the preceding night to Domitilla Sacatchioucoua. He had made confession, and received the viaticum—and the sacrament of extreme unction. His body was buried with the accustomed ceremonies in the cemetery of this parish, on the high ground, near the church, the same day of the month and year aforesaid. In witness whereof I have signed N. Ig de Beaubois, S. J." In 1721 appears the death of the wife of Francois Freüil, called

THE GOOD-HEARTED ONE,

of the King's Brigade of Miners, and also a solemn service for the repose of the soul of the deceased Sieur Louis Tessier, church warden of the said parish, who died at the Natchez the third of the month of June. In 1722 an entry is made which strikingly illustrates the perils which beset the people of that little village on the great river which was their only means of communication with the nearest settlements, hundreds of miles away. It reads as follows: "The news has come here this day of the death of Alexis Blaye and Laurent Bransart, who were slain upon the Mississippi by the Chickasaws. The day of their death is not known." Then in a different ink, as if written at a later period, is added below: "It was the 5th or 6th of March, 1722." And this state of things is sadly emphasized by the entry immediately following: "The same year, on the 22d of June, was celebrated in the parish church of Kaskaskia a solemn service for the repose of the soul of the Lady Michelle Chauvin, wife of Jacques Nepven, merchant of Montreal, aged about forty-five years, and Jean Michel Nepven, aged 20 years, and Elizabeth Nepven, aged 13 years, and Susanne Nepven, 8 years, her children. They were slain by the savages from five to seven leagues from the Wabash. It is believed that Jacques Nepven was taken prisoner and carried away with one young boy, aged about nine years, named Prever, and one young slave girl not baptized." This family doubtless was removing from Canada to Kaskaskia, as a number did about this time, and had traveled the long and weary way by the St. Lawrence and Lakes Ontario and Erie, the Miami river, the portage to the Wabash and the Ohio. From fifteen to twenty miles above the mouth of the latter river, then called the Wabash by the French, or within 80 miles or so of their destination, when they are counting the hours of their glad arrival there, they were waylaid by the merciless savages, the mother, one son, and two daughters killed, and the father and two servants taken captives. One daughter appears by other minutes in these records to have escaped this catastrophe, and she became the wife of young Ensign Jean B. Giradot, whose signature becomes so familiar to us as we turn these ancient pages. There follows another solemn service for Jean B. Robillard, who died and was buried at Point Coupeé, upon the Mississippi, the 14th of July, of the year 1727, and then the death of Pierre Barel, a married man having wife and children in Canada.

The register is kept entirely by Beaubois during these years, except one entry by Boullenger, who states that he made it for Beaubois in his absence which words are heavily underlined. As he inserted this in the wrong place by order of dates, and styles it an omission, is it a wonder that Beaubois per-

mitted it to remain, and we can but be thankful that he did not lose his temper on his return, and suppress all that had gone before on this account.

In 1724 the simple account of what happened in a single day gives us

A GRAPHIC PICTURE

of the sad scenes the infant settlement had sometimes to witness. In that year "the 12th of April, were slain at break of day, by the Fox Indians, four men to wit: Pierre Duvaud, a married man about twenty-five years of age; Pierre Bascudit Beausoliel, also a married man, about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, and two others, of whom one was known by the name of the Bohemian, and the other by the name of L. Etreneusieu, the three last dwelling and employed at Fort de Chartres. Their bodies having been brought to Kaskaskia the same day, by the French, were buried at sunset in the cemetery of this parish."

From break of day till set of sun! These four who perhaps had just begun their daily labor in the forest or the fields, were set upon in the early morning by the wily savages, coming from their far-away homes in quest of scalps, who made good their retreat, with their trophies, before the sad news was known at the stronghold where the victims dwelt, or at the little village which gave them sepulchre before the evening shades had fallen. It is interesting to notice that one of these men was called

THE BOHEMIAN,

probably the first of that race who came to Illinois, and the earliest use of the name in the annals of the west. September 15, 1725, is mentioned the death of Martha, aged two months, daughter of Mr. Girardot, officer of troops, and of Theresa Nepven. In 1726, inserted in the burial register, are the baptisms of a negress and a negro, belonging to persons named, and in 1727, of a slave of the Padoucale tribe of Indians. These, with others following, seem to refer to baptisms performed during fatal illness, and hence included in the list of deaths. The attention is attracted by the larger handwriting, and the crosses and heavy lines in the margin of the last entry in this burial register, which reads: "On the 18th day of December, 1727, died Zebedie Le Jeune Donné, of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, having received the sacraments, and was buried in the parish church, under the second bench from the middle. The same day were transferred from the old chapel to the said church the bodies of the Rev. Fathers Gabriel Marest and Jean Mermet, religious priests of the Company of Jesus, missionaries to the Illinois, who died at the said mission." The good shepherds who had followed their wandering flock from the banks of the Illinois to a home by the Mississippi, and had seen the roving mission change to a permanent settlement, where they had labored long and zealously, had been buried in the mission chapel. And when this structure had fallen to decay, and a new edifice had taken its place, loving hands reverently removed the precious dust, that the faithful pastors might still sleep where gathered the people whom they had loved so well.

After the first burial register, and apparently kept in the same book, is a portion of the first marriage register of the parish, which begins abruptly in 1724, with the nuptials of Antonie and Marie, slaves of the reverend fathers, the Jesuits. Among the witnesses who sign are Girardot, who seemed as ready to officiate at a wedding as

AT A CHRISTENING,

Zebedie Le Jeune, the priest whose death in 1727 we have noted in the burial register and one Francoise, the last name not given, who makes a mark we think we recognize, and who does not seem at all deterred from offering her services as a witness by her inability to write her name. The same year was the marriage of a widow of a sergeant of the king's miners with Girardot for a witness, and that of a Frenchman, a widower, to an Indian woman, the widow of Charles Danis. This seems to have been a notable wedding, and D'Artaguette and Legardeur de Lisle sign among the witnesses, and the inevitable Francoise la Brise makes her mark. Then follows the marriage of a native of Brittany with Anne, a savage of the Nachitoches tribe, which both Girardot and Francoise la Brise grace with their presence, and the next year that of a Frenchman with a German woman, which seems to have attracted the attention of the aborigines, as two chiefs, one of the Tamaroa tribe, make their marks as witnesses. In 1726 Jacques Hyacinthe, of the Pawnee nation, was married to Theresa, a freed savage woman of the Padoucah tribe, and the whole party signed with their marks.

Turn we now to another entry, of which the handwriting, clear as copper-plate, and the ink almost as dark as if used but yesterday, makes it well nigh impossible to realize that more than one hundred and fifty years have passed since the characters were formed and the event described took place. It tells us that in the year 1728, the 20th day of the month of October,

THE NUPTIAL BENEDICTION

was pronounced over Joseph Lorrin and Marie Phillippe, inhabitants of the parish, and this must have been a great social event in the early day. Chassiu, of the Royal Indies company, Girardot, Franchomme, and others of the gentry of Kaskaskia sign the register as witnesses, and then appear two signatures distinct and bold as tho' freshly written, which we have not met with hitherto, Vinsenne and St. Ange *fils*. The Chevalier Vinsenne, commandant of the post on the site of which the city of Vincennes in Indiana, bearing a name derived from his, has grown up, and one of his officers, the young St. Ange, a relative, doubtless, of the sterling old soldier, who was to be the last French commander at the Illinois. They had come from their far-away station, the nearest neighbor of Kaskaskia, a hundred leagues, in bark canoes, or had traversed the prairie and threaded the forest for days together to greet old friends and new, and to dance gaily at the wedding, all unmindful of the sad fate to which they were doomed. For ere ten years passed by, these two with the knightly D'Artaguette and the heroic Jesuit Senat were to perish at the stake among

THE SAVAGE CHICKASAWS

who wondered to see the white men die so bravely.

J. Dumas signs this entry as curé, and Boullenger; these preceding as far back as July, 1724, when Beaubois's name last appears. The next entry is by R. Tartarin as curé, and he signs the last one in this marriage record under the date of June 7, 1729.

For a space of nearly twelve years from this date, until Jan. 3, 1741, there is no register of marriages, and the book containing the intervening entries has probably been destroyed. On the day last mentioned the marriage record

begins again with Father Tartarin still in charge. It is kept in a folio volume of 220 pages, and apparently contains a complete record of the marriages of the parish from 1741 to 1834. In November, 1741, is noted the marriage of the widow of Pierre Groson de St. Ange, lieutenant of the company detached from the marine, perhaps the same who died with D'Artaguette five years before.

The names of natives of Quebec and of Detroit residing at Kaskaskia begin to be frequent about this period. Brother Charles Magendie, of the Company of Jesus, is apparently acting as assistant to Father Watrin, in the performance of his duties, and we hear also of M. Mercier, vicaire general, who occasionally exercises his authority. Slaves, red and black, and freed men and women, of both colors, give light and shade to the good father's pages, and are dismissed with brief mention. But when, on Jan. 7, 1748, the wedding of M. Joseph Buchet, exercising the functions of principal secretary of the marine sub-delegate of monsieur the commissary ordonnateur and judge at the Illinois, once a widower, and Marie Louise Michel, twice a widow, is celebrated, and the Rev. Father Guyenne, superieur of the missions of the Company of Jesus in Illinois, performs the ceremony, assisted, as we should say, by the priest of the parish.

THE ENTRY IS THRICE AS LONG AS USUAL,

and the Chevalier de Bertel, major commanding for the king at Fort Chartre, and Benoist de St. Clair, captain commanding at Kaskaskia, sign the record, and others of the first circles of Kaskaskia, and all are able to write their names. Then follows the wedding of the daughter of Sieur Leonard Billeront, royal notary of the Illinois, with the son of Charles Vallée, another name known long and well at Kaskaskia.

In this year Father S. L. Meurin describes himself as a missionary priest of the Company of Jesus, exercising the functions of curé, signs one marriage entry, and the next year M. J. Fouré officiates at the wedding of two slaves of M. de Montchevaux, captain commanding at the Kaskaskias. And Jan. 13, 1750, Father Watrin performed the ceremony at the union of Jean Baptiste Benoist de St. Claire, captain of infantry, who had now become commandant at the Illinois, and Marie Bienvenu, daughter of Antoine Bienvenu, major of militia, who removed from New Orleans to Kaskaskia, where his descendants still reside. And the same year De Girardot once more signs as a witness. In 1751, the name of St. Gemme appears, which later was prominent in the history of the place. The family came from Beauvais, and were often called by the name of that town, and so appear in these records, but the true patronymic was St. Gemme, which some of the descendants of that stock to-day write St. James. In 1755 De Girardot's signature greets us, and for the last time. In 1759 Aubert, Jesuit, relieves Watrin, whose name, however, appears once more, and the succeeding year joins in wedlock Dussault de la Croix, officier des troupes du Roy, son of Messire Dussault de la Croix, chevalier of the military order of St. Louis, and the widow of Antoine de Bruys, lieutenant of the troops of the marine, written permission having been given by Monsieur de Macarty, major commandant at the Illinois, and one of the witnesses is Neyon de Villiers, a bold officer in

THE OLD FRENCH WAR,

who did much damage on the frontiers of the colonies. He was one of

seven brothers who all held commissions under King Louis, and Macarty's successor as commandant of the Illinois country. April 11, 1763, the bans of marriage were published for the third time, between "Messire Phillippe Francois de Rastel, chevalier de Rocheblave, officier des troupes de cette colonie nalef de Savournon; Diocese de Gap en Dauphiné fils de Messire Jean Joseph de Rastel, Chevalier, Marquis de Rocheblave, Seigneur de Savournon, le Bessac, place du bourg et de vallei de vit rolles, and Michel Marie Dufresne," daughter of Jacques Michel Dufresne, officer of militia of this parish, written permission having been given by Monsieur De Nevon de Villier, major commandant at the country of the Illinois, who signs the register. This Rocheblave, at the transfer of the country by the French to the English, two years later, took service under the banner of St. George, and was the last British commandant of the Illinois, being captured at Fort Gage, on the hill above Kaskaskia, July 4, 1778, by the able leader, George Rogers Clarke.

In 1764 Father Meurin seems to take charge of the parish, which he describes as that of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin village of Kaskaskia, country of the Illinois, province of Louisiana, diocese of Quebec; and associated with him, at times, was Brother Luc Collett, missionary priest at the Illinois.

THE STURDY PRIEST,

Pierre Gibault, assumes the functions of curé des Kaskaskias and vicar general of the Illinois and Tamarois in 1768, and his bold signature, with its unique flourish, greets us through these records for fifteen years or more. We would know that the man with such a chirography would have been just the one to render the efficient assistance which he gave to George Rogers Clarke, and must have belonged, as he did, to the church militant. He was very slow to recognize the change in the civil government from France to England, which was doubtless very distasteful to him, and hardly notices it in these records. But in 1776 when the vicar general of the Illinois country, the former curé, S. L. Meurin, officiated, we find this transfer indicated in the mention of Mr. Hugh Lord, captain commanding for his Britannic majesty, and his signature and those of some of his officers are subscribed to one entry. In May, 1778, Father Gibault condescends to make mention of Mr. De Rocheblave as commander-in-chief of the country of the Illinois, but does not say under which king, and before he made the next entry on the 4th of August of the same year, the hapless Rocheblave, to Gibault's great satisfaction, was on his way to Virginia a prisoner of war, and Clark and his "Long Knives," as his men were called, held the fort. Reluctantly we see the last of the handwriting of this friend of the new republic, which is followed in 1785 by that of De Saint Pierre as curé, and De la Valimere as vicar general, and in their time, from 1792 onward, English names begin to appear in the record, such as Archibald McNabb, from Aberdeen; William St. Clair, son of James St. Clair, captain in the Irish brigade in the service of France; and John Edgar, once an English officer, and afterward a prominent citizen of Kaskaskia, Ill., and Rachel Edgar, his American wife, whose influence led him to forswear the king of Britain and all his works; and William Morrison, who emigrated to Philadelphia in 1790, to establish

A MERCANTILE BUSINESS

in the old French town. And with these are the new French names repre-

senting the emigration from Canada at that period, and notably that of Pierre Menard, the son of a liberty-loving Canadian who fought with Montgomery at Quebec, and afterward the first lieutenant governor of Illinois. In 1793 Gabriel Richard takes up the record as parish priest.

Later he was stationed at Detroit, and took a prominent part in the early history of Michigan, representing the territory in congress, and was the only Catholic priest who was ever a member of that body. The register runs on without a break well into the present century, and we note as we pass the marriage, on May 22, 1806, of Pierre Menard, widower, and Angelique Saucier, granddaughter of Jean B. Saucier, once a French officer at Fort Chartres, who resigned and settled in the Illinois country. Donatien Ollivier was the officiating priest. In 1817, at the wedding of a daughter of William Morrison, Ninian Edwards, then governor of the territory of Illinois, and afterward third governor of the state, Mineau Edwards and Shadrach Bond, first governors of the state, sign as witnesses. July 11, 1819, at the marriage of the son of Pierre Chouteau and the daughter of Pierre Menard, it is recited that the husband was born at St. Louis, in the Missouri territory, and the wife at Kaskaskia, state of Illinois, which is the first mention of the state in these records. Many members of these two families, both prominent in the early days, witness this entry. In April, 1820, William Morrison, and Eliza, his wife, Gov. Bond, and William H. Brown, in after years a leading citizen of Chicago, appear as witnesses, and the last entry in this book, which began in 1741, is made in 1819.

A SMALLER VOLUME

is in the same cover, containing the marriages to 1834, and in a clerkly hand Sidney Breeze, late judge of the supreme court of Illinois, affixes his signature to an entry made Feb. 11, 1822, and John Reynolds, afterward governor, appears in 1824, and two years later Felix St. Vrain, the Indian agent murdered by the Indians in the Black Hawk war, and with him Nathaniel Pope, delegate to Congress from the Territory of Illinois, and then the first judge of the United States court for the District of Illinois, all in the time of Francois Xavier Dahmen, priest of the congregation.

We might continue thus to cull from these old records things grave and gay and quaint and interesting, but the limits of this paper compel us to forbear, and we must leave untouched the later baptismal and burial registers. It is pleasant to pore over the brown pages, to decipher the cramped handwriting, and to imagine the long succession of worthy priests making their careful entries, little thinking that they would ever be read beyond the bounds of their own parish or be of value to any but the dwellers therein, but they made them none the less faithfully. And so these parish records, intended simply to show the births, marriages and deaths among the people of one little village, for the greater part of its existence an outpost of civilization in the heart of the western wilderness, unconsciously, and so most accurately reveal much of the early history of the region which is now a great State.

They tell us of the black-robed missionaries who made those long and weary journeys to plant the cross among the savages, and toiled to spread their faith with a zeal and devotion unsurpassed; of the bold pioneers who, for the sake of gain and adventure, traversed the wilds with their lives in their hands, and of their merciless foes; of the days of wild speculation, when the

streets of Paris were thronged with eager purchasers of shares in the wonder-working company which was

TO FOUND AN EMPIRE

on the banks of the Mississippi and draw endless riches from its mines; of the high-born officers who sought distinction or promotion by service in this far-away colony, and of their soldiers trained to war across the sea; and as we read, plumes and banners wave and sabres clank, and the red men look curiously at the musketeers, and those whose names are written on the pages of these time-worn books pass before us and the old scenes come back again.

They give us glimpses, too, of the struggle between two mighty nations, for the valley of the beautiful river and for dominion in the new world, the prelude to the mightier struggle in which the victor in the earlier strife lost its conquests and its ancient possessions, and of the part which this early settlement played in those contests. We see the sceptre pass from one nation to another, and when the sound of war is hushed, we note the coming of peace with commerce and agriculture in its train.

And when the tide of enterprise reaches the old French village, we see its temporary transformation into an American town, and can realize its astonishment at finding its limits extending, its population increasing, its streets full of life, and itself the seat of government of a vast territory, and then the first capital of a State, and we can appreciate its relief when the wave recedes and

THE NEW NAMES DISAPPEAR,

and rejoice with it that this episode is over, and it is left to its ancient ways, and its own familiar people, and to a rest that has since been almost undisturbed. And hence, for one who approaches it to-day, there is little to disturb the impression that it is really the Kaskaskia of the olden time, to which he draws near. The way still lies, as of yore, through a forest in which stands the old residence of Pierre Menard, vacant, and fast going to decay, but with its furniture and books still in place, as if its occupants of long ago had left but yesterday. As you cross the Kaskaskia river, by an old fashioned ferry, and are greeted by the ancient ferryman, the illusion is not dispelled, and the wide streets, unmarked by wheel-tracks, the antique French houses, with their high dormer windows, the old brick buildings, the first erected of that material in Illinois, and each with a history; this one the earliest circuit court-house in the State, and that one the old government land-office, built of three-inch bricks, brought from Pittsburg in 1792; the priest's house, constructed of materials from the ruins of a nunnery once standing there, and the parish church, containing the bell cast at Rochelle, in France, in 1741, for this parish, and probably the first that rang west of the Alleghanies, give one a mingled impression of antiquity and departed greatness. You may dine at the village tavern in the same great room, fully thirty feet square, in which dinner was served to

THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

in 1825, when he tarried here on his way down the Mississippi, and note the quaint wood-carving of the high mantle-piece, and of the moldings of the doors and windows, and see beneath the porch the heavy hewn timbers of which the house is built, justifying the tradition that it is a century and a

quarter old, and was already venerable when Edward Coles, the second Governor of Illinois, made it his residence. You may see part of the foundation of the William Morrison house, in which a reception was given to Lafayette, and the dilapidated frame work of the Edgar Mansion, where he was a guest. The site of the house of the French commandant, which was afterwards the first Statehouse of Illinois, will be pointed out to you, and the place where stood the nunnery, and such landmarks as the corner stone of the property of the Jesuits, confiscated by the French crown, and the post of Caheokia gate, once giving passage through the fence which bounded the common fields, still divided and held by the old French measurement and title. And you will learn that the little village, now containing less than three hundred souls, is the owner of some eleven thousand acres of the best land in the valley of the Mississippi, under the grant of Kaskaskia commons, by his most Christian majesty, Louis XV, in 1725, and derives therefrom abundant revenue. The older residents will talk to you of the flood of 1784, of which they have heard their fathers tell, and of Lafayette's visit, which they remember as boys, when, perched on the fence, they saw the stately form in foreign garb, pass into the Edgar mansion, or peered at him through the windows, as he sat at dinner, in the large room of the tavern; and the great flood of 1844, when the water was five feet deep above the floors of their houses, and large steamboats came up the Kaskaskia river, and through the streets of the village, and gathering the terror-stricken inhabitants from the trees and roofs, went straight away across the Common Fields to the Mississippi. Of more modern events they have little to say, nor do the later years furnish them with topics to take the place of these.

The little community, content to believe itself the first permanent European settlement in the valley of the Father of Waters,

SLEEPS ON, DREAMING OF ITS EARLY DAYS

and its former importance. It pays little heed to the warnings which the mighty river has already given it, and is seemingly unmindful that the third and last is at hand. The distance from the village center to the river bank, once three miles, has been reduced one-half, and the rich farm lands which bordered the stream, have gone in its currents to the Gulf of Mexico, and now, the Mississippi, dissatisfied even with this rapid destruction, in the very wantonness of its strength, has cut its way above the town towards the Kaskaskia, despite the efforts of the government engineers to check it, until but a space of three hundred yards separates the two. The grave of Illinois's first Governor has been disturbed, and but a fortnight since, his remans were removed to a safer resting-place, and when the junction is made, the united rivers at the next flood-time will spare nothing of the ancient village, which meanwhile listens idly to the murmur of the approaching waters, and smiles in the shadow of its impending doom, which, before another spring has passed, may be so complete that there will remain no memento of Kaskaskia, save its old parish records.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PIONEER LIFE.

BY GEO. B. TURNER.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, June 7, 1882.

When Michigan was counted far in the west,
And her pioneers were doing all they could, their best,
To clear off her forests and build up the state,
Then wolf and savage often ventured to debate
Title with them to each pleasant and good location,
And fought and struggled for it with desperation.
Then roads were few and cabins miles apart;
Then streams were forded by pioneer, his ox and cart;
Then thirty miles or more were traveled to get a grist
For some neighborhood that long had missed
The luxury of rye or wheaten bread,
And had for weeks or months used hominy instead.
When wheat and rye and Indian corn had failed,
Then roots, wild fruit, and game were gladly hailed
As substitutes, until well earned relief came round,
In growing crops, which all believed would sure abound.
Many privations, trials, harrassing doubts and fears
Came o'er them; tried their metal almost to tears.
Who then believed this nursery of stalwart men
Would soon develop into a state so grand? No one then.
Their rough log cabins!—in fancy I see them still;
And old memories rush up to tell me I always will.
I see the uncouth chimney of mud and sticks;
I see the fireplace all innocent of marble or of bricks;
I see the monstrous jambs that took in four-foot logs,
And gave out cheerful blaze to weary men and dogs.
I see the neighbors gathered round it, cold winter night;
I hear their stories of the dog's chase and fight,
Between dog and wolf, or 'twixt dog and bear;
The latter many miles had run to reach his lair,
Before they grappled and old "Tige" went under,
From heavy blow of bruin's paw, which tore his scalp asunder.
Then, outside, upon the house-logs here and there,
I see skins of coon, of wolf, of fox and bear,
Stretched there to dry, and thus advertised for sale,
If Yankee peddler came to buy, or trade tin cups or pail.
Travelers tell of Europe's wondrous towers and castles,
Built to protect the tyrant lord from angry vassals,
Who sorely felt the wrongs imposed upon them there,
But knew not how to right them, or did not often dare.
Yet the log cabin of our sturdy western pioneer
Was grander far. In history 'twill stand out bold and clear
When stronghold of Saxon thane or Norman lord
Lies forgotten by mankind, almost with one accord.

Tho' feudal baron of vast estates, of castle and of tower,
Piled high, both stone and marble, to assure himself of power;
Safer far those cabin logs rolled up by western men,
For consecrated by freedom's sweat and blood they all had been.
Again, I see the breaking team of forty years ago,
Of oxen well matched and yoked, a dozen pair or so,
Hitched to the breaking plow, its beam immense in strength,
Measured from clevis pin to handle a good twelve feet in length.
I see the goad and buckskin lash urge on the work,
As driver whirls it round his head, and with peculiar jerk,
Makes music like a sharp and wicked rifle crack.
Then ox or steer would sudden switch his tail, and roach his back,
And into the yoke throw weight and strength, as if for life,
While the monstrous plow, aggressive in the strife,
With virgin soil it sought to conquer and bring under,
Went creaking, snapping, crashing, cutting grub and root asunder.
To appliances like these the brain of pioneer gave birth;
Then they were indispensable, but now of little worth.
Shall we forget them? Never! they must live in song and story,
To teach our offspring how simple the path to wealth and glory.
The early settlers felt hardships on every hand,
While few were the luxuries at their command.
To clear the farm the sons and husband strove;
The wife and daughters baked and churned and wove.
Mothers helped burn the log heaps and the brush,
Worked in the harvest, pounded corn for mush,
Washed, baked, made garden, nursed the little one
That in the shade neglected lay till her task was done.
New hopes sprang up to cheer them every day;
Old ones, scarcely realized, or blasted, were quickly swept away;
And thus, from day to day their lives ran on,
Revealing as brave a race as e'er the sun had shone upon.
Few, then, were days in glee and frolic spent;
To them God's holy day, the Sabbath, came and went,
Then as now; for each family head observed or not,
That fourth command the famous Jewish lawyer got
On Sinai's awful mount, 'mid fire and cloud,
When God, for Israel's sake, conferred with him aloud.
Some, from the south and east, had brought along
Their Bibles, tracts, and books of christian song;
Souvenirs of home, of friends, perhaps of mothers,
Or they might have been gifts from sisters to their brothers.
Memories of parents' careful religious teaching,
In the old church at home, where the pastor's preaching,
Both orthodox and solid, was heard every Sabbath day,
Convinced them their path to heaven through the Bible lay.
When Sunday came, and the chores were done,
These bronzed, hard-working pioneers begun
To worship Almighty God, with accustomed zest,
Just as they had promised gray-haired sire when starting west.
Sacred even they held the forms those sires had taught,
And to centre of the cabin rude table brought,
Which, as an altar served; not such as Israel builded,
After passing over Jordan; nor was it gilded
Like that costly one the saintly David ordered,
Nor inlaid with gems, or with precious metals bordered;
'Twas plain and strong, 'twas rough but ample,
An index of the times, and of the pioneer a sample:
Around it they read and thought of God devoutly,
Hence, were ever ready to defend his cause quite stoutly.
When this altar on the puncheon floor was reared,
Benches were brought, and the family all appeared;
Were seated there. The husband and the father then began
To read a chapter; how Joshua's hosts invaded Canaan,
By Moses' orders, and the Lord's express directions,
After the spies had made a thorough close inspection.

Further on, the chapter plain, but briefly told,
How those five Amoritish kings, so vain and bold,
At Gibeon, defied the great Israelitish chief,
But soon were routed, beaten almost beyond belief,
From Beth-horon all the way to Azekah,
Thence along the dry and dusty plains, to Makkedah.
That the Lord for Israel fought that day
They never doubted; even the boys were heard to say,
They hoped some Captain soon might lead *them* on,
To conquest of the savage, who oft had fallen on
Theirs and their neighbors' stock of hogs and cattle,
Coming at times with rifle, knife, and tomahawk, as if for battle.
The reading done, in Christian hymn all joined in singing;
Often 'twas "Rock of Ages;" and their voices went out ringing
Far through forest, over clearing, hill and dale,
And seemed to evoke a blessing that surely must prevail.
Then all knelt down and the mother led in prayer:
Reverently she lifted her toil-worn hands in air;
Softly, tenderly, she asked her heavenly father dear
To bless her husband, who with head bowed down was kneeling near.
Tears, all unbidden to her eyelids quickly came to tell
How deep she felt, and trembled there a moment ere they fell,
While others followed fast, crowding the first away,
As this devoted mother held up her flock to God that day;
Imploring His loving kindness to guide them all,
Through life's battles, that not even one should fall.

To scenes like this, the mighty West must understand,
She is indebted for growth and strength on every hand.
Their theology: was it right? or was it wrong?
Right for them; for they believed in God, in prayer and song.
* * * * * * * * *

Another class came just as early to the West;
But unlike the first, possessed little of the zest
For religious thought and practice that animated them;
Yet it is not for us to censure, much less condemn,
For they proved a noble, hardy, self-reliant race,
Fitted well for most emergencies that trace
Step by step, the growth and progress of a nation,
From feeble infancy to stronger, prouder, grander station.
They seemed to fear not God; broke his fourth command;
Oft took his name in vain, yet would never stand,
And see a fellow mortal want for anything
To eat, or drink, or wear, but would instant spring
To relieve his wants, and always felt quite sore offended
If good offices were refused, they so cheerfully extended.
Wild at times, or reckless they might have seemed;
For blunt and rude of speech they were always deemed;
Yet, to raise a neighbor's cabin, or roll his logs together,
They were first upon the ground, whate'er the weather.
Those, strong, rude, ready-witted men of yore,
Regardless of the Sabbath; tho' untaught in Christian lore,
To most the rules embraced in the Master's ten commands,
Were true, even if they doubted the divinity of those demands.
If trouble or sickness o'er a neighbor's family came,
Their hearts, sympathetic as a woman's, would frame
Kind words and generous deeds to lift the grief
From off the stricken one, and thus afford relief.

If weary or benighted stranger sought food or rest,
The wooden door-latch, responsive to knock or pull
Quickly raised and fell; he entered, had the best
The house afforded,—a hearty welcome, of this 'twas full.
The cup that inebriates, and just as often cheers,
Passed from hand to hand about the fireside,
Until their sufferings were forgotten, and their fears;

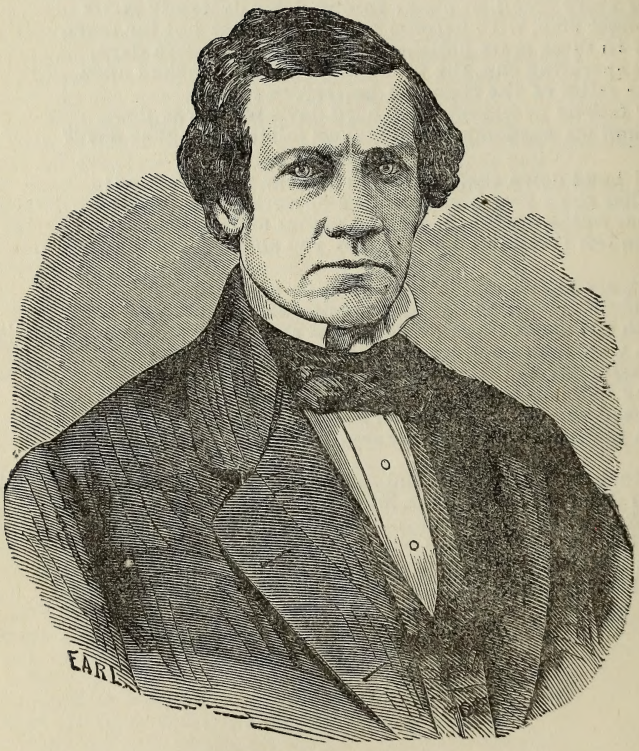
Then saint and sinner, with a trifle of stimulated pride
Told stories of houses in the South and in the East;
And after drinks had been several times repeated,
Of their prowess or adventure with dangerous savage beast,
Which, tho' always interesting, seemed at times a bit conceited.

What, tho' fun and frolic now and then broke out,
As tables, chairs, and benches were thrust one side,
And men and women, girls and boys grown up and stout,
Danced to music of the violin, by some poor cripple tried,
Those reels and jigs that fashion now derides!
Such, to them, were pleasant episodes in life,
And knit together the hardy Western pioneers
Of every creed, or none; toning down unseemly strife
'Mongst men, with natures ripe for fun, but not for tears.
If in these more polished, progressive, modern days,
The sparkling cup, the violin and dance are looked upon,
As relics of the rude and boisterous ways
Our fathers practiced when hard day's work was done,
Shall we condemn this hilarious mirth of bygone days?

No! hand down their names in history well attested;
Rather show how brave words and works have wrested
From western wilds, a state, glorious and free;
Then left it a noble heritage, to you and me.

All were heroes and labored to give ample space
To civilization: to freedom's resistless, grasping race.
With the elements contending, the savage foe and beast expelled,
The very snows and ice of winter they compelled
To minister to their comforts in many a way;
They built up towns, schools and churches, without delay;
Blessed our young State and Nation, as are no other lands,
In a thousand ways, the earnest freeman understands.

History tells of Greece and Sparta, of their heroes and their birth,
Of Macedonian phalanx long, unbroken and victorious;
Of Roman legions that conquered nearly half the earth;
Of many heroic deeds which you and I deem glorious;
Yet not one, nor all of these have given our race
An heritage so grand as that the Western States embrace.



WILLIAM A. BURT.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM A. BURT, OF MT. VERNON, MICHIGAN.

BY SCOTT CANNON.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, June 7, 1882.

William Austin Burt was born at Taunton, Massachusetts, June 13, 1792. His father, Alvin Burt, and mother, Wealthy Austin, were both born in the same town. They were of Scotch and English ancestry, who emigrated to this country in 1639.

As a family, from early times, they had been a sea-faring people, and upon their arrival in this country, made their home near the sea, where, upon its restless tide, the larger number of the Burt family obtained a livelihood. This branch of the family, choosing other pursuits, moved westward, to Montgomery county, New York, the same year in which William A. was born. There they remained eleven years. The facilities for acquiring an education in that neighborhood were very limited. Six weeks of school-house learning was all the time William A. ever passed in the school-room. He had, however, a great desire for reading and study, especially works on geometry, navigation, and surveying, and the entire neighborhood was laid under contribution to supply this want. At this time he became quite familiar with the use of tools and early developed a taste for mechanical pursuits, and when, in 1809, the family made another move westward, his skill with mechanical tools was such that it readily gave him employment. At this removal the family had settled in Erie County, in the township of Wales, some twenty miles from Buffalo. In that town Mr. Burt was married, July 4, 1813, to Phœbe Cole, a daughter of John Cole, Esquire, a prominent citizen of that place.

Those were stirring times; war was in progress with Great Britain, having been declared June 19, 1812, and great uneasiness was felt all along the border. Buffalo was burned December 30, 1813. A call for troops was made early in the spring of that year, and Mr. Burt served in the New York Militia sixty days. He was with the invading army that crossed the border into Canada. The expedition was sadly mismanaged, and a failure; the troops returning in what we would now term a "demoralized condition."

In the spring of 1814, another call for troops was made, and Mr. Burt responded, serving sixty days—being stationed at Buffalo. Peace was declared December 14, 1814. Mr. Burt now engaged in mercantile pursuits, in partnership with Esquire Cole, his father-in-law. The enterprise did not seem to

be a successful one, and was soon abandoned. He now turned his attention to the building of saw and flouring mills, having associated with him John Allen, his brother-in-law, who was an excellent mechanic, and who, in subsequent years, settled in Macomb county, an honored and respected citizen. They did much work in Erie county, Mr. Burt alternating his duties as a mechanic with serving his neighbors as justice of the peace, school inspector, and postmaster.

In 1817 he made a journey to the far west with an idea of emigrating thither. At that time a few sail vessels made untimed and uncertain voyages up the lakes and to Detroit, and emigrants intending to settle in Michigan frequently took that route or drove through Canada. There was also another route farther to the south, by way of the Alleghany and Ohio rivers. Mr. Burt followed the latter route. He left the outlet at Chautauqua lake August 13, 1817, and proceeded down stream as far as the Falls of Jeffersonville on the Ohio. From thence he went overland to St. Louis on the Mississippi—a distance of 285 miles, all of which he made on foot. He arrived at St. Louis September 19, 1817, remained at that French village a week, and left on the return trip, September 25, for Vincennes over the same route, thus far, whence he came. From that point he determined to proceed homeward by an entirely different route, which would take him to Fort Harrison, thence to Fort Defiance, Fort Meigs, the Maumee, Detroit, and by water to Buffalo. On this route between Forts Harrison and Wayne, a distance of 200 miles, there were no white settlements, and the country was swarming with Indians. At Vincennes he had become acquainted with two young men who were also exploring the country. They gladly accompanied him on the perilous journey. Mr. Burt kept a journal of this expedition, and from it we learn that they encountered no serious trouble with the Indians who were very friendly, and to whom they were indebted for their escape from much suffering, and from actual starvation. They left Fort Harrison October 11, and arrived at Fort Wayne on the 17th much exhausted. Burt's memoranda gives no account of the forts passed, and only a meager description of the country. As the region traversed has become densely populated, having cities and villages, and as the forts have long since disappeared, a description of them would now be of great interest. From Fort Wayne they proceeded to Fort Meigs, a distance of 110 miles, which they accomplished in four days. This is now the city of Toledo [Perrysburg]. From here they endeavored to reach Detroit by boat and embarked on a schooner for that purpose, but after beating about for several hours and making no progress on account of adverse winds they went ashore, and took the reliable foot and walker line to Detroit, at which place they arrived October 27. Stopped in Detroit until the 30th, at Williams's inn, on which date they went aboard the schooner Washington and sailed for Buffalo, arriving there at noon November 3, 1817. Returning to his family he continued to work at mechanical pursuits for some years. The region of country in which he resided presented a marked contrast to the broad prairies and fertile lands passed over on his western trip, and in 1822 he again came into the Michigan territory, this time seeking to find some locality to which he might remove his family, also entertaining the hope of engaging upon the public land surveys, which were then in progress in southern Michigan. He brought with him letters of introduction to Gen. Cass and Gov. Woodbridge, who became his personal friends. The surveying prospects were not promising, and he left Detroit and came out to Auburn in Oakland

county, where he engaged in mill building, where in company with Mr. Allen that season and the next he erected a number of mills in that county. In the fall of that year he made a selection of land which he purchased for a home, the description being for the southwest quarter of section 31, now township of Washington in Macomb county. The western border of the county was but just settling, the first purchase of land having been made in 1821, the United States surveys of the townships of Washington and Shelby having been made only four years before. In the spring of 1824 he moved his family and effects to Michigan, arriving in Detroit May 10. Proceeding to Auburn he obtained of Captain Parke two yoke of oxen and wagon, with which he brought out his family and household goods, settling there for the time being, and in the autumn of that year moved on to his place, having erected thereon a good log house. In the fall of 1826 Mr. Burt was elected a member of the territorial legislature, serving in the winter of 1826-7. The council assembled in the territorial capital at Detroit, Lewis Cass being territorial governor. In 1828 he built the Dexter mills at a place of that name some nine miles west of Ann Arbor. In order to reach there a team and wagon were necessary to convey his tool chest and effects across the country. A neighbour was engaged for that purpose, and it is worthy of note that among the *essential articles* deemed necessary for that outfit was a *barrel of whisky*.

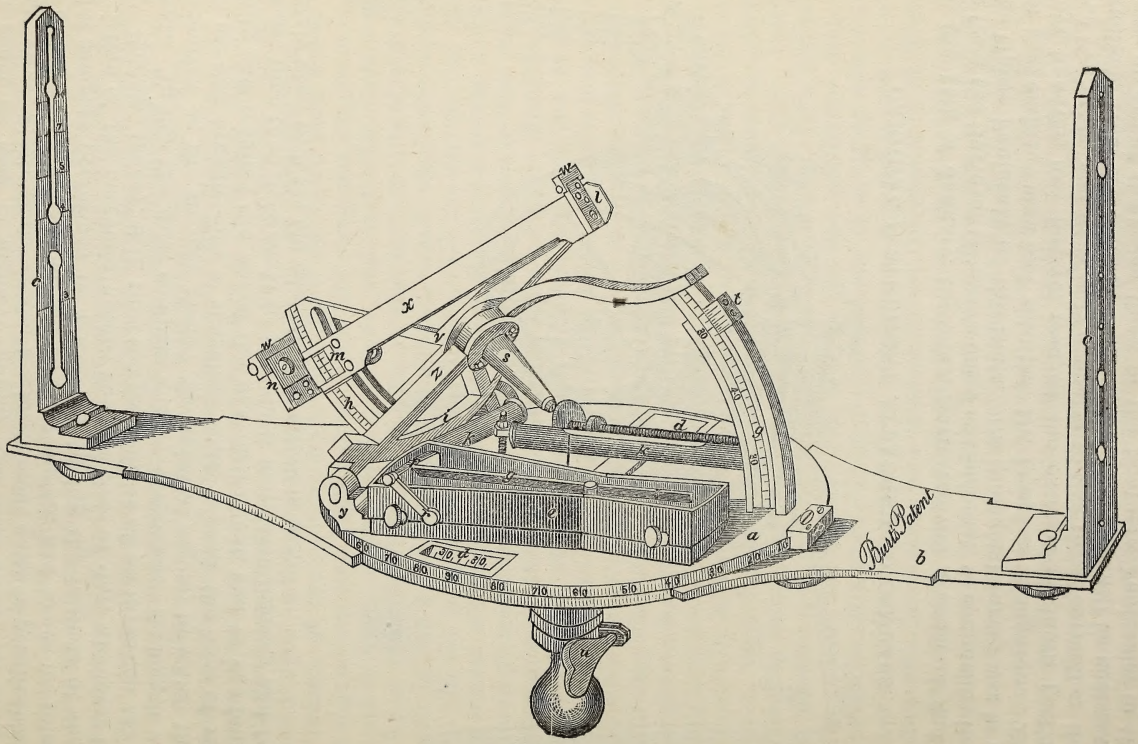
The customs of the country in reference to its use have of late years greatly changed. In that day the center-table of the clergyman and deacon, as well as those of lesser note, had upon it the familiar glass tumbler and decanter, and a plentiful supply of the exhilerating liquid was deemed an essential factor in the raising of all large buildings. In 1831 Mr. Burt was elected county surveyor and served three years; having in the meantime been appointed district surveyor by George B. Porter. The place upon which he resided had been named Mt. Vernon, and on January 14, 1833, he received the appointment of postmaster of the newly established office. April 23, of the same year he was appointed associate judge of this judicial district. During the season of 1833, Mr. Burt was engaged in the erection of the mills at Frederick, near Mt. Clemens; and in the autumn, November 23, he was appointed U. S. deputy surveyor. He at once locked up his chest of tools, and thereafter, until his retirement from active business, devoted his time and energies to the public land surveys. His first work was subdividing several townships, situated westward of the now village of Lexington. This work was done during the winter season. The snow came on deep, and the region of country presented many difficulties. It was not a financial success. To do such work in such a season of the year, in our day, would be justly deemed a formidable undertaking.

The next season, 1834, he made the survey of a railroad line from Detroit to Ypsilanti. On September 1, of that year, a number of the citizens of Ypsilanti pledged, by subscriptions, the sum of $500, to be paid the Detroit railroad committee in defraying the expenses in making the survey of a railroad line from Detroit to St. Joseph, at the mouth of the river. Mr. Burt and one of his sons were engaged upon this work about three months, when he received a large contract of surveys in Wisconsin; and leaving civil engineering, he thereafter devoted his time to the linear surveys. His work was now in a prairie country and the result more satisfactory. He continued to work on the surveys west for several years, mainly in Iowa, and along the Mississippi river, marking the township lines where is now the city of Milwaukee.

April 4, 1838, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of Internal

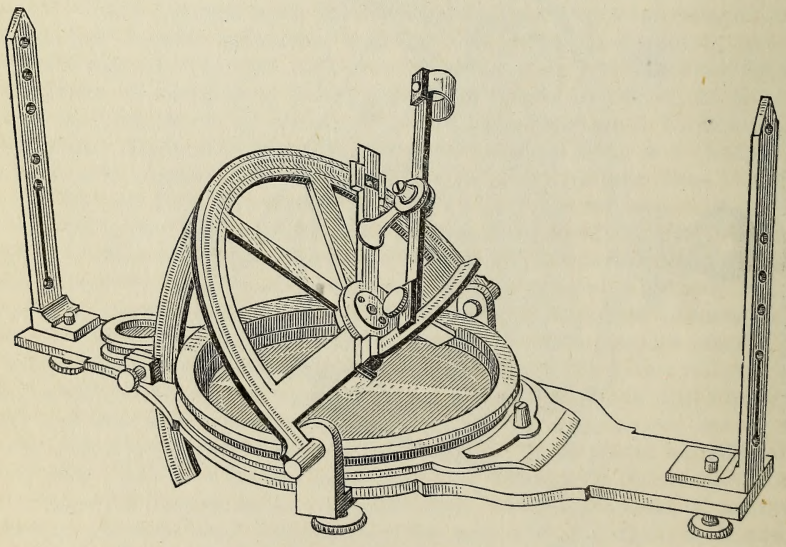
Improvements, the State at this time having started out on a vast scheme of rapid development. In his duty as commissioner, he made the survey of a railroad line from Port Huron to Saginaw City, then the only town on the Saginaw waters. Personally, Mr. Burt entertained but little confidence in these Utopian schemes, and resolved that whatever he did should not be entirely lost, but that the surveyed line, when cleared, could serve as a highway for settlers in occupying the country. His anticipations proved correct, and the State in due time abandoned its policy with reference to carrying on internal improvements, wisely leaving to private enterprise that which should properly belong to it. Of the extensive projects into which the State entered, Judge Campbell, in his Political History, says: That the "northern road was graded beyond Lapeer, and its bed was converted into a wagon road, at the expense of a large amount of internal improvement lands, which paid a great price for very little work. The Clinton canal was completed a few miles, and rented for water-power. Very little, if anything, came of the other schemes." While engaged upon his duties as internal commissioner, his correspondence had become extensive, and his opinion upon disputed and difficult surveys was often sought, and ever deemed conclusive. In order to facilitate the labor of replying to these many and varied inquiries, he sought to construct an instrument by which his correspondence could be easily put in printed form. Upon this invention he spent much time and thought. It was a success in matter of printing, but occupied too much time in making copy, and did not fully meet his requirements. In the meantime he had constructed a surveying instrument quite different from anything of the kind ever seen before. The idea came to him while prosecuting the surveys in Michigan. He was at work in a region of country where the aberrations of the needle were considerable, so much so as to affect the work. Repeated observations on Polaris showed great changes in the deflection of the compass needle. His lines closed badly. He re-measured them and found no error, still his work was not satisfactory, and he passed many a sleepless night in study and observation; and was just becoming convinced that no satisfactory survey could be made with the present surveying instrument. He believed he could invent a better one. The idea in his mind was fast becoming a conviction that the magnetic needle was not to be depended upon. His knowledge of astronomy was now of practical use. Considering the sun with reference to the earth a fixed point in the heavens, and then provide for the latitude of the place and the sun's declination, and there must ensue a true meridian. This idea came to him gradually and assumed practical shape in the construction of the solar compass, the name he gave the new instrument. At first a rough model was made, and many difficulties were found in its mechanical construction. These were at length overcome, and the first instrument was made in the shop of William J. Young, of Philadelphia, mathematical instrument maker of that city. Subsequently some changes were made in the construction of some of its parts, but it remains to-day substantially the same as when first put together, and received on its silver plate the sun's image through its lenses.

The completed instrument was submitted to a scientific committee of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, who awarded the inventor a premium of twenty dollars, and a Scots legacy medal; and in their report speak in flattering terms of the capacity and adaptation of the instrument. At first its inventor thought that its main use would consist in the facility with which he could obtain the true meridian and the deflection of the magnetic needle;



BURT'S SOLAR COMPASS.

and for this purpose it was to be carried along the surveyed line and used as often as necessary. On account of the timber and foliage, it was not expected that it could be used in actually running the lines unless the obstructions were cut away, which would render the instrument quite impracticable on the public land surveys, aside from the mineral region, and hence for some years the solar compass performed its mission in giving the latitude of the place, the variation of the magnetic needle, and the time of day, whenever the sun shone. Seldom, indeed, is it, that the possibilities of an invention are at first apparent. To this the solar compass was no exception. At length an accident occurred as the surveys neared the mineral region, by which the compass in use was broken into a shapeless mass, beyond the hope of recovery. Necessity now required the use of the new instrument, and it was found in a very short time that lines could be run much more expeditiously and far more accurately than with the old compass heretofore in use.



ORIGINAL INSTRUMENT ATTACHED TO COMPASS.

On the 14th of January, 1840, Mr. Burt received a contract and instructions from the Surveyor General's office at Cincinnati to commence the surveys of the Upper Peninsula of this State. Its geological survey was in progress, under that eminent man and scientist, Dr. Douglass Houghton. The linear surveys, however, had not yet reached the extreme northern portion of the Lower Peninsula, and were only extended to the third correction line. The instructions from the office go on to say: "That it will be necessary for you to carry up one of the range lines, in the Southern Peninsula, to the Straits of Mackinaw, and from thence across the Strait by trigometrical process, in the most accurate manner. On getting a line across the Strait, you will pursue such order as in your judgment will best secure a correct execution of the work in the manner now practiced in the survey of township lines," etc.

The district to be surveyed covered by these instructions, embraced the entire eastern portion of the Upper Peninsula, and comprised the survey

of the exterior township lines, as far west as range 10; also the meridian line, as well as that portion of the State east of it, including the islands in the St. Mary's river and in Lakes Huron and Michigan. This work was at that time a great undertaking. The face of the country was swampy and difficult to penetrate, being densely covered with trees and underbrush, presenting many obstacles in the prosecution of the work. On this work Mr. Burt was aided by his sons, who, like himself, were accomplished engineers and surveyors. Unlike many other government contracts, this one failed to enrich the contractors, the compensation per mile being quite inadequate for the amount of hard work done. During the ensuing winter Mr. Burt visited Washington, and at the invitation of the commissioner of the general land office, he gave his views upon the needs and requirements of the public land surveys, in an exhaustive paper which was laid before the department. In this paper he insisted upon better pay and better work in the field, knowing full well that no branch of the public service demanded so much work for so little pay. His suggestions were largely acted upon; the compensation per mile increased, but not so much as it should have been, and thereafter there was less fault found in that direction. The land surveys were continued westward, as fast as the Indian title could be extinguished, which was finally accomplished in 1842. In the progress of the work during 1841 the surveys had reached the head waters of the Tah-quaw-me-naw and Manistique rivers, where Mr. Burt discovered the immense deposits of bog iron ore found in that region. Early in the season of 1844 he secured in connection with Dr. Houghton a large contract for surveys, which it was expected would embrace the so-called mineral region. In view of this he had, with the doctor, devised a plan of uniting the linear with the geological surveys, a method at once so simple and practical that Judge Campbell in his history says: "The stupidity which failed to appreciate it is marvelous." In brief, the idea was for the surveyor to note in a book kept for that purpose all topography and rock formations, to collect and carefully label specimens of minerals, of quartz veins, of all rocks found in place, their dip, thickness, etc., together with all items of interest, and to record their exact place wherever found on the surveyed line. From the data thus obtained a correct report could readily be made. This method of work was permitted for at least two seasons, but was abandoned soon after the death of Dr. Hougton. It is presumed that its accuracy and economy were serious obstacles in the way of its adoption, as that would seem to be in direct conflict with the practice and views of the learned professors of those sciences.

In that district, and in that year, were found the great iron ore deposits of Marquette county. On the 20th day of August the surveyors were at work on the southern border of that region, and it was already apparent that the solar compass was indispensable in the prosecution of the work. On September 19, 1844, William A. Burt discovered iron ore, and took from a mass of rock in place, the first specimen of iron ore ever so found by any white man in northern Michigan. The locality is now known as the Jackson iron mine, one of the most valuable properties in the Upper Peninsula. To Mr. Burt and his surveying party, belong exclusively the great honor of this important discovery. In 1845 Mr. Burt was continued on the surveys westward, in company with Dr. Houghton. In the autumn of that year the doctor was drowned, off Eagle river, October 13th; a sad loss to science, and the State of Michigan. Many valuable papers, field notes, maps, and specimens were lost with

him, never to be recovered. Judge Burt and others were called upon to complete the reports thus so sadly and unfortunately lost. This work Mr. Burt undertook, and made a very satisfactory report.

In 1846, his survey included the district between the 4th and 5th correction lines, and in part bordering on the boundary line next to Wisconsin, and extending eighty-four miles in an east and west direction. He also made the survey of the State boundary line. On this district of surveys he made a report on its geology, topography, etc., catalogued an immense number of specimens, showing the rock and mineral formations at every point where seen on the surveyed line; also numbered and described fourteen beds of iron ore which he discovered that season, and gave it as his opinion that he had probably seen about one-seventh of the ore beds. Subsequent discoveries would seem to confirm this.

The botany of the country was not neglected. Many specimens of its flora were collected and preserved, a few of which were for the first time made known. These were all classified by Dr. Dennis Cooley, of Washington township, who was a well known enthusiast in the science of botany. These several reports were published by the general government, and were included in the geological report of Dr. Jackson, U. S. geologist, in 1849.

Mr. Burt was now appointed, 1849, to examine the condition of the public land surveys to the north and west of the Saginaws. This service was a delicate one. Two of his sons had made surveys in the region to be examined, and he was security on one large contract; moreover, the surveyors were personal friends. The entire season was occupied with that work. This examintion found the surveys largely fraudulent over a greater portion of the country; lakes and streams being put down where none were found to exist, and it was obvious that the surveyor had made his surveys in camp, and drawn liberally on his imagination. The district on which he was surety was also, to a great extent, fraudulent, but he had the satisfaction to find the district surveyed by his sons, and situated in the Grand Traverse region, properly surveyed; all lines and corners being found.

In subsequent years, a large proportion of the Lower Peninsula was resurveyed, and Mr. Burt obtained permission to make good the survey of the district on which he was held as security. This work he did in 1850. It comprised several townships, and has never been paid for. The U. S. courts having held, that when the government accepted the work, and paid for it, that the bail was exhonerated; hence Mr. Burt's gratuitous work becomes a just and valid claim against the U. S., and the writer knows of no reason why the payment of so just a claim, should not have been pressed to a conclusion, ere this. I apprehend that it must stand quite alone in the class of claims before Congress.

In 1851 Mr. Burt visited Europe, and exhibited his solar compass at the great world's fair, held in the city of London that year. The instrument was placed on exhibition in the astronomical section, and he was awarded a prize medal by the jurors on astronomical instruments. The committee spoke in flattering terms of the invention. He also visited the Continent, and improved the opportunity while in London, of making a journey to Edinburgh, Scotland, for the purpose of seeing Hugh Miller, the eminent author and geologist, whose writings had given him so much satisfaction. Returning homeward, he embarked for Philadelphia in a sail ship, for the purpose of being longer on the ocean, and of making certain observations that such an

opportunity might give, he having at the time in view the construction of an instrument which should be as useful on shipboard, as the solar compass was on the land. In after years this instrument was completed, and patents obtained in the United States, and throughout Europe. It was called the "Equatorial Sextant," and being properly manipulated, was capable, with one observation, of reading off the position of a ship at sea. It is a most valuable invention.

In 1852 Mr. Burt was elected a member of the Legislature and served in that body in the winter of 1852-3. He was an active, hard working member, and as chairman of the committee on the St. Mary's Falls ship canal, to him is largely due the favorable legislation which resulted in the speedy completion of that important work. He also took active grounds in favor of temperance legislation. In 1855 Mr. Burt prepared and published a manual of surveying, which he designated a "Key to the solar compass." It is a very useful work and of great aid to the surveyor in the prosecution of his duties in the field. Mr. Burt was now in possession of a competency, and, having disposed of his real estate in Macomb county, he moved into Detroit, where a portion of his family resided, and where he might more fully enjoy that leisure which his retirement from active life would give. During his last year in Detroit he set about perfecting and bringing into use his equatorial sextant, and it was of importance that instruction should be given in its use. He was occupied in giving instructions to a class of twelve lake captains in navigation, astronomy, and the use of his new instrument, when he was stricken down by heart disease, August 18th, 1858. His companion survived him a few years, and they sleep side by side in the cemetery at Mt. Vernon, near the home they had built through so many toils and privations. Mr. Burt died universally respected. He was of a retiring disposition and of unassuming deportment. His mind was of a practical turn, and he had but little confidence in mere matters of theory. He was an original thinker and a brilliant conversationalist. His inventions have benefited the world, and will for all the years to come. Without the education of the schools he was still a scholar, and had acquired that practical knowledge which gave him recognition among the scientific men of the day.

Mr. Burt was a religious man, and it influenced his every conduct. He was one of the founders, and a member of the Mt. Vernon Baptist church. He was no politician, but classed himself a Jeffersonian Democrat, never taking any active part in political matters. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and helped to organize the third lodge formed in Michigan, and was its first master. In person he was of fine presence and commanding figure, and weighed 180 pounds. His active life had given him an extensive acquaintance, and he was so widely known that his memory will ever be held in kindly regard by the people of the peninsular state.

LETTER FROM DR. J. H. JEROME.

SAGINAW, *June 6, 1882.*

O. C. COMSTOCK, M. D.:

MY DEAR DOCTOR: You will please convey to the president and members of the Pioneer Society of Michigan, now in session at Lansing, my sense of deep regret at not being able to be present with you at this meeting. It has been one of my cherished purposes during the past year to do so. For very many years of my life I have experienced much of the care and adjustment of fragmentary humanity in its evil hour, while to me it has been reserved to my 70th year to know just how it was myself. Some nineteen days since, by an inadvertance, I fell and broke my left leg about four inches above the ankle; since which time I have been waiting the slow and somewhat uncertain process of reunion. It is a common understanding that, as our years advance, the days and the nights follow each other in more rapid succession than in the spring-time of our life. Such has not been quite my experience for the period above mentioned. In early life our pleasures are in prospect, in later years they are mainly in the retrospect; hence the enjoyments consequent upon an association with others of kindred feelings and interest, are reckoned more dear. I can scarcely call to mind a period of greater satisfaction than the one enjoyed at the last meeting of the Society in Lansing. The occasion partakes more of the nature and interest of our Methodist love feasts, where each for themselves may tell their simple story of trials past, enjoyments secured, and an earnest hope for the future abode more peaceful than that which has characterized even their Michigan home which they come annually to commemorate, and so enjoy so much.

The privation to me gathers force from the consideration that we have less assurance of opportunities beyond the present. In spirit I am with you and earnestly hope that, at your next gathering, I may present a bodily presence. Until then please accept my filial regard for such as are more favored than myself.

Very Truly Yours,

J. H. JEROME.

[Dr. Jerome passed away, August 3, 1883.—Pioneer Collections, vol. 4, page 542.]

STORY OF ANOTHER PIONEER.

BY C. B. STEBBINS.

Read at the Annual Meeting, June 7, 1882.

Time: Half a century ago, more or less.
Scene: Within five miles of the highest habitable spot among the Green Mountains.
Season: Mid-winter; and some of my hearers know that there is no fooling by a winter in Vermont.

There was a small boy who had heard of the West; and he wondered where and what it was. He often heard his father speak of a brother of whom he had heard nothing for twenty years. The last he heard of him, he had "gone off west;" and the reasonable presumption was that he was dead.

One day, when the snow lay three to four feet deep in the fields, he returned from school, did his chores, and was seated by the first cast-iron stove ever brought into the village, when sleigh-bells were heard; and they stop at our door.

A knock.

"Come in." That was the usual response to a knock in those days. Door bells and carpets, there were none in that part of the country.

Our visitors are an elderly gentleman and lady and two young men. With the usual "good evening" they took seats, and evident embarrassment pervaded the entire company. A deep silence reigned.

The weather, even, had lost its power as a topic for remark. Our wonder who they were was at its maximum.

At length, however, the gentleman inquired:

"Are you Mr. Stebbins?"

"That is my name." Another pause.

"Had you a brother from whom you have heard nothing for many years?"

"I had; but I have heard nothing from him since we were young men."

"And do you suppose he is not now living?"

"Not unless you are the man."

"I am your brother Abiram!"

You may well imagine there was "a *scene!*"

And where had this brother been in all the years gone by; so far away that he could not communicate with his kin, and now returns with a wife and two grown-up sons, as from the grave? He had gone to the then "far west," and made a home—near the head of Cayuga lake, in Central New York! And that was considered practically about as much beyond the bounds of civiliza-

tion when he settled there in the early years of the present century, as the most distant region known. Little did that boy think he would find his future home about three times as far from his native hills, and still be east of the West.

So my uncle, with his wife and two sons, remained with us, visiting their friends, till the approach of spring warned that the sleighing would ere long be gone; and all the friends and neighbors came together to bid them farewell, as they started on their homeward journey of a week—a trip that may now be made between breakfast and supper—taking it for granted that they would never meet again in this world.

Such was the idea of the west in New England fifty or sixty years ago. Buffalo had been heard of, because of the valiant deeds of the British army in burning the little village. Beyond that, little was generally known of the western world.

When I was fourteen years of age, my father died, and all the expectations of my future life were changed; and I was left to fight the battle of life alone. When I was twenty-one I had learned a trade—possibly some things besides. And then came visions of the West. Many were now going west to make a new home, and speculators were now investing heavily in Michigan lands. Late in November, 1836, I took my way, like Abraham, not knowing where I should cast my anchor. A day's stage ride to Burlington, a night's ride by steamer to Whitehall, another long day's stage to Saratoga, passing the scene of Burgoyne's defeat, and the third day by rail brought me to Utica. West of this, the only railroads in the country were from Buffalo to the Falls, and from Toledo to Adrian, Mich. At Utica I took a canal packet, and at eleven o'clock the next morning we reached Syracuse, when the captain announced that ice was making so fast he could go no further. In an hour, the passengers were loaded into two stage-coaches for a ride of nearly two hundred miles over newly frozen roads to Buffalo. The next morning we reached Canandaigua. The presidential votes of Vermont were canvassed a day or two before I left, and I wanted to call on Mr. Granger and give him his first notice of his exact majority for vice-president in the Green Mountain State; but it was too early in the morning, and he never knew that my first vote was for him. Here we had a reärrangement of passengers. Among my company was a Mr. T. J. Nevins, a lawyer of Buffalo, and uncle of Hon. J. M. Nevins, senator from Barry county in 1865, and a Mr. L., with his wife and daughter. Mr. L. sat all day with his cap drawn over his eyes, as though trying to sleep, hardly speaking during the day. I voted him an old bear. But his wife talked enough for both, and we soon knew their whole history. He was a lawyer, and in the previous spring had left eastern New York to establish himself in Buffalo, taking his son, a lad of fourteen, with him. He had now been for his family, and at Syracuse the news met him that his son was dead. This I learned when I reached Batavia in the evening of Saturday. His apparent moroseness was from his agony, and effort to keep the news from his wife and daughter till the fatigue of their journey should be over.

At Batavia we all stopped for the night. I supposed the other passengers would go on in the morning, but found that Mr. Nevins would not travel Sunday, though within thirty miles of home; so he and I spent the Sabbath together, and attended services at an Episcopal church. Some of the sermon is still fresh in my memory.

We reached Buffalo Monday evening, the last day of November. I had

been just a week on the way, traveling five days and three nights; one night on the steamboat, one on the canal boat, and one by stage. The next morning I went to the boat. Steam was up, but the wind was so strong steam was finally let off, and not another boat left till the middle of the next May. The result was, that I spent the winter in Mr. Nevins's office, in most diligent study of law. In reading ten thousand pages, I learned just enough to form some idea of the immeasurable magnitude of the subject, and decided not to spoil a good mechanic for the doubtful chance of eminence in the legal profession.

A warm friendship soon existed between Mr. Nevins and myself, and I cannot refrain from alluding to his subsequent history. Soon after the discovery of gold in California, the board of the American Tract Society pursuaded him to go to San Francisco, in the interest of that society. He at once took a prominent position among those who established the moral and educational institutions of that city. Perhaps I might also say the military, as he was soon made Colonel of a California regiment. He was a member of the board of education, and drafted the law and rules under which the city schools were organized.

A few years passed, and he became interested in the then celebrated Washoe mines, in Nevada. While engaged in clearing out a small stream, he fell into the water; in consequence, he took cold, and soon died, and was buried on the mountain by his companions. Two years after, the board of education, by a special act of the Legislature authorizing the expense, brought his remains back to San Francisco, to be buried with public honors. Most of the places of business were closed during the funeral ceremonies, and the papers devoted several columns to the subject.

His oldest son was one of Gen. Scott's aids on his triumphal entry to the city of Mexico. A younger son, when about eighteen years of age, started to go to his father, in California. He took passage on a vessel advertised for San Francisco, but which was really bound on a filibustering expedition to Cuba. In a storm they were driven ashore, captured, and every person summarily shot. Some of my hearers will remember the excitement occasioned by the "Contoy massacre." Doubtless the crew generally deserved their fate, but poor George Nevins was an innocent boy.

Navigation opened at Buffalo in 1837 not till the middle of May, when I pursued my way to the promised land, like the Israelites, by turning back, drawn by an influence to which most men are willing to yield. I had found that the witches of Salem were not all hung, and as one of them had unwittingly possessed me, she was so benevolent as to consent to share my fortune in a new western home. Having secured my prize, we decided to seek a location in Michigan, so recently become a State. We had heard of the rivalry between Monroe and Toledo. Monroe was an old, aristocratic place, of considerable wealth; had a splendid water-power, was to be the eastern terminus of the Southern railroad, and expected to have a harbor, when it should be made.

Toledo had a population of about a thousand, a railroad completed the previous season to Adrian, a canal in progress to the Wabash river, and was practically the head of navigation on the Maumee. We paid our fare from Buffalo to Toledo—eight dollars a ticket. The boat stopped at every port, and took us by way of Detroit. That city lay along the river, and had a population about equal to that of Lansing to-day. There were no pavements, and

but little settlement back of Jefferson Avenue; but that street, even then, gave abundant promise of the grand thoroughfare it has since become.

We found Toledo a city of great expectations; and a survey of the field gave me the impression that their anticipations would some day be realized. But a more forbidding-looking spot for a town could not well be imagined. Along the river was a ridge with a clay bluff, on which grading was commenced—the dirt to be filled in to the railroad which was built on piles about a mile, from upper to lower town, from two to four rods from the shore. This grading was so expensive that some of the owners suffered their lots to be forfeited rather than pay their tax. Some of these lots forfeited for perhaps $150, are now worth many thousands. Along the ridge was Summit street, and back of that it was principally a swamp, through which the canal ran to Manhattan, three miles down the river. This was a rival town, and a railroad was building from the opposite shore to Upper Sandusky—now Fremont. The rails were to be laid on piles instead of ties. The road was graded and the piles driven the entire distance, and a long dock built at the river; and there the work stopped forever. The canal was abandoned below Toledo, and Manhattan, whether loved by the gods or not, died young.

Toledo comprised upper and lower town; each striving for the ascendancy. Cincinnati men held the fort at upper town, and triumphed; and though both now constitute a compact part of the city, lower town failed entirely as a commercial center.

Until Michigan became a State, a few months prior to my advent, Toledo was, in both equity and law, in Michigan. How our State was robbed of the territory at the behest of Ohio, is a history of which that state has little reason to be proud. Our State had selected, under the congressional grant, about one and a half square miles of land for the University, where now is the heart of the city. This ought to have brought to the University fund a million dollars; but by unfortunate management, it realized hardly $18,000. Full details of the transactions may be found in Supt. D. B. Briggs' report for 1875.

While waiting for the "railroad to go," as one impatient passenger expressed it, I visited the court-room. The sheriff was trying to make up a jury for some criminal case, from the thirty or forty spectators in the room; but they all had some excuse. At length he reached me, and politely asked me to take a seat with the jury. I told him I was not a resident of the county. "How am I to know that?" he inquired. I replied: "Really, I guess you will have to take my word for it, for I am like Washington, and can not tell a lie."

He passed on to an old man sitting by my side. Said he: "Will you take a seat there?" "H–a!" said the old man, with open mouth. "Take a seat there?" pointing to the opposite corner. The old man walked off and took his seat with the jury, evidently with no more idea of the reason therefor, than if the sheriff had said:

> "Open your mouth, and shut your eyes,
> And I'll give you something to make you wise."

Of how much better material are juries often composed now-a-days? Echo answers: How much!

In an adjoining room, lying on a bench, was a man whose face looked as though it had been clawed by a tiger. It seems that the previous evening he and a confederate undertook to rob a young farmer, who had just sold a lot of produce. They demanded his money. He put his hand in his pocket to get

it, but by some mistake, gave this fellow his jack-knife, slashing his face most fearfully, and taking him prisoner; while the accomplice fled.

Such was Toledo in 1837. I was satisfied it would be a good place for business, if business was the only thing to be considered; but I would as soon have settled in the vicinity of a pest-house.

Adrian was commenced about the same time with Toledo, and for some fifteen years kept about up with it in population. But Toledo, where it was said the river was so full of filth that animals could cross on it, bided its time, and is now one of the finest cities of the land.

I met a gentleman in Toledo who said his brother was building a flouring mill at Palmyra, a new village six miles below Adrian, and on his recommendation I decided to give the place a visit. I found it a pleasantly situated village, three years old, with three hundred inhabitants. A large sawmill and a flouring mill on the Raisin were nearly completed, and work was just commencing on the Palmyra and Jacksonburg railroad. The first settlers were people of culture from the Empire state, and the Congregational church was paying its pastor a salary of $600. Here, certainly, was evidence of enterprise.

I visited Adrian, which was seven years old and had a population of seven hundred. It had recently got the county seat away from Tecumseh, and was altogether a more important place than Palmyra. But it had its furniture manufacturer well established, and, as I had a limited amount of capital, I decided to stop at Palmyra and "grow up with the place;" for how could a place that had grown from nothing to three hundred inhabitants in three years, was soon to have a second railroad, had a good water power, and a good country yet uncleared around it, fail in a short time to have 3,000? Finding a vacant building I rented it, pulled off my coat, and proceeded to make labor honorable.

The railroad passed through the place to Adrian, and was expected soon to be continued to Kalamazoo. Its one car was modeled after the stage coach, or three coach bodies placed together. There was but one pair of trucks, and the conductor walked on an outside rail, as is still done on the open street cars. The stage coach of to-day is essentially the same thing it was a hundred years ago, but improvements were very soon made upon the first railway cars. One of the earliest was on the E. & K. road. It needed no patent to protect the inventors, and that was before there was any patent on the aisles of a church or a hole in the ground.

It had three apartments, the centre one raised so that the seats were on a level with the top of the other apartments, and directly over the inner seats of the latter, saving three feet in the length of the car. Under the floor of the raised apartment was a place for baggage. Everybody wanted to ride in the elevated section, but they never hankered for it a second time. Think of a car set on a single pair of trucks, and the seat eight or nine feet above the rail, and imagine the shaking you would get, flying along over the strap rail at a maximum speed of ten miles an hour.

The car ran but a short time, and I think the inventors or owners must have taken as much pains to hide it from the world as the government did to conceal the grave of Wilkes Booth. Could we have had it at the centennial it would have been a greater curiosity than the first locomotive.

It is surprising that our historians have shown so much ignorance of the early enterprise of Southern Michigan. As I have said, this was the first

railroad in operation west of Utica, except the Buffalo and Niagara Falls road. It was thirty-three miles in length, seven-eighths of the way through the unbroken forest, and one-third of the way through a densely timbered swamp, where malaria and mosquitoes held joint possession; built while Michigan was struggling for existence against the war-clubs of Ohio. Under the circumstances it was a work of no small magnitude, yet it is quite ignored by our state historians. Neither Mr. McCracken or Judge Campbell (whose history is considered equal to law) make any mention of it. Mr. Tuttle only refers to it in connection with the sale of the Southern road ten years after it was built, while he has some serious errors relative to the road from Palmyra to Jackson. This road was completed to Clinton, minus the iron. A locomotive made one trip over it on wooden rails, and it was operated a year or two by horse power, and abandoned; it then reverted to the State on failure to pay the $20,000 guaranteed by the State. In this condition it was sold with the Southern road and completed by that company.

I believe the first railway coach with entrance at the ends, built west of the Hudson was at Palmyra. In 1838 an Englishman named Thomas Hill erected a shop at the junction of the Erie and Kalamazoo and the Palmyra and Jacksonburg roads, and built a coach on the same general plan of the coaches of to-day. It had two pairs of trucks. The bearing upon the trucks was at the end of the car, so that part of the trucks projected, making a platform upon which the traveller stepped, and from that into the car. I find on my book a charge against Mr. Hill of $40 for the sash. So near did Palmyra come to being a great manufacturing town.

And Palmyra had banks. The Lenawee county bank was established soon after my arrival. It made good fiat money, for it had only faith to sustain it. All the stockholders together could hardly have raised specie enough to pay a week's board for a pauper.

We ridicule the wild-cat bank system, yet the *theory* of that system was perfect. A certain amount of specie was to be kept on hand, and real estate was mortgaged as additional security. But like some financial theories of the present day, it would not work in practice, for at least three good reasons. The banks did not keep the specie, and the real estate security was often worthless, and the whole machine was unconstitutional.

But the Lenawee county bank opened in January, 1838, and did have $20,000 in gold to start with. The operators borrowed it of a Toledo capitalist, and as soon as the commissioner pronounced the bank all right, it was loaned back to the owner; one note balancing the other.

But one bank was not enough for a town of Palmyra's expectations. In March, 1838, the Toledo and Kalamazoo railroad bank had everything ready for business. Its bills were nearly a fac-simile of the bills of the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad Bank, a solvent chartered bank at Adrian, except the word Toledo in place of Erie. The expectation was, that the people would take the bills without noticing that they were not on the Adrian bank. But by the time they were ready for business, the wild-cat banks were beginning to collapse, and not a bill was put in circulation. I think their business closed up when they paid me for the furnishing for their office, after I had commenced an action at law for my pay.

Among our first acquaintances were the families of Judge Tiffany, author of Tiffany's Justices' Guide; Volney Spalding, who was building a large sawmill, and now resides in Georgia; George E. Pomeroy, Lyman T. Thayer, and

James S. Dickinson, all now residents of Toledo; Rev. John Walker, Esq. James Field, both deceased several years ago; Ransom Stewart, afterward killed while building a bridge; Rollin Robinson, the Warners, Dr. J. G. Loomis, afterward professor in a medical college in Philadelphia, and long since deceased.

There were no vacant houses, and after boarding awhile, with a room in a half-story, under the roof, and suffering sometimes from short rations—flour being fourteen dollars a barrel, and meat hardly to be had at any price—we secured a chamber in Father Warner's new house. The room had a fire-place and a large closet adjoining. There we enjoyed our first housekeeping through the winter; my wife doing her work at the fire-place, the one room being kitchen, bedroom, and parlor. In the spring—1838—we had the good fortune to secure a house.

I had heard that people in Michigan had a disease called fever and ague; but I was like the sinner who knows that misery is the usual result of sin, but hopes himself to be an exception to the rule; and I took the risk with little thought. Had I known what was in fact before us, I would about as soon have taken my bride by the hand and walked into the lake as to bring her to suffer what we did. It is said we should give the devil his due; and so we must admit that this horrible disease was not an unmixed evil. Consumption was in those days almost unknown in Michigan; and I knew of some whom doctors at the east told they would in all probability die of consumption, fully cured of that disease by a change in their ailment to a less dangerous billious tendency. We passed two years without serious suffering; but in July, 1839, the plague that walked in darkness and wasted at noonday, began to prevail; and by the close of the month more than half of the population were on the sick list. My family consisted of my wife, myself, and a widow whose husband was mate of an armed merchant vessel, and had both hands shot off in an engagement with pirates. Mrs. K. was attacked by ague, and was so prostrated that for a day or two she was deranged. When she was hardly able to walk across the room, my wife and I were, in the same hour, from apparent health, stricken down with what was called chill-fever—a most malignant form of ague. In half an hour we were practically helpless. Mrs. K. crawled about to wait upon us a little through the day, and during the night we were alone. I think the only person who called on us was John Walker, whom some of my old editorial friends will remember as the "editor in luck," who married an heiress in New Hampshire, and went to the legislature. But in a day or two he was attacked, and in three days there were not five persons in the village able to give any aid to others. Some of the time both my wife and I were deranged; and one morning she found her writing materials on the table where she had placed them in the night, under the impression that she had to write a sermon. Our doctor was one of the sick, and Dr. Barnard came down from Adrian every other day, visiting those who so desired.

We were able to be up in a few days, but I did no work for three months; or till the ground froze. We could only crawl about like yellow ghosts, fortunate if we could get enough to eat; for our appetites were ravenous, and what we ate would digest hardly more than a stone. All business was suspended, and I find but ten entries on my day-book in the three months. Yet, strange as it may seem, there was not a single death from the epidemic, in those three terrible months.

The next autumn—1840—the ague got hold of us again, but it was simply

ague and fever, for another three months. The attacks were frequent, and unfitted us for business all the time. Those were the days when it was said the cattle had to lean against the fence to shake; and it is a fact that children sometimes had an ague shake on the day of their birth.

Except during the sickly season, we were not without sources of enjoyment. We had a select circle of intelligent friends, and our meetings and social gatherings. The Indians had nearly all left that part of the State, but occasionally they paid us a visit. One day, when my wife was alone in the house, one of the noble race walked in and demanded whisky. She told him she had none, but he insisted, and she walked up to him and pushed him out of the house. Dr. Fairchild, now president of Oberlin college, preached for us one winter, being then just out of the seminary, boarding part of the time with us. We predicted then, the eminence in his profession to which he has attained.

In 1839 I bought some lots and erected a large building for shop and warerooms, large enough for what I hoped would be the growth of business in a few years, in the meantime finishing part of it for our residence. In 1840 I opened a wareroom at Adrian in charge of the "Stewart" of that village, Ira Bidwell; but I found money about as scarce there as at Palmyra, and after a few months' trial I sold the stock off at auction, realizing about its actual cost.

By 1841 I concluded I had brought my goods to the wrong market, and having an opportunity to engage in other business in Buffalo, I sold all my stock and rented the building to my brother and removed to that city. He had just married and started business where I left off. An incident will illustrate the unpromising state to which the place had come. In the intoxication of wedded bliss, I suppose, my brother forgot the day of the week and mistook Saturday for Sunday. They kept the day with Puritanic strictness, and saw nothing in the streets during the day to show their mistake. The next day my brother went to his work and his wife went about her Monday washing. One or two persons passing heard him at work, but concluded that he was making a coffin, and it was not till somebody

"Saw her in the garden hanging out her clothes"

that they learned how the laugh was against them.

My brother had been living in Buffalo, and the peace of Palmyra was to him "a great calm," and in a few weeks he moved to Adrian, where he is still doing the largest business in the furnishing line of any one in southern Michigan. My building and lots had cost me $1,400, about $1,000 of which I had "laid up" in the four years. I afterward sold the whole to Volney Spalding for $150 in dicker trade, and thought I had got well out of it.

RUNNING FOR OFFICE.

In the spring of 1840 the Whig caucus gave me the nomination for justice of the peace. The Democrats had no man who would take the office whom they thought as competent as I was (from which you may judge how hard up they were for timber), and they made no nomination against me. Such a nomination, you will say, was surely tantamount to an election. But you know the adage about the cup and the lip. I was not destined to wear judicial honors.

There was a liquor seller who feared my election would interfere with his humane business, and the miller was apprehensive that it might embarrass his free agency in running his mill on the Sabbath. Both of them were

Whigs. They got possession of the printed tickets and destroyed all that were for me. They then went to the Democrats and told them to nominate the tavern keeper and they would help elect him. So they went to writing votes for "uncle Aaron," and, though the Whigs had a majority of thirty in the town, whisky beat me. But better so than to be overcome by drinking it, as they were who came howling around my house at midnight in celebrating their "glorious victory."

I will not say I was not somewhat mortified; indeed, I rather think I was a little mad; but I had no regrets for the warfare I had waged against intemperance, and I said: enjoy your triumph, but I shall live to dance over your graves yet. And I might have done it literally ere this, for many of them are sleeping in drunkard's graves.

I declared that I would never accept an office in that town though I lived a hundred years. The next spring, however, they elected me school inspector, though I declared I would not qualify. But the town board notified me that if I did not take the oath of office they would have me fined, and I was obliged to submit. And such is life. When I wanted an office I failed to get it, and when I did not, I had to take it. I never obtained an office by scheming for it.

Uncle Aaron never tried a case; and the next winter he was voted out of office by the Legislature by a law making a tavern-keeper ineligible. But he had all he could do in selling and drinking his liquor. It was not long before he became a confirmed drunkard. He had an amiable wife and a daughter —a young lady of rare loveliness. In a short time the daughter died of a broken heart from grief and shame. The doctors who attended her said she had no physical disease. And not long after, the mother followed her to the grave in a similar manner. While she lay in her coffin the miserable man was raving with delirium tremens, and fearfully cursing her because she did not get up and go to work. When he came to himself, he tried to stop drinking; but it was too late. He soon relapsed, and followed his victims, and the three sleep side by side on the bank of the river Raisin.

And yet the world allows, and attempts to regulate a traffic that is producing similar scenes all the time! Regulate it! As well think to regulate the fires that swept over Huron county last fall! The only remedy is to *put it out!*

And this suggests to tell you a story of woman's influence, even without the power to vote. Among our first acquaintances in Palmyra was a young man —a millwright—at work on the flouring mill then building. He was a young man of intelligence, but with an inherited appetite for strong drink; and in spite of all his efforts he occasionally got on a spree. He soon after commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Loomis. My wife became interested in him, and with a tact which woman only possesses, she obtained his confidence, and her sympathy and encouragement stimulated him to persevere in his fight with the foe. At length he went to attend the lectures at a medical institution in Ohio. It was not long before we heard that he had fallen, and was on a wild carousal. My wife at once wrote him a long letter of sympathy and hope that he would not despair, but try again, and with Divine help keep up the fight. He several times, in after years, told me that letter saved him. When he received it, he had about given up the contest, and felt that he might as well make no further effort, but live on, a hopeless drunkard while he could, to die a drunkard's death when he must. But that letter was a new inspiration, and under its influence he began anew, and was

victorious. He completed his studies and settled in Detroit; and soon took a high rank in his profession. But the appetite, always restrained, never left him. He told me he often crossed the street to avoid passing a saloon where he might possibly catch a smell from its infernal furnishing. He acquired a large property, and died several years since, an honored member of society and the church. It is probable that there are gentlemen present who knew him well, who never knew how desperate a battle he so successfully fought.

While in Palmyra I wrote occasionally for an Adrian paper. In an article upon the wild-cat currency, I wrote that we were the scorn of all the Eastern States. When printed, it read: "The *scum* of all the Eastern States." When we remember the reputation Michigan had so short time previously borne, as the refuge of unfortunate debtors and criminals, we may question whether the error was not an improvement.

Years before my own change of base, there was a man who kept a meat market in Vermont. He was engaged to the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, but her family were opposed to the match. Finally he became involved in debt, and left for Michigan between two days. He here became, in a few years, a man of wealth and political influence, and in due time returned to Vermont, paid all his debts, with interest, and married the lady. I suppose that also was with interest, for the family were then perfectly reconciled.

Everybody has heard of the Whig campaign cry of 1840, "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!" but none now less than forty-two years of age heard the cry. The enthusiasm of the Whigs in that year has never been equaled by any party, except, perhaps, by the Republicans in their rally for Rocky Mountain John.

Gen. Harrison and Francis Granger ran against Van Buren and Johnson in 1836. Jackson was the father of the modern Democratic party, and Van Buren was his political child; and as such, was elected. His party, young and compact, went for him to a man, while the opposition was divided on four candidates. In 1840 the Whigs were united, and renominated Gen. Harrison, and put on the ticket with him for Vice President, John Tyler, of Virginia, as the price of Southern support.

November 7, 1811, Gen. Harrison, with 900 men, was encamped near the Indian town of Tippecanoe in western Indiana, and at daybreak was attacked by a large army of Indians. The battle was ended in less than two hours, but was fought with desperation on both sides. The Indians fought bravely in the open field, and would doubtless have been victorious, but for the valor and ability of Gen. Harrison. He captured their village, and burnt it, with everything he could not carry away.

The next year war was declared against Great Britain. Forts were erected at various points, and among them one named Fort Meigs, on the south bank of the Maumee, a mile above the present city of Perrysburg. The British had one on the other side of the river, where the city of Maumee stands. Fort Meigs was made a depot for supplies for the army of the west, for the next campaign, in 1813, against Canada. In the spring of that year troops were gathering for that purpose, and Gen Harrison was at Fort Meigs, with a few men, waiting for the completion of the fleet with which Perry was expected to get possession of the lake. In April Gen. Proctor, of infamous memory, with his more honorable ally Tecumseh, appeared before the fort with about 3,000 British and Indians. For five days they bombarded the fort in vain. On the 4th of May, Gen. Green Clay arrived with 1,200 men, and on the 5th a des-

perate battle ensued. Gen. Harrison held the fort, and on the 9th the enemy disappeared, and returned whence they came, to Malden.

Gen. Harrison left the fort in the hands of Gen. Green Clay, and July 20th, Proctor and Tecumseh again made their appearance, with an army 5,000 strong. The attack was desperate, but resisted so valiantly by Gen. Clay, with terrible damage to the besiegers, that Proctor considered the better part of valor to be discretion, and took his army back to Malden, to mourn over his second defeat by one-third his own force.

These events were the occasion of an immense gathering of the Whigs, in the campaign of 1840, on the site of the fort, where, twenty-seven years before so valiant deeds were done; and considering the sparseness of population, it was one of the greatest gatherings of the age. There were nearly 1,000 from Lenawee county alone. The number present—many coming hundreds of miles—was estimated all the way up to 50,000. Probably half that number would be within bounds. Most of the crowd passed one night, and not a few two—in tents, or without tents, as best they could. I had the good fortune to find lodgings in a tent with a military company from Buffalo. Inside the embankment thrown up twenty-seven years before, and still prominent, a stand was erected, and the eager thousands listened to a two and a quarter hours' speech from Gen. Harrison.

The delegation from Lenawee county elected Gen. Joseph W. Brown, a hero of the Black Hawk and Toledo wars, their marshal, and he undertook to drill us. I expect we were about as awkward a squadron as ever took the field. He got us into line, and cried out: "Right dress! Left dress! Right face!" I presume about as many turned one way as the other, and he repeated the order: "Right face; d——n you! Don't you know your right face?" He wore an old style military hat that gave his face no protection from the sun, and before night his forehead was a complete blister. He was a staunch Democrat, but supported Harrison from personal friendship. After the campaign he returned to his first love, and lived and died in the Democratic fold.

Later in the season we went to a great Whig meeting at Detroit. Our route was to Toledo, and thence by boat. We were entertained two nights by the Whigs of Detroit. The stand was down the river on the Jones farm—now a compact portion of the city. As we marched down, the rain was falling, in torrents, and the cry was: "Any rain but the reign of Van Buren." In trying to walk in General Jackson's shoes, "Little Matty Van" could hardly be called a success. I do not think the leading Democrats were satisfied with him, but the party was mortgaged to Gen Jackson, and having, at his behest, elected Van Buren once, consistency demanded that they should nominate him for a second term.

When we reached Toledo, on our return, we found that Col. Johnson, the Democratic candidate for Vice President, had just arrived from Adrian, and was on the boat soon to leave for Detroit. The Democratic papers had declared that Gen. Harrison deserved no credit for the victory at the battle of the Thames, but that Col. Johnson was the real hero. Some fifty of us voted to pay our respects to the Colonel, and ask for his version of the facts. He received us politely on the deck of the boat, and stated that, before engaging the enemy, he went to Gen. Harrison and asked permission for his regiment to charge in column. Gen. Harrison asked him if he had drilled his men in view of so desperate a movement. He assured him they were well prepared, and enthusiastic for the encounter. He had the permission, and was soon piercing

the enemy's lines. He did not see Gen. Harrison again till after the battle, but stated candidly and frankly, that he had no doubt he was in his proper place as Commander-in-chief. We were much pleased with the tone of his speech.

Gen. Harrison's election by an overwhelming majority, and death but a month after the inauguration, and Tyler's political treason, are matters of history.

In the fall of 1841 I removed to Buffalo. My enterprise there proved unsuccessful, and the next year I decided to return to Adrian. My wife was slowly recovering from sickness, and it was late in the season before we could move. I put my goods on a schooner, and Wednesday, November 15th, 1842, we took passage on the little steamer, Gen. Scott, Captain Ira Davis, who was a member of the Legislature from Wayne county in 1861. He was a man of noble soul, and died several years since.

We had delightful weather, stopping at every port, and reached Sandusky Thursday afternoon. We here ate our last meal on the boat, as we supposed, and steamed out of the bay a little before sunset, with a gentle breeze from the northeast, and the foresail set; and we congratulated ourselves that we should awake in the morning at the dock at Toledo. I was so expressing myself to the captain, as we were sitting in the cabin below deck (for there was no cabin on deck; few boats had such at that time, and none with rooms on the upper deck), when a little boy came running down the stairs exclaiming: "They can't get the sail down, and *the wind is blow-o-owing!*"

Going on deck we found the wind blowing a hurricane from the west. Had we then the science of to-day, we should not have left Sandusky, though to the senses no weather could look more propitious. We were running against a head wind, and in a little while the waves were occasionally dashing over the deck. It soon began to freeze, and by morning the ice on deck was in some places three inches thick. About midnight we ran aground in Maumee bay, about five miles from land. In the morning we floated, but the water was so full of ice, that when we started ahead half the length of the boat, the bow seemed to be lying on the ice, and considerably out of the water. The wind cut our faces as though it had been fine sand. All day Friday and Saturday we tried in vain to work the boat out. The water did not "freeze over," but the waves seemed, as fast as they rose, to freeze and fall back into the water and sink.

It was to be the last trip of the boat for the season, and no provision had been made for feeding over a hundred persons after Thursday. It was deemed expedient to economize our commissary department; and I remember we had for one meal, a cup of tea and a potato. However, a peddler had a horse on board, and we knew we could confiscate that, if worse came to worst. The captain had a few apples he had bought for winter use, and they were given the horse to eat, till we should need to eat him. (Several years after, I was walking on the highway, when I was overtaken by a peddler, and he asked me to ride. It was the same man with the same horse.)

Sunday morning the wind abated somewhat, and it was hoped we might get through the ice. But the wood was nearly gone. The fires were started with the hope of getting to Cedar point, on the Ohio shore. The hands came down into the cabin with their axes, to cut out the berths for fuel. They were told, however, to hold on a little, and the berths were saved. We got within a few rods of the shore, and passengers and crew went ashore, and with the small

boats, during the day, got about five cords of drift-wood aboard. We then steered for the mouth of the Maumee. We found it frozen solid, and it had caught a large steamer, which it held in its frigid embrace till the next spring. We next turned our course north, and at nine P. M., touched the dock at the city of "Brest." This was one of the cities *to be*, but never was, six miles north of Monroe. There was no harbor, but the enterprise of those days was equal to any deficiency or emergency. A pier had been built on piles, nearly half a mile into the lake to meet the immense commerce that was to come. (Of course there was a "Bank of Brest.") We had been three days "out of port," and could sincerely say: "any port in a storm." The pier, not more than fifteen feet in width, was so covered with ice that carriages (if indeed the place had known what a carriage was), could not come to the boat; and captain Davis helped me carry my wife, who was unable to walk, to the land—a full third of a mile.

Several vessels, and it was said a hundred lives, were lost on the lakes during the storm. I considered that, if I ever heard from my goods, I should probably hear of them at the bottom of the lake. In about a week however, I was informed that they were at Detroit. Part of them I sent for with teams, and part I left till spring—losing only one box of the value of fifty dollars, which I always suspected the the captain or clerk of the schooner stole.

And so I returned to spend the rest of my life in Michigan; hardly better off in purse than when I first came, five years previously.

Forty years have gone since then. Fleeting and more fleeting the years speed by. Loved ones die, and childred crowd around us who a little longer remain. Do men ever think they are old? Douglas Jerrold says a man is only as old as he feels. Some whom I thought were rather old men when I was a boy, still linger. They seem hardly to know that their step is less firm, or their eye less bright than in the past. It would be hazardous to call them old to their face. I saw some such when I visited the mountain home of my childhood not long since. One was my schoolmaster when I was threading the intricacies of Nutting's grammar, and mastering the mysteries of Adams's Arithmetic. And *his* father died not many years ago. Another was a bank director fifty years ago, and he is still. He is kept on the board out of respect to the past, his opinions are heard by his colleagues, and I suppose he is still a main spoke in the wheel. Truly they are grand monuments of a past age. But with the frosts of eighty-five winters upon their heads,

> Unconquered by the years they stand,
> In weakness strong, in spirit grand,
> Like girdled oaks, still towering high,
> Death-struck—and yet, too proud to die.

DANIEL B. HARRINGTON.

Daniel Brown Harrington, capitalist and real estate operator, was born at Sodus, Ontario county, New York, April 23d, 1807, son of Jeremiah Harrington and Mercy Baker, both descended from the old Puritan stock of Massachusetts.

The name of Harrington was borne upon the muster rolls of the old revolutionary army of "'76."

Jeremiah was a farmer by occupation, and fond of a new country and the excitement incident to out-door sports, hunting, fishing, etc., and up to the time of his coming of age (1795) resided in the state of Rhode Island.

He then made a visit to an older brother who resided at Butternuts, Otsego county, New York, which section of country being at that early date wild and unsettled, afforded him ample indulgence for his passion, the forests abounding in deer, beaver, and other game.

Here Jeremiah met and married Mercy Baker, and soon after removed to Sodus Point, purchasing a tract of farm land half way between that place and Lyons. A year or two later a Capt. Helm, of Virginia, arrived there, bringing with him 47 negroes, and entered a large tract of land near Sodus Point. His overseer was not accustomed to clearing land, and Jeremiah was engaged to oversee the clearing and the erection of log cabins for these negro slaves. The scheme proved a failure, it not being a good corn country, and the negroes were taken back to Virginia.

This locality, while it had peculiar attractions at that time for the huntsman, the woods being well stocked with the greatest variety of game, as the panther, deer, and bear, and the salmon and trout abounding in the clear water courses, yet the long winters and deep snows induced Jeremiah to seek a less severe climate, and after a thorough exploring tour through the west and southwest he decided to settle in Ohio.

Starting in July, 1811, from Sodus Point in a small schooner, the British Queen, they reached the mouth of the Niagara river, where, after reshipping their goods by teams to a point above the Falls, they again embarked in a batteau or open boat, and reaching Buffalo, were obliged to wait for good weather.

Coasting along as far as Erie, it became necessary to land in order to cook some food. A land breeze springing up, their boat drifted out to sea and it was with great difficulty recovered.

On arriving off Cleveland they attempted to make a harbor, but owing to bad weather were unable to land, and proceeded on to Rocky river, where they abandoned the batteau, and with the aid of a skiff transferred their effects to a schooner. The last load being left in the skiff over night, broke loose from

the schooner, and drifting out to sea, was lost. Included in this skiff load was a trunk containing all their books.

After this long, perilous, and tedious journey by water, they arrived off Sandusky, and at the mouth of Sandusky Bay encountered a severe storm, in which their little bark was nearly wrecked. Proceeding up Sandusky river twenty-six miles, they made a landing at the site of the present town of Fremont. Here Jeremiah built himself a log cabin, going to Dayton for stock.

Soon after, the war of 1812 broke out and the country was filled with hostile Indians. The government erected Fort Stevenson, establishing a military post there for the protection of the settlement. This fort was located about half a mile from Jeremiah's farm. At this time, the kidnapping of white children was practised by the Indians quite extensively, and Detroit was a rendezvous for the ransom of these, as also of the earlier settler's children whose parents had been slain in the Indian raids.

After Hull's surrender at Detroit the women and children were sent away in wagons for safety, to the central portion of the state, everything in the way of household furniture being sacrificed to the Indians or for lack of transportation.

During this trip which was necessarily accompanied by much hardship and exposure Mrs. Harrington died.

At the maturity of the crops this season the inhabitants formed in squads for protection in gathering them, and were repeatedly obliged to abandon the attempt, fleeing for their lives with the Indians in close pursuit, several of their party being killed and wounded.

The "Tawas" "Senecas" and "Wyandottes" were the tribes who, prior to Hull's surrender, had been friendly, but were encouraged by the English to commence hostilities.

During this period and for sometime subsequent to the death of Mrs. Harrington the three children (of whom the subject of this sketch was the oldest) were at Radner near Delaware, Ohio.

Marrying again in 1813 Jeremiah removed to Delaware, where he continued farming. It was near this point, where the troops marching north, passed, and the prisoners captured at Perry's victory on their way to Chillicothe for safe keeping. Among the earliest recollections of Daniel the subject of our sketch, are those of seeing the troops as they encamped in the open timber near his father's home.

In the fall of 1816 Jeremiah removed to the town of Delaware, occupying one half of a house, into the other half of which soon after, removed the parents of Rutherford B. Hayes. In 1817 the family became scattered, owing to the death of the step mother, and Daniel went to live with Paul E. Butler,—his father being then engaged in buying furs and trapping in the marshes of Lake Erie. In the winter of 1818 Daniel attended school at Sandusky in Fort Stevenson Barracks, and the boys found no difficulty in supplying themselves from the embankments of this fort with lead for shot and slugs with which to shoot duck as well as for lead pencils, of their own manufacture. These were the relics of the brave Croghan and his little band, who with their small six pounders loaded with leaden balls, so gallantly defended the fort against superior numbers and repelled the British foe and their Indian allies.

In the spring of 1819 a little company of venturesome pioneers, of whom Jeremiah Harrington was the leader, started for Saginaw Bay, on a fur trad-

ing expedition, and after much persuasion, Daniel—then a mere boy of 12—was allowed to accompany them.

They constructed their own boat (an open batteau) at Lower Sandusky, naming it the "Saginaw Hunter," and started in April, stopping first at Monroe, and then at Detroit, where Daniel well remembers seeing the naked chimneys standing on the Canadian side, as monuments of the destruction caused by the war of 1812 and 1814.

As they passed the beautiful islands of the Detroit river, its waters teeming with fish, its banks lined with the forests just leafing out and as yet undisturbed by the woodman's ax, a view was presented as of a beautiful mirror in a frame of green. The scene was one of peculiar grandeur and produced an impression on the minds of our pioneer voyagers never to be forgotten.

Landing at James Abbot's dock, foot of Woodward avenue, they remained several days. Mr. Harrington, Sr., called upon General Cass, then governor of the territory, and was by him advised to wait until fall before proceeding on their journey, as a treaty was about to be made with the Indians, which would secure to them better chances of friendly treatment.

The steamer "Walk-in-the-Water," the first to ply on the western lakes, was inspected by the party as she lay at Wing's dock, above Woodward avenue. At this time there were less than half a dozen brick houses in Detroit; Gov. Hull's, which stood on the present site of the Biddle House, being the most imposing structure of all.

Leaving Detroit, our party proceeded up slowly, touching at Port Duchain, Bunce's dock, and thence to the mouth of Black river. The settlement at Port Huron then consisted of two houses, one of them occupied by Ansellam Petit. They found the wild pigeon here in great numbers, and made good use of their guns. In exploring the river banks they found, some three miles from its mouth, a number of Indian fields, which Messrs. Harrington and Murray proceeded to plant. These fields were since known as the Saulsbury place, and latterly as the Scoville place, and the summer was passed here very pleasantly, hunting, fishing, cultivating their crops, and visiting the Bunce family.

Before continuing their journey in the fall they constructed a large skiff at Bunce's dock to accompany the "Saginaw Hunter," which latter boat had been loaded too heavy to encounter rough weather. They left Black river about October 1, 1819, for Saginaw Bay. When the winds were unfavorable, they were compelled to go in shore, beach their boats, and wait for fair or calm weather. This and also frequent sickness among the members of their crew, were the main causes of detention, and after a weary month's voyage, they finally reached the mouth of the Saginaw river, near where Bay City is now located, October 30. Passing up to Crow Island they were met by a fleet of Indian canoes, in the foremost of which was the chief, Kish-a-Kon-ko, and Antoine Campau, who was employed by his brother as trader in the fur business. The first salutation from the chief was: "Puckagu! puckagu!" But after a parley, they were allowed to come up to headquarters and talk over the matter. Concessions were made and permission was given the party to settle ten miles south of the mouth of the river, where they built a trading house in which to pass the winter.

Finding the surrounding country filled with every variety of game, they made good use of their trained hunting dogs, and met with great success. This naturally created much jealousy among the Indians, who endeavored by

every means to frighten the white intruders away, but by showing a bold front and then appeasing them with a feast, no further trouble was experienced, and they remained undisturbed through the winter. At this time there were but two buildings at Saginaw—the trading house of Antoine Campau and the ruins of Peter Reilly's house, one of the earlier Indian traders.

In April, 1820, the party prepared to return to Ohio, and as young Daniel, by learning the Indian language and making himself familiar with their ways and customs, had attracted the favorable notice of one of the Indian leaders who was childless, they came in a body and requested of the father, Jeremiah, that his boy be left with them until the return of the party in the fall, which request it was not deemed prudent to accede to. After a voyage of three weeks they arrived at Fremont, Ohio, with their cargo of furs, but, owing to the depreciation of values caused by the reaction of the war, their trip was not a success financially.

In the fall of the same year (1820) Mr. Jeremiah Harrington, accompanied by Mrs. H. (his third wife) and Daniel, started with a company of five others on a second trip to Saginaw Bay. This trip was made in an open boat which they had constructed for the voyage at Sandusky, a much larger one than the "Saginaw Hunter," and named the "Speed." Nothing of special interest occurred on this voyage until after leaving Bunce's dock to proceed north, when sickness prevailed to such an extent among the crew that they were compelled to break up after returning to Fort Gratiot, from which place, on recruiting their health all the party except the Harrington family went back to Ohio, one of the party dying on the voyage.

Fort Gratiot then contained a garrison of twenty men in command of Lieut. J. Watson Webb, who was afterward editor of The Courier and Enquirer, New York, and subsequently United States minister to Brazil. He provided quarters for the Harrington family in the barracks, where they remained a month.

In the spring of 1822 Jeremiah removed to a farm five miles from the mouth of the Black river, where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred March 30, 1853.

In 1824 Daniel went with his father in charge of a raft of timber to Detroit, and thence to Delaware, Ohio, bringing back with him his younger brother, E. B., making the trip from Sandusky to Detroit in the steamer Superior (the second one running on the lakes), and by sail-boat thence to Black river.

E. B. H. remained two years, when, becoming dissatisfied with the country, he ran away in company with another boy, bringing up at Jamestown, N. Y., where he found a home with a cabinet-maker and learned the trade.

During the winter of 1826-27 Daniel attended school at Cottrellville, having for his schoolmates the late Capt. E. B. Ward and his sister, so familiarly known as "Aunt Emily."

In the fall of 1828 Daniel was employed as clerk in the store of Messrs. Bunce and Duryea at Fort Gratiot; the fort being then garrisoned by two companies of troops commanded by Maj. Thompson and Capt. Beal, Dr. Zina Pitcher being the surgeon of the Post. Twelve dollars per month and board were the wages Daniel received for these services. In the spring of 1829 he returned home to assist his father and take charge of his rafts. These raft trips to Detroit consumed about a month going and coming.

After various changes during the following three years, we find the subject of our sketch in 1832 a dry goods clerk in the employ of E. Waterbury on

Jefferson avenue, Detroit, near the site of the present "Mich. Exchange" Hotel. The breaking out of the Black Hawk war found him enrolled in the State militia for service, and joining a party of volunteers composed principally of the old city guard of Detroit, he marched with them to Saline, Mich., at which place they were ordered back, owing to the sudden termination of the war. On the appearance of the cholera during this summer (1832) there was a perfect stampede from Detroit, everybody leaving who could get away. Mr. Waterbury closed his store and in company with his clerk Daniel, started for Stony Creek by way of Mount Clemens. When nearing the latter place they were met by a quarantine guard who drove them back, and they were obliged to take the Pontiac road. While on this trip they dined at a wayside farm house, and so fearful were the people of the contagion that they were left in full possession of the house after their dinner had been prepared. After the cholera had been banished by cold weather and frosts Daniel, in company with Joseph B. Comstock, bought out Mr. Waterbury's store at Stony Creek and removed it to Hersy's Mills (a better point for trade), and continued there a year.

In 1833 Mr. Harrington returned again to Black River, which in the meantime had grown to be quite a settlement, and went into the employ of Jonathan Burtch, who had a general store, doing a good business on both sides of the St. Clair, and during the year he purchased the business and conducted it in his own name, selling out in the spring of 1835 to Willard Orvis of Monroe.

In June, 1835, he made a visit to his brother, E. B. H., at Whitestown, N. Y., where he was engaged in the study of the law with Judge Fortune C. White.

Through the acquaintance thus made with Judge White, Daniel formed with him a partnership for the improvement of the mouth of the Black river, and in July, 1835, they bought eighty acres with a river front of 300 feet and half a mile front on what is now known as Military street, Port Huron.

Mr. Harrington became the active partner in this investment, and had the town laid out and platted in what was then known as the township of Desmond, taking the plan of alleys between streets from the similar plan in Philadelphia. In order to enable him to straighten Military street, he afterward purchased forty acres on the south of his eighty-acre tract, known as the Carlysle farm.

From 1835 to 1848 Mr. H. continued his partnership with Judge White in projecting improvements and operating in real estate.

In 1837 the village was given its name—Port Huron, which name was afterward adopted for the township.

January 20, 1840, he married Miss Sarah E. Luce, of Pittsfield, Mass., whose parents came to Michigan in 1836.

In 1845 Mr. Harrington built a mill on the property which he had purchased years before when in the employ of Mr. Burtch as clerk.

In 1847 he purchased north of his mill property 2,400 acres of pine lands.

In 1848 he dissolved partnership with Judge White, and has since been engaged in lumbering and dealing extensively in real estate, having in 1853 purchased a tract of 3,000 acres on the shores of Lake Huron, on which are now located extensive mills.

In 1856, owing to the prevalence of sickness, Mr H. removed his family to Saratoga, N. Y., remaining there six years, though still retaining his business interests in the west.

In 1862 he returned to Port Huron, and has since resided on the original homestead.

In 1874 he constructed under his own personal supervision one of the finest halls in the State, known as the City Opera House. It is a model of taste and elegance, and a credit to its builder and the city.

Constantly occupied as the subject of our sketch has been for so many years, in projecting public improvements and engaging in large real estate transactions, he has never sought official position, but was chosen in 1847 to represent his district in the State legislature, and in 1852 to a seat in the State senate. He was also postmaster of Port Huron under the latter four years of Jackson's administration, and held the same office under Van Buren.

He was president of the First National bank of Port Huron for two years after its organization, and at the present writing is president of the Port Huron savings bank.

Of his seven children (six of whom survive) the eldest, Charles F. (born Sept., 1842), chose the profession of law, has been twice elected prosecuting attorney of St. Clair county, and also to a seat in the legislature in 1876.

NOTE.—Daniel B. Harrington, the subject of the foregoing sketch, which was written by himself, died July 7, 1878, being at that time vice-president of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan for St. Clair county.

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF SOUTHWESTERN MICHIGAN.

BY A. B. COPLEY.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, June 7, 1882.

In the spring of 1675 Father Marquette, returning from his last trip to the Illinois Indians, came up the Kankakee river to the portage, six or seven miles across, striking the St. Joseph river, near South Bend, Ind., thence down this river, which he named the Miami of the lakes, to the mouth, from whence he proceeded along the eastern shore of the lake until his death, which occurred the latter part of May. This visit is the first known of any white man in southwestern Michigan; it is also important as discovering this route which was adopted later by LaSalle, in most of his journeys. The next visit made was by LaSalle in 1679. In August of that year the Griffin, the pioneer vessel of the great Lakes, left the foot of Lake Erie, passed through the Detroit river, Lakes St. Clair and Huron, stopping at Mackinaw, but proceeding on to Green Bay, where she was loaded with a rich cargo of furs and started on her return voyage; which was the last heard of her after passing Mackinaw. LaSalle left Green Bay with fourteen men in three large canoes for St. Joseph, where they arrived November 1, after a tedious voyage, being delayed by storms and contrary winds. Here he built a fort forty by eighty feet, surrounded by palisades—the first occupation of the lower peninsula by whites, it being twenty-two years previous to the settlement of Detroit by Cadillac, in 1701. Leaving the fort in charge of part of his men, he spent the winter in Illinois, returning March 24, 1680, and on the 25th crossed the river on a raft with an Indian hunter and four followers for Canada. Encamping near a prairie, on the evening of the 28th, they were attacked by a band of Indians, who finding them ready to meet them left without injury. This is supposed to be near the northeast part of Cass county, or northwest part of St. Jo county. This journey, made 202 years ago, is the first crossing of the lower peninsula by a civilized party. LaSalle returned to the fort November 4 of the same year, and after a visit to Illinois spent the winter of 1680–1 in improving the fort and getting out timber for a vessel. In May he left for the east by water, returned in November, and in December started on his famous voyage, during which he traced the Mississippi to its mouth, which he reached April 9, 1682; returning to the fort September 1, and after a voyage to Mackinaw, leaving it for the last time. For eighty years there is not a continuous recorded history of occupation by whites. The Jesuits had a mission station there in the latter part of the 18th century; still

the accounts are meagre. The founding of Detroit in 1701 led to the departure of the Miami Indians, or at least part of them, as Cadillac encouraged Indians to settle near his fort. The country after the departure of the Miamis, was occupied by the Pottawattomies, who previously had lived in the region near Green Bay, who held the country till ceded to the whites—a period of about 125 years.

By the treaty of peace made by the French with the English, in 1760, three forts were ceded, Detroit, Mackinaw, and St. Joseph being the only ones named in the treaty within the bounds of Michigan; and in the fall of 1761 Fort St. Joseph was taken possession of by the English. This change was not satisfactory to the Indians, who favored the French who were always more popular with them, and in 1762 this feeling enabled Pontiac to arrange his conspiracy with the Indians to overthrow the military power of the English, which came near being successful. The fort at St. Joseph was assigned for destruction to the Pottawattomies, it being in their own country. The garrison at the time consisting of fourteen soldiers, under command of an ensign, were deceived in the usual manner by a request for a talk, and then massacred; all being killed but three soldiers and the officer, who were taken to Detroit and exchanged for captives held by Maj. Gladwin, taken during the siege of that place.

It is not positively known whether the fort was mentioned as a military post after the massacre or not; but about the close of the revolutionary war a trader named William Burnett, from New Jersey, established a trading post, which was maintained till the permanent settlement of the whites. Some of his account books are extant, which show his business to have been varied and extensive, as he wholesaled or supplied goods for a trader named Joseph Bertrand, who traded on the river above where Niles now stands and other stations south and west. The books found contain accounts from 1792 to 1802, ledger B reaching from '92 to '99; probably ledger A reached seven years previous, at least during the period mentioned it seems to have been the practice for vessels to bring supplies and take furs and sugar for return cargoes, one invoice mentioning sugar to the amount of 1,695 pounds. There are accounts with doctors, bakers, tailors, sales of cattle, one cow, one calf, 3 large hogs, £550 sterling; butter, £2 10 s.; one cow, £100; another item for 377 boards, as if there were a saw-mill or pit saw in the settlement; charges for loaves of bread were quite common. In the war of 1812 English and American emissaries were early sent to the station to induce the Pottawattomies either to fight the Americans or remain neutral; this resulted in the killing of the English agent by the American, who was the nephew of the former, and who escaped punishment from friends of the murdered man for ten gallons of whisky. It does not seem that the station was closed during the war, which can only be accounted for on the supposition that the trader having an Indian wife and the station being a necessity to them, it escaped.

In 1821 the title to a large portion of the lands was ceded to the United States by the Indians in southwestern Michigan. This treaty was signed at Chicago in August, 1821, on the part of the United States by Gen. Cass and Solomon Sibley, and on the part of the Indians by fifty-five chiefs and head men of the Pottawattomies. The considerations were $5,000 yearly for twenty years, and $1,000 annually for fifteen years, for a school teacher, farmer, and blacksmith shop to be located on the south side of the St. Joseph river. It

was also provided that a like establishment should be maintained on the Grand river among the Ottawas, except the time was limited to ten years.

In the recollections of C. C. Trowbridge, as published in the Evening News of March, 1880, there is an interesting account of his trip to Chicago via Fort Wayne, to make the location. The manner of travel on horseback, following an Indian trail, the food, parched corn, pounded and mixed with maple sugar, camping out, spancelling their ponies, *i. e.*, tying their forelegs together, and pulling the leaves from the bells, is so accurately described that the reader can almost hear the bells ring as the pony rears up and plunges ahead to feed.

CAREY MISSION.

The school site was definitely located a few days after the 10th of August 1822, according to Mr. McCoy's journal, on south bank of St. Joseph river, near the City of Niles. Isaac McCoy, the founder and originator of the the Carey Mission, deserves more than a passing mention. He was born in 1783 near Uniontown, Pa., his parents removing to Kentucky in 1789, where he married in 1803, licensed to preach in 1804, emigrated to Indiana, where he preached among the Indians. On the 17th of October, 1817, he received an appointment as missionary from the United Baptist missions. After preaching in various places in Indiana and Illinois, he opened a school, Jan. 1, 1819, near Racoon creek, Ind., with six scholars of settlers and one Indian boy. In 1820 he removed his school at the request of Dr. Turner, the Indian agent, to Fort Wayne, which was opened with ten English scholars, six French, eight Indian and one negro—four races represented.

On March 12, 1821, there were 39 Indian scholars. In June of the same year, in company of those scholars and Abraham Burnett (a young half breed, a pupil and a son of the trader at St. Joseph), as interpreter, on the 10th of the month he held a council with the head chiefs of the Pottawattomies in the St. Joseph valley, and explained the advantages of education, knowledge of agriculture and mechanical trades as well as he could, with his boy interpreter, and the result was a wish that he would establish a station among them for the purpose described. In the meantime the treaty was held at Chicago the same year, and Mr. McCoy not being able to attend, sent a teacher, also communicated with Col. Trimble, a senator from Ohio, on his way to Chicago and gave him a written statement of the condition of affairs and received his promise of support. To be brief, through McCoy's agency the mission project was settled; notwithstanding it was necessary to make several more journeys. Oct. 9th, 1822, he set out from Fort Wayne with four men, some of his oldest Indian scholars—22 persons in all—with two ox wagons, one four-horse wagon and four milch cows, arriving on the 19th, the distance being less than 100 miles; work was commenced at once, and by Nov. 11th six houses—four for dwellings, one for school and one for blacksmith shop—were in such a state of completion that he returned for his family at Ft. Wayne, leaving for the mission Dec. 9th, where he arrived on the 19th after a tedious journey in early winter through snow, mud, and ice, bringing with him his wife, five children, six workmen, eighteen pupils and Indians, thirty-two persons in all, three wagons drawn by two yoke of oxen each, one four-horse wagon, five cows and 50 fat hogs.

The mission was quite successful with the exception of some privation and suffering for provisions the first eighteen months.

Other teachers and assistants were added from time to time as needed; improvements were made in cultivation of the soil. Two hundred acres in crops, and several hundred peach trees, and some apple trees, nine hundred bushels of corn, and three hundred bushels of wheat were grown in 1825. A flouring mill was erected that year to run by horse power; the stones being made from boulders near the mission (previously they had used a hand mill), being the first power mill within a long distance. These stones are, at this writing, relics in the Berrien Pioneer museum. The mission was closed mainly in September, 1830, owing to the influence exerted by bad whites who for gain, furnished the Indians with whisky, reducing them to poverty and destitution, inciting them to quarrels, murders, neglect of business—in short, depriving them of everything of value.

Mr. McCoy and teacher labored in vain to stay their downward career, and it was through their advice and influence that they were finally removed to the Indian territory, now Kansas. Through the influence of Mr. McCoy at a treaty held upon the Wabash September 15th, 1826, with the Pottawattomies, there was granted to 58 scholars of Indian descent in the Carey mission school on the St. Joseph, to be selected under his direction, one quarter section of land each, and $500 worth of goods for said pupils.

Many of the above facts in regard to Carey mission were taken from Austin N. Hungerford's able article in Berrien and Van Buren county history. In connection with this it may be of interest to mention briefly, Christiana McCoy, a very remarkable woman, the wife of Rev. Isaac McCoy, whose maiden name was Polke. The creek rising in Newburg township, Cass county, emptying in the St. Joseph near Elkhart, was named after her; their camping place one night on the trip from Fort Wayne to the mission being near its mouth. During the Indian border wars in Kentucky, at a stockade fort, Kindler's Station, where she was born, but previous to her birth, the station was surprised by Indians while most of the men were absent, killing the few men and many of the women and children, and taking the surviving women and children as prisoners; among them her mother and three children, one boy and two girls. They were taken to Detroit, where the mother was delivered of another child, and when the infant was born the mother was ransomed by British officers where she supported herself and child by her needle for three years, the three other children being taken by Pottawattomie Indians to the St. Joseph river.

For three years the husband thought his family dead at the mission. At last the mother found means to let him know of her whereabouts, and he went alone through the trackless forests over 300 miles to greet his lost ones providentially spared. Every aid was offered him by the officials to recover his family,—he went alone, and at last found them, two with one family of the Pottawattomies and one with another by whom they were adopted. When the children learned who he was, and his purpose of coming, they ran and hid, and it was with difficulty they could be pursuaded to accompany him, or their foster parents to give them up; the children having forgotten even their native tongue. This transpired certainly,—so writes a son of Mrs. McCoy—within a few miles of the site of Carey Mission where years after, another sister of the captives went through trials, toil, and tempest to repay the same people, some of whom were still living, with richer and more enduring blessings.

Before closing the history of Carey mission school, a brief account of one

of its pupils should not be omitted. Solicia Nimham was born at Stockbridge, N. Y., in 1813, and came with her parents about the year 1820 to Fairville, Ohio. In 1821 she accompanied her cousin, Elizabeth Slommer—the only relation her mother had—west, to school, she being a pupil in Mr. McCoy's school at Fort Wayne. Solicia was eight years old at the time of leaving home, and never saw her parents afterwards, but heard that her mother died the next year after she left. She has no recollection of the trip to Ohio, except the wagon stopping to let her cough, for the reason that she had at the time the whooping-cough.

In December, 1822, she came with the school to Carey Mission, being only nine years of age; the trip being made on horseback, in her case, where she remained as a pupil and help till the mission closed.

In July 1829, she married Elmer Emmons, and on leaving Carey lived a few years on her claim which had been selected by her husband near Door Prairie, Ind., and then moved on section ten, in Howard township, Cass county, where her husband died in 1870, leaving a fine farm of 240 acres, which is still in her possession. Since her husband's death she has resided with her daughters, who are married and well settled in Keeler township, Van Buren county. As may be inferred from her position as pupil in the school, she has some Indian blood in her veins; but it in no wise detracts from her appearance, or that of her intelligent daughters. Her memory of events is good, recollecting perfectly well Gen. Cass, Major Long, and other notables whose business called them to the mission. She has been quite a reader till lately her eyesight is somewhat impaired. A sampler worked at the school when a girl is about the only relic she has of her school-days. I think she must be the oldest resident of the State, in the Lower Peninsula, outside of Wayne, Macomb, and Monroe counties.

While at school, Detroit east, Fort Dearborn west, and Fort Wayne south were the nearest settlements. What changes in her experience! yet she is in full possession of her powers of mind and body, only sixty-nine years old, with hardly a gray hair in her head, and yet a school-girl in western Michigan within ten years from the Chicago massacre, and not one hundred miles from the place of its occurrence.

To go back again to the first settlements of southwestern Michigan, other than traders and missionaries. In 1822, Esquire Thompson, a Virginian by birth, was the pioneer farmer of the St. Joseph valley. He followed McCoy in 1822, before the mission buildings were completed, coming from Union county, Indiana, and after spending a few days, returned.

In the spring of 1823 he returned, and after a few days' examination, located on the east bank of the river, just above Niles city, built a cabin, planted a few acres of corn, and returned for his family, consisting of a wife and four children. The Indians objected to his raising corn, stating that their ponies would destroy it, and that he had no right there; but he discussed the treaty with them, knowing that he had rights, and claiming them; said that he would raise corn or die. They said: "Much brave," and left. His first crop was destroyed, however, and he was under the necessity of going to Indiana for provisions, but persevered, and had no further trouble. His daughter Rachel (Mrs. Rachel Weed, of Niles), was born in 1825, being the first white child born in the valley.

In the spring of 1825 Baldwin Jenkins looked the country over, and chose a location in Pokagon, Cass County, put in a patch of corn near Niles, and

after exploring some farther, went back for his family, arriving at his future home in Cass county, one mile north of Sumnerville, November 22, 1825, taking possession of a vacant wigwam for the first winter, having been preceded two days by Uzziel Putnam, Sr., who was the first settler of Cass county, whose farm is in sight and adjacent to Pokagon village, on the Michigan Central railroad, and whose son, Hon. Uzziel Putnam, Jr., was the first white child born in Cass county.

"At this time," says Rogers's history of Cass county, "there were but nine white families in western Michigan (except the mission), seven in Berrien, and two in Cass; Fort Wayne being the nearest settlement."

After this, settlers increased slowly, still coming from the Fort Wayne route. In the fall of 1828, Dolphus Morris left Ohio and came to Joseph Gardner's, in Pokagon township, Cass county, and in the spring of 1829, March 27, settled in Van Buren county, on the northern part of Little Prairie Ronde; this being the first settlement of Van Buren county. So Thompson in 1823, in Berrien county, Putnam in 1825, in Cass county, and Morris in 1829, in Van Buren county, are the pioneer settlers of the counties named.

The military road between Detroit and Chicago was commenced in 1825, and completed about 1832. From that time settlers commenced coming gradually from the east, or by schooner to St. Joseph, but most of the prairies of southwestern Michigan were settled by southerners from Ohio and Indiana, mostly coming on the Fort Wayne route.

The writer of this came with his father's family that way in 1833, arriving July 1 at Little Prairie Ronde, which is in the northeast part of Cass county, and at that time there were no eastern settlers on the route, except several at Cassopolis, the county seat.

'Squire Thompson was a model backwoods pioneer, hunter, farmer, trapper, statesman, merchant, lawyer, counsellor, arbitrator, politician, interpreter, guide, all combined in one person. Born in 1784, he was 39 years of age when he settled in Michigan, in the prime of life. Though he had difficulties with the Indians at first, they respected him as they became better acquainted with his manly qualities, and he assisted Gen. Cass frequently in his dealings with them, owing to his extensive knowledge of the country. He frequently made trips to Detroit by the only road at the time—the Indian trail—packing on a pony or his back the three indispensables of frontier life, powder, lead, and salt, taking in return, the only exports, skins and furs. His varied qualifications were of the utmost importance to the settlers, sometimes guiding new comers to the choicest locations he knew of, going often twenty miles away to show a prairie or favorite farming site, being absent two or three days without money or pay, unless it was some help in return on the farm; counselling settlers and Indians alike, arbitrating disputes, pettifogging his neighbors' lawsuits with clock peddlers and fanning mill men, which were not unusual in the early history of Michigan, and almost invariably winning the case over the village lawyers. Money was no object to him, and he did not waste his time in acquiring it. His wants were few; only in the coldest weather would he wear a coat, rarely a hat. Pantaloons, faced with buckskin or leggins, a red flannel shirt open at the throat at all seasons, was his ordinary costume. In politics he was a Whig, being enthusiastic for Harry of the West, and the first political speech in Volinia, Cass county, was by him in favor of the great commoner. Thompson emigrated to California, where he died in 1850.

Baldwin Jenkins was a direct descendant of the Boone type of pioneers. In 1799 his father moved from Pennsylvania to the Cumberland valley, Tennessee. The son was born at Fort Jenkins, Penn. The family afterwards moved to Green county, Ohio, from which place Mr. Jenkins emigrated to Michigan. He was a man of uncommon ability, possessing a marvelous memory,—could tell the state of the weather for years past, and also what he was doing on any day inquired about. He could recall minutely events that had transpired years previously, and knew the name and age of every inhabitant of the neighborhood. He was the first justice of the peace in Cass county, one of the first county judges appointed under the territorial law, and a member of the first constitutional convention. He died in 1847 at his daughter's residence in Berrien Center, Berrien county, universally beloved and respected.

Dolphin Morris, the pioneer of Van Buren county, moved from Deer Creek, Sciota county, Ohio, to the farm previously spoken of, where he lived till his death, which occurred January 7th, 1870, aged 71 years. He was very prosperous in business, notwithstanding a limited education, leaving a property worth $60,000 to $80,000, besides providing farms for all his children except his youngest son, to whom he left the homestead, where he and his young wife were brutally murdered on the night of September 28, 1879, the mystery of which remains unsolved to this day.

Up to the years 1835-6, when land speculation set in, nine-tenths of the settlers were from the south, or who came that way. They were a cheerful, contented people, whose wants were few and those easily supplied; hospitable to a fault, the latch strings of their cabin doors had knots in the end and were always out. No one was refused accommodation, white or Indian; the cabin was never full. They had plenty of time to visit or for amusement. Clearings were rarely made, as they settled on the prairies first; when settled in the woods several acres cleared for corn was all that was needed, that crop furnishing bread for themselves, food for horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs, and the stalks for fodder. The food of the early settlers was generally corn bread, pork fattened in the woods, fish, venison, turkeys, water fowl, and other game in its season; turnips, potatoes, sweet and Yankee pumpkins, cabbages and other vegetables of the common varieties. Fruits consisted of cranberries and crab apples, sweetened with dried pumpkin, wild plums, grapes, strawberries, huckleberries, and blackberries. Drinks at meals were wheat, corn, evans root, and sassafras tea and coffee; otherwise, whisky generally for callers, and nearly always at raisings, log rollings, harvest and hog killing times. As a general thing their chief business was to live, having but little propensity for speculation. Markets were not of much importance, as they had few products to sell; necessarily few to buy. This, of course, refers to the early comers. It is reported that Jenkins made butter and cheese, which were sold at Fort Wayne, but the main reliance for marketing produce was to new settlers.

A farmer's outfit of implements was an ax, iron wedge, bull plow, which was a bar shire and landside combined, with wooden stock and moldboard; shovel plow, harrow, which often was a tree top, or crotch with wooden teeth; and sickle. Most of small grain was harvested by sickle as late as 1830 to 1833, and that instrument was in use up to 1835. Wheat and oats were stacked around a circle, in the center of which was the threshing floor of dirt, raised a little toward the centre, upon which the sheaves were placed and

trodden out by horses, the winnowing at first being done by two men waving a sheet while a third threw up the grain. Threshing machines began to make their appearance about 1842, at first having no separators.

The dresses of the women were commonly linsey; sometimes for summer, cotton cloth, home woven, was used, colored yellow by home made dyes, or brown sheeting, colored with oak bark a variegated brown, made up waist and skirt in one piece, and gathered at the waist by a cord run in a shirr. Sun bonnets were used for ordinary wear, frequently none, and for dress occasions some antiquated straw covering which did duty for years regardless of fashion. Shoes were home made, from leather dressed at tanneries on shares, and made up by local or traveling shoemakers. Men were clad in jeans, blue or butternut, home made, different shades of color as the skeins of yarn took a lighter or deeper hue. Pantaloons were frequently of buckskin or faced with the same material, that is, covered front and rear where it would do the most good. The upper garment was something like a blouse, called wamus, reaching nearly to the hips; no waist or belt; sleeves gathered at the wrist; fastened at the throat by a single button and tied at the bottom by the corners. Vests were not worn ordinarily. Coon or fox skin caps were not unusual.

In view of the time already occupied I will, with permission, close with a short extract from a historical address delivered in 1876, referring to this class of settlers.

In 1825 the Chicago road was laid out and built as a military measure, leading from Detroit to Fort Dearborn, Chicago, by the U. S. Government at an expense of $250,000. The Erie canal had just been completed, steamboat navigation had been successfully inaugurated on the great lakes, and the descendants of the Puritans and followers of Hendric Hudson came hand in hand by aid of these improved facilities for migration. Landing at Detroit, they divided; one party following the Chicago road, peopled the southern tier of counties; the other stream went directly west on the line of the Territorial road, established at about the year 1834, and settled the second tier of counties; but when they reached the counties of St. Joseph, Cass, Berrien, Kalamazoo, and Van Buren, they found themselves preceded by the adventurous successors of Daniel Boone and his coadjutors, who having crossed the Cumberland and Alleghany mountains, had spread themselves over Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and following in the track of Gen. Wayne, this advance army of civilization had established their pickets in these counties, picking out the choicest portions of the country. All honor to these daring spirits whose habits and disposition were such that they waited not for canals, steamboats, roads, saw-mills, grist-mills, or stores, hardly for the extinguishment of the Indian title, but came with their teams, stock, and implements, with their wives and little ones, camping out by the wayside—no base of supplies to fall back on, their resources the forests around them—exchanging the comforts of civilized life for the privations of the wilderness; the security of towns and villages for the dangers of ravenous beasts of prey, venomous reptiles and the deadly miasma incident to the opening up of a new country. Instead of friends and neighbors, their companions were the descendants of the followers of Pontiac, the warriors of Tecumseh, whose heir-looms were, perchance, the scalp-locks of their ancestors. All honor again to these brave men and women who cut roads, built bridges, and spent weary days in toilsome marches to lay the foundations of our present prosperity.

A HISTORY OF THE BLACK HAWK WAR OF 1832.

BY HENRY LITTLE, OF KALAMAZOO, IN 1875.—THIRD REVISED EDITION.

INTRODUCTION.

The long cold winter of 1831 had passed away, with its snow and ice and cold piercing winds, and warm lovely spring had come, with its warm balmy breezes; the gentle showers and the genial rays of the sun had infused new life and vigor into everything belonging to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The grass had again bedecked the earth with its mantle of green; the joyous birds were pouring forth their melodious notes; the wild cock of the prairie hens, with gladsome but plaintive voice, saluted the returning mornings with his ah-nung, ah-nung, ah-nung; the prairie snipe, with long slender legs and long tapering bill and symmetrically-formed body and beautiful neck and plumage, uttered his loud, shrill, startling screams. The pioneers being animated with hopeful anticipations of the future, were diligently employed in arranging their new, rude homes.

But suddenly that bright, animating picture was eclipsed by dark shadows and portentous clouds. At that time there were a few log cabins, dotted down here and there, on the border of Gull Prairie, sometimes at a great distance from each other. Some of these cabins had been but just completed, while some of them had been there several months. At that time a small field was inclosed with a fence on the north, and a smaller one on the south side of the prairie. The most of those cabins were destitute of any kind of improvements or conveniences about them. As we looked out from our solitary abodes, there was before us one vast expanse of prairie, in its pristine desolation and solitude, without occupants, fences, roads or paths, except Indian trails. And there those solitary cabins stood, in their gloomy loneliness, like silent, solemn sentinels, keeping watch and ward over Nature's slumbering inanimate domain.

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

A messenger had come in great haste (who was at once recognized as one of my neighbors), who said the Indians in the far-off northwest were making war upon the white inhabitants of that region, that they had crossed Lake Michigan at the northwest of us, that the Indians of Michigan were in alliance with them, that the whole combined multitude of blood-thirsty savages might fall upon us at any moment, and that Isaac Barnes had directed him to notify and summon every man on Gull Prairie, capable of bearing arms, to

immediately assemble at the residence of said Barnes (which was one mile north of the place now known as Gull Corners), to adopt measures for repelling the invaders. But a moment's thought on my part fully satisfied me that in many particulars the suppositions were entirely groundless and chimerical, notwithstanding the pallid countenance, the trembling limbs, and faltering voice of my informant left me no room for doubting his belief in the correctness of the appalling news.

When I arrived at the residence of Mr. Barnes, I there found assembled some twelve or fifteen of my friends and neighbors, all engaged in earnest conversation about the threatening calamity.

I soon discovered that no one of them was very anxious to be a participant in those bloody conflicts. Many of them supposed that their neighbors might go to the war as well as not to go. Some proposed to leave the territory immediately for the east, as report said a few families really did leave during the summer on that account. Some proposed the immediate erection of a log fort, but feared that the red skins might be upon us before the first tree could be felled. One man declared that he would not go to the war but for his supposition that he could not be cleared by simply paying a fine, but that the penalty would be imprisonment. One man was sorely afflicted with lameness; another man had removed one of his boots and was sitting on the ground examining his great toe, which had recently received a bad cut by a sharp axe. One man said that it was of no consequence what became of him, but oh, what would become of his wife and children! I had two commissions which I had received from one of the New England governors, which had given me rank and distinction in the military line, and served me very well in that country, which commissions I was willing to throw in either as a gift or a loan, but I did not propose to go or in any way be a participant in the affair further than being a spectator, because I considered those sensational reports as being altogether too unreliable to be entitled to one moment's serious consideration and too preposterous for any sane man's belief. And there ended the first act of this awe-inspiring drama.

ORGANIZATION OF THE PRAIRIE BATTALION.

But the curtain immediately arose again, and revealed to our astonished vision Mr. O. W., who rose up and said that he was an orderly sergeant. As there was not any military organization whatever in this part of the territory it was a query with me from whom he had received his appointment and warrant. But it was no time to be nice about trifles, when our whole country was about to be annihilated by millions of savages. He began issuing his orders to the men, and commanded them to come forward and to form themselves into a line. The most of them obeyed the command, but while some refused he informed them that in that trying emergency, in that hour of our country's great peril, no one would be excused except on the ground of positive physical inability. We then discovered that with that high and mighty magnate was the seat of absolute power. Whether that power was inherent in himself, or whether he was blazing forth the borrowed authority of some foreign potentate it was not our privilege to inquire. He had suddenly become more dignified in his bearings, and he stood more erect than formerly; his corporeal dimensions had expanded some fifteen or sixteen degrees. I was really astounded to behold what an immense mass of human greatness one

pair of legs could sustain and carry about, and how it was possible to crowd so much knowledge into one cranium was past my comprehension.

As he strode up and down that long line of ten or a dozen newly pledged soldiers, the very earth trembled beneath the majestic tread of his ponderous feet. He spoke great swelling words, like one having authority; hear him,—"Front face—close up on the left—no talking in the ranks—present arms." At that juncture, Isaac Barnes appeared in front of the battalion, and read a letter which purported to be from Dr. David E. Brown, of Prairie Ronde, which letter stated that the Indians in northwestern Illinois, or *somewhere* in that distant region, had taken up the hatchet and were on the war path, murdering all the white inhabitants and devastating everything before them, and it was feared, at the time of that writing, that those savage monsters might be somewhere in or near Berrien county in this territory, and requested the said Barnes to collect all the able-bodied men on Gull Prairie, and to produce them with their arms, etc., without delay, at the general rendezvous at the big island on Big Prairie Ronde.

For the time being there was a general quietus in regard to sectional or sectarian discussions. It was then of no consequence whether neighbor so and so believed in original sin or not, nor whether he believed in the doctrine of predestination, nor whether he believed that Gull Prairie would always be a purely and exclusive Presbyterian settlement or not. The great and all absorbing question then before the house was what should be done; they wanted more light. All were acquainted with Dr. Brown, and knew all about Prairie Ronde, and its big island, but they did not know how Dr. Brown obtained his information, nor by what authority he was then acting, nor how much ground there was for the fears which he expressed.

After the men had received suitable instructions, it then being near night, they were temporarily dismissed. Agreeably to orders the men returned the next morning and reported for duty. After some hasty preliminaries the column was put in motion and the Prairie "battalion" of a dozen good and true soldiers had taken up their line of march for the coming scenes of blood and carnage.

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

The transactions of that morning, with all its associations was a profoundly impressive scene; it was one of the many great startling events, which crowded one upon another in such rapid succession during that summer, which made the year so memorable in the history of this Territory.

The cholera made its first appearance on this continent about the same time, which with the fears about the war, kept those feeble, scattered infant settlements in Kalamazoo and St. Joseph counties in a perpetual state of alarm and intense excitement.

As the "battalion" moved forward nothing worthy of note occurred until it had marched about three miles, when there was a halt for water, at which time an altercation took place between two of the soldiers, named Adams and Martin, respecting a gun; neither of them owned the gun, but each of them claimed to have borrowed it of its owner. Then there were high words and fierce threatenings. Isaac Barnes very kindly suggested that they might settle the dispute by retiring a little ways from the company and try a few alternate shots at each other with the said contested weapon. Both men and

ammunition were of too much value at that time to waste in that manner, and Martin maintained possession of the gun.

In due time the "battalion" arrived at the headquarters at the big Island on Big Prairie Ronde.

The Grand Army organized. There were assembled all the military strength between Gull Prairie on the north, and White Pigeon on the south. That vast host, numbering between one and two hundred, (being the same more or less), were consolidated into one grand army. After perfecting the organization of the Grand Army of the Peninsula, it was marched and countermarched, and trained and drilled and inducted into those great and marvelous secrets appertaining to the high and glorious profession of arms. It was truly wonderful to behold how quickly raw, green materials were transformed into ripe, polished soldiers.

As was to be expected, the boys were amazingly "taken up" with their new vocation. They found it differed very widely from the old, dull, monotonous round of farm drudgery, much of which had been associated with the "birch" in early life. Some of them were so much carried away with its attractions, that they talked about enlisting in the regular service. They also became so patriotic that they talked about the American Eagle, and the "Dear Old Flag," and American liberty. They could almost say as did Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

THE GRAND ARMY DISBANDED.

After the Grand Army of the Peninsula had been thus delightfully and profitably employed about eight or ten days, the men were, much to their disappointment and chagrin, dismissed with permission to return to their homes. The men had gone out under such flattering assurances, that their expectations were high, and they had endeavored to do their duty as good soldiers. To be thus abruptly dismissed and turned out of employment and denied all further participation in those delightful pursuits, it at once blighted all their fair hopes and bright anticipations of glory and renown.

Here the reader will be curious to learn the meaning of that new and strange military movement not laid down in the books in modern times. The answer to that very reasonable inquiry is, that they had received no late or recent intelligence from the seat of war. They really knew nothing about the whereabouts, or the strength of the enemy, nor indeed that there was, or ever had been, nor that there would be any enemy.

But did they have more or better information when they called all the men from their homes, than when they were dismissed? I answer, their information was no more nor better at the first than at the second instance.

While the "Prairie Battalion" was on its way homewards, the boys viewed and reviewed the whole affair from its inception to the close of the campaign; they cussed and discussed the merits and demerits of the matter, in all its varied aspects.

They gave full expression of their views and sentiments by the use of King William's most emphatic English, and some of them almost violated the third commandment.

Once more the Prairie boys are at home again, and receive the hearty congratulations of their friends and neighbors. And once more do they resume their accustomed labors. Again the scattered oxen are brought together and united in pairs, and six or eight of those pairs are united together, forming a

prairie or breaking-up team. And again those patient, docile brutes are bending their calloused necks in drawing that ponderous plow, while it turns over the virgin soil, while at the same time the boys, with nimble fingers, are depositing the grains of corn in the cracks between the furrows, in hopeful anticipations of a future harvest. It was a grand and animating scene to behold three or four of those long teams in different directions, and all working at the same time, in "turning the world upside down," and to hear the loud shouting of the drivers, and the loud, ringing crack, crack, of their long whips, which sounded like the discharge of fire-crackers.

FEARS OF THE POTTOWATTAMIES.

When intelligence of the Saukie war reached us, the powers that be, or were, on Prairie Ronde, were very suspicious of the Pottawattomies. Those Indians had never manifested any hostile or unfriendly disposition towards the whites, but had always professed a warm and abiding friendship for us. But notwithstanding those facts, the people on Prairie Ronde stood in so great fear of them that they did not consider themselves safe until they had deprived the fifteen or twenty Indians living on and near that prairie, of their rifles. If those Indians had not been such an indolent, peaceable set of beings, it would have been a dangerous experiment, because to compel a few Indians to give up their rifles and thus deprive them of the means of obtaining their daily food, would have a tendency to enlist the sympathy and arouse the indignation of all the rest of their tribe, and to have goaded them on to avenge the wrong and degradation inflicted upon their insulted brethren. The Michigan Indians were all well acquainted with the preparations the whites were making for war upon somebody, and should not those Indians be suspicious of the whites, and moved by fear and want of confidence, have forestalled the action of the whites, and compelled them to give up their arms to the Indians?

It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. The only difference that I can discover in the two cases is, my ox, your bull. It was Mr. "Lo, the poor Indian," on the one side, and Mr. "High, the rich white man," on the other. It is probable that the whites would not have submitted to such treatment as peaceably as did the Indians. At that time there were multitudes of Pottawattomies among, and about us, on every side.

At the north were the Ottawas, who were in close and friendly alliance with the Pottawattomies. If the Pottawattomies had considered the ill treatment to their friends at Prairie Ronde a just cause of war, the two combined tribes might have annihilated all the whites in this part of the territory, at one stroke. Gull Prairie was a weak, isolated settlement in the extreme north part of Kalamazoo county. Twenty-eight miles east there were two families, where Marshall now stands, but no white inhabitants between the two places. There were no white inhabitants in Eaton nor in Barry counties. There were five families in Kent county, and two families in Allegan county. Ottawa and Van Buren counties had no white inhabitants. So that our whole available military strength was to be derived from the few infant, scattered, weak settlements in Kalamazoo and St. Joseph counties.

A NEW SENSATION.

It came to pass, "in the course of human events," in the midst of the Saukie war, and in the midst of the distressing fears of the Pottawattomies,

and at the time when they had all the cares and anxieties and perplexities of raising and equipping armies, and during that state of awful suspense, when the imaginations of mankind were so wonderfully active and fruitful, the good people of Prairie Ronde were startled and horrified by a new discovery, which seemed from its suspicious character and the magnitude of its gigantic proportions, that it would prove to be far more dangerous than all the ferocious Saukies and all the sleepy Pottawattomies combined, because, in fact, the Saukies were so far from us that it was probable they would never even hear of us, and as for the Pottawattomies, the whites had taken the arms from a few of them in hopes of making friends of the whole tribe. But, however problematical all their notions might be respecting the Indians and all other great questions of those times, that new trouble was an undeniable, fixed, solemn fact, and was then at their own doors. That new calamity produced a profound sensation, and aroused their sensibilities to the highest pitch. It was the one great, dreadful, all-absorbing, awe-inspiring, all-confounding, never-to-be-forgotten event of that remarkable period in the history of the world. The impressions made upon me at that time were so deep and lasting that even now, after a lapse of forty-three years' time, are nearly as fresh and vivid as ever. It is a cause for most devout thankfulness that so many survived that fearful crisis.

A short time previous to the commencement of the Black Hawk war, a Mr. Wells, a brother of the Hon. H. G. Wells of this place, removed from Ohio and located in Prairie Ronde, and with him came his father to assist by his counsel in making a location, and to see him get started. The Messrs. Wells brought with them several hired men to work for them. That company brought in with them several rifles for an occasional pastime in hunting the wild game. The knowledge of the existence of those rifles finally came to the ears of a Mr. Somebody or Somebodies, but who he or they were I never learned. Upon the receipt of that information Mr. Somebody was troubled exceedingly. It distracted his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night were perplexing. Whether awake or asleep it was rifles, rifles, and nothing but rifles, rifles! The more he pondered upon that great evil the worse it grew. Finally, in his despair he exclaimed that it was too much for human endurance, and that it was the last feather, and would surely break the camel's back. At last a new idea struck him which promised to extricate him from that awful dilemma, and he fortunately was not so far gone but that he might take advantage of the friendly suggestion.

In that trying emergency no time was to be lost. He therefore immediately sought out a man of good report, and in every respect competent, and one whom he might entrust with such an important embassy. In due time he arrived at Mr. Wells's log cabin, and very politely demanded that they should deliver up those six rifles to him, to be conveyed to his master. But the Messrs. Wells, being of very obstinate and unyielding turn of mind, had the audacity to flatly refuse a compliance with that gracious and reasonable request. The messenger therefore returned and reported in accordance with the facts.

But the report, instead of removing or curing the evil, only increased it most intensely. It was like the flaming torch to the dry stubble. That which before had depended upon mere conjecture, or suspicion, was now reduced to a certainty, and the addition of contempt, by a disregard of such high authority, had by no means modified or excused such a heinous offense as that of a

private citizen presuming to own and control a few rifles. If the Messrs. Wells had been well disposed people, and entitled to confidence, and having no evil intentions, would they not have manifested it by giving up these dangerous weapons, without an if? Who could fail to see there was mischief on the tapis? Who ever heard of so many as six rifles in one cabin, while many of us have not one? Why are so many young men staying about the Wells's under the pretense of working for them, while many of us have not any at all?

Who wondered that such a frightful array of circumstances should set the imaginations of the people on fire? Surely those wicked fellows were in league with the Indians, and we must take their arms from them, as we did from that dozen of Pottawattomies.

Under that state of the case, the want of action would be a crime. Therefore another messenger was immediately dispatched, bearing a peremptory imperative order upon the Messrs. Wells, for them to deliver up those dreaded rifles. But alas, alas! that second messenger was as unfortunate and unsuccessful in the execution of his high commission, as was his predecessor. The Messrs. Wells were so obstinate and unaccommodating, and so intent upon having their own wicked way, that they most emphatically told the messenger that they would never, *never* give up those rifles; but added, that in case of *real* danger, and in case the rifles were needed for the public defense, every rifle would be promptly reported at headquarters, and that every rifle should be attended by one hundred and fifty pounds of as good "Buckeye" bone and muscle as ever drew a bead on a red-skin. In time of war, when no one can trust his neighbors, nor his best friends, we must be suspicious, and guard against danger from every quarter.

ANOTHER BIG SCARE.

About ten days after the close of the first campaign our Prairie boys had partially forgotten the trials and disappointments which are incident to campaigning, and supposed the balmy wings of peace would forever shield them.

But once more our cheering, hope-inspiring, and animating prospects were to have a sudden termination. A small black indistinct speck was seen away in the dim distance on the southwestern horizon. To our anxious inquiry, the soothsayers, the magicians, and astrologers could only answer, that it was ominous of evil. That strange unknown figure was soon found to be in motion and rapidly advancing towards us, and soon we discovered it to be a horseman coming at his utmost speed; presently he reined up his foaming, panting steed, and at the same time vociferated "Indians, Indians! Indians this time and no mistake." He reckoned that there was a right smart power of them, that somebody had come mighty near seeing one or two of the real red-skins; he allowed that somebody had almost heard the whiz of the murderous tomahawk, as it went tearing through aerial space. And finally, that he had directions from headquarters to order every man on Gull Prairie with their arms, to repair immediately to the general rendezvous at Big Island, on Big Prairie Ronde, and there await further orders.

As it had been but ten or twelve days since the close of the former campaign, a very short time sufficed to put them in marching order. As there were such encouraging prospects of full employment for all who desired to participate in the pleasures of that high carnival, the ranks of the old

Prairie battalion were soon crowded with clamorous expectants, numbering fifteen or twenty, all of whom arrived at headquarters in due time.

When the Prairie battalion had reached their old quarters, they were at home again, and surrounded with familiar scenes. They rejoiced to once more meet their old comrades in arms, to feel the warm grasp of their hands, and to enjoy that hearty interchange of friendly greeting and congratulations which are so peculiar to the soldier. In times of great pressing emergencies, in time of war, it is sometimes advisable to act instantly and without a moment's delay; Bonaparte owed his wonderful military success mainly to his quick and unexpected movements.

When the prairie battalion arrived at headquarters, it happened to be one of those times when the exigencies of the case seemed to demand immediate and decisive action; consequently at that time great activity prevailed in all parts of that vast encampment.

All was hurry, bustle and confusion, the din of preparation was heard in every direction, the drums were sounding, the fifes were screaming, the flags were fluttering, the soldiers were marching and counter-marching, the war chargers were galloping up and down with their plumed riders, the old impatient war horses were neighing and pawing up the ground and "smelling the battle afar off." That was a glorious day for Big Prairie Ronde, a day that will long be remembered, the record of which should embellish the fairest pages of history, and be transmitted down to the latest generations.

I very much regret my incompetency to even attempt to sketch the rough outline. O, ye shades of Prescott, Macaulay, and Herodotus! I had seen thousands of soldiers on the tented field, and had heard the awful roar and din of battle, when at the same time the land forces were engaged with the enemy's land forces, the navy being in sight were also engaged with the enemy's naval forces, but my impressions at that time are not to compare with those of more modern times.

THE GRAND ARMY MOVES.

Soon the organization and arrangements are completed and the all auspicious moment arrived for the departure of the grand army of the Peninsula, and it took up its line of march for the seat of war. Yes, it had at last really embarked upon an untried and an unknown expedition, the results of which no one but a prophet could safely predict. It was expected to be a hazardous enterprise, to be characterized by perilous and daring adventures, of hand-to-hand encounters with ferocious savages, by heroic deeds, by marvelous achievements, and by long and patient endurance of fatigue and privations and suffering known only to soldiers.

In short the whole of the vast preparation was for war, and they meant war, real, glorious, bloody war to the very hilt. There was to be no backing out at that time, but that grand army of the great Peninsula, of the great Territory of Michigan, had then commenced one grand triumphant march against all opposing foes, and whose astonishing exploits would crown those brave heroes with glory and renown, the record of which will be read with wonder and indescribable satisfaction by future generations.

All the marvelous achievments of all the great, great generals and conquerors of ancient and modern times were now to be totally eclipsed. Even the humble historian, when he witnessed those grand and sublime scenes and recorded those interesting facts, felt his bosom swell with the emotions of

pride and ineffable satisfaction. The leaders of that army of between one and two hundred men (being the same more or less) were first, David E. Brown of Prairie Ronde, who acted in the capacity of colonel. Dr. Brown was a practicing physician and surgeon, and had risen to eminence and notoriety in his profession. Secondly, Lyman I. Danields, a young and promising lawyer of Prairie Ronde, acted as lieutenant-colonel; as Isaac Barnes of Gull Prairie declined acting in that capacity, and also refusing to proceed any further than Prairie Ronde, Danields was substituted for Barnes. Thirdly, Hosea B. Huston of Bronson acted as major. These three gentlemen were men of high respectability and much esteemed in this part of the territory. Besides these there were captains over tens and captains over twenties, and lower subalterns almost *ad infinitum*.

The army moved forward without any special hindrance or occurrence worthy of note until it arrived near the St. Joseph river, near the place where Niles now stands, where it made one grand magnificent halt.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

Then and there were assembled all the men of talents, of wisdom, of military skill and ripe experience in the profession of arms, also the learned artisans, the engineers, the grave philosophers, and men of letters.

After consulting all the books and maps and charts, and indulging in a free, mutual interchange of ideas, opinions, and plans, the result of their grave deliberations was there and then to abandon the enterprise, and all return to their respective homes.

Here the reader will ask why, that after collecting all those men, and after such an expenditure of time and money, and such great preparations for averting such a great impending calamity, should they stop at the very threshold? That is a hard question, but if he were to ask why they ever started from their respective homes, that would be a problem of far more difficult solution than the other. We have high authority for saying that "great men are not always wise."

The Dutchman said that "if his foresight was as good as his hindsight, he would do many things different from what he then did." Now, after those men had marched down to the St. Jo. and then back to Prairie Ronde, they had excellent opportunities for learning whether their foresight or their hindsight was their safest guide.

In proving addition we run the column down, and then up, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there are any mistakes, and so by the same simple method of proof, they, after running that column of soldiers down to the St. Jo. and then back again to Prairie Ronde, might possibly discover whether they had made any mistake. We have read of an old German officer, who much admired correctness in military operations. He said that: "In his youth we used to march and counter march all the summer without gaining or losing a single square league, and then we went into winter quarters. At last came Napoleon, that ignorant, reckless, hot-headed, young upstart, who was spoiling the science of war, and uprooting all those old, well established usages and customs, by flying about from Boulogne to Ulm, and from Ulm to the middle of Moravia, and fighting battles in December. The whole system of his tactics is monstrously incorrect."

Between the above two systems, so extremely divergent in their character, the army of the peninsula chose that of the German. I have heard of the

little mouse that "run up the clock," and thereby gained a high and proud elevation, from whence he could behold all the inmates of the room, and oversee all their operations, and almost fancied that he was monarch of the whole realm. But as soon as the clock struck one, the poor little timid mouse had lost all his great high-mightiness, and was so frightened that "down he run." But there were no threatening or alarming demonstrations to frighten those brave soldiers at the St. Jo. unless it was their own want of foresight and discretion.

GRAND REVIEW.

Upon reviewing that grand army as it was encamped on the bank of the beautiful St. Jo., we found that it consisted principally of farmers, who with time and good opportunities, would make first rate soldiers, but were then nothing but raw recruits. The greater part of them were on foot, and the others were on horseback, their horses being equipped and caparisoned in the most primitive and grotesque style imaginable. The men were armed, some with rifles, some with muskets, some with shot-guns, and some had no shooting iron of any kind. They had no wagons nor any camp utensils or implements. They had no ammunition, nor provisions, nor blankets, nor clothing, except what each man had on or about his person, which they had hastily snatched up when leaving home, with small additions to their meagre outfit at Prairie Ronde. Before them rolled the broad, deep St. Jo., without any means of crossing it, except by swimming, unless they could borrow the small canoe kept at the missionary station near by. Beyond the St. Jo. laid an unknown wilderness of timber, of prairie, of swamps, and marshes, and rivers. There were no roads, they had no guides, there were no mails, nor was there any way existing (on their route) to convey messages to or from the seat of war, or to or from their homes, but by a volunteer pony rider. Moreover, they had failed to gain any intelligence respecting the much-desired enemy, or to learn anything concerning his strength, or whereabouts, or even whether there was, or ever had been, or ever would be an enemy. But in fact they knew quite as much then, in regard to the hostile Indians, as they had ever known, when starting from Prairie Ronde, or at any time previous to that event. Now to have taken that army, just as it was, with its alarming destitution of army and other supplies and appliances, and under such embarrassing circumstances as surrounded them on every side, and to have led it far into an unknown wilderness, and then to engage in deadly conflict with the most crafty, treacherous warriors the world ever saw, and make a successful campaign, would have required the skill and experience of a Bonaparte, and a Marlborough, with the prudence of a Washington. But neither of those great generals were there. Whether there was any one with that army, that would have been a successful leader in such an undertaking, we have no means of knowing, for the attempt was never made beyond the St. Joseph.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

They were very fortunate in at last finding a place so very favorable to them, and so well adapted to their then present wants and circumstances. It was there on the banks of the St. Jo. that they made many valuable discoveries that they failed to make elsewhere. They discovered their pitiable destitution of all the means and appliances so necessary for a successful prosecution of such a gigantic enterprise. They discovered that they could *not* discover the

enemy that they so ardently desired to discover; they also found themselves, or came to themselves (or rather their reason came to them). The prodigal son, "when he came to himself," turned square about and went directly home; had he neglected to do so he would have starved. And so with our brave warriors; as soon as their reason returned to them they resolved to return home, well knowing that if they remained long in that wilderness they, too, would starve unless they were miraculously fed with manna and quails from heaven as were the Israelites. There they also found wisdom and understanding, and discretion, and prudence. It was these important discoveries and acquisitions that gave such a powerful impulse to their right-about-face movements. That homeward movement was certainly one wise act, if indeed it was their only one. But was it necessary to raise such an army and to expend so much time and money, and to march that army to the St. Jo. simply to obtain that information? Surely it was, unless it could be obtained in some other way.

A GRAND COUNTERMARCH.

When those war-worn veterans evacuated their encampment on the St. Jo. and started homewards, that movement could not be called a defeat, because there had been no battle; they did not leave their army stores and their dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy, because they had none to leave nor was there any enemy to possess them; that was not a disorderly rout, because there was no pursuing conqueror, but it was the grand countermarch of the grand army of the lower peninsula of the territory of Michigan. Those old war-worn veterans of so many bloodless fields were pursuing their joyous and peaceful way homewards until they arrived at Christiania creek, two miles east of Young's prairie. There, darkness having overtaken them, they bivouaced for the night. After the usual preparations the men laid down upon the soft, inviting bosom of mother earth, to dream of battles fought and victories won. Night had spread its dark mantle around them; all nature was hushed into silence, not a sound was to be heard but the slow, measured tread, tread of the watchful sentinel as he paced his weary rounds. The men were complacently reposing upon their laurels. Some of them might have been dreaming of dear mother, or of grandmother, in far-off distant lands, others of wives and little ones, and of the endearing associations of sweet home; and others of the dear, lovely girls "they left behind them."

A NIGHT SUPRISE.

But their pleasant dreams and quiet slumbers were suddenly interrupted by the loud and hurried beating of the long-roll upon the drums, accompanied by the vociferous orders to "Turn out, turn out, every man! Indians! Indians!! Shaved-head and his braves are upon us! Form ranks, quick time, close order, shoulder to shoulder, by right and left oblique, close upon the center." The graceful, dignified form of Col. Danields was rendered conspicuous, as he dashed about, here and there upon his mettlesome charger, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard near by, whose electrifying sound rolled away and reverberated through the midnight darkness, and anon was heard the most unearthly whoop and yell that ever came from any Indian's throat. Stand to your arms, my braves, the foe is near! Finally Col. Daniels, having completed his arrangements, reined up his panting steed in front of the center of the column, and addressed his army, we suppose, somewhat

thusly: "Friends, comrades, and soldiers! The all-auspicious moment has at last arrived, that time so long desired; that time in which every true soldier finds his highest satisfaction. Fellow soldiers, we have been in quest of the enemy, lo, these three days, and were grievously disappointed in not finding him; but now, in his accommodating mood, he has come to us. My braves, I most heartily congratulate you on your good fortune, and I congratulate myself in having the honor and proud satisfaction of leading such well tried and experienced warriors into the field of glory and imperishable renown. My heroes, you will now have a glorious opportunity of giving additional proof of your wonderful powers and daring exploits, and marvelous achievements. My comrades, those ignorant, untutored barbarians will be but as grasshoppers, and as the small dust upon the balance, before such disciplined and experienced soldiers as you have the honor of being. Gallant soldiers, I must caution you against being in too much of a hurry; against rushing too quick, or prematurely into the fight. Restrain your impatience, and wait patiently until orders are given."

During the time the preparations were being made, another interesting and animated scene was being enacted, which was outside of the regular performance, and not put down on the bills.

In the——— there were two brothers, we will call Gem and Tem. Gem was a tolerable good farmer as well as being a valiant soldier. He owned his broad acres of choice prairie land. His "lines had fallen in pleasant places and he had a goodly heritage" on which to erect stately buildings; he had commendable ambition. He also wished to fence in the "waste places," and to dress and subdue the earth, and to cause it to "bring forth seed for the sower, and bread for the eater," and to buy and sell and get gain. While the ranks were being formed, Gem was very active in his demonstrations of running and skipping about hither and thither. He also lifted his voice high amidst the darkness of the midnight air. Gem being in the company of so many men who were hurrying about here and there, to find their places in the ranks, in the confusion and excitement, became much confused in regard to his own identity, and began to reason with himself thusly; "Is this Gem, or is it somebody else? If it really is Gem, then the question is, to be or not to be. Ah, that is the rub, and it is likely to be a pretty close rub too, but (*entre nous*) if it is somebody else, then it is quite a different affair, and he may as well shuffle off this mortal coil now, as at any other time." Gem was a good, brave soldier, and he wanted to do good execution in thinning the ranks of the enemy. Yes, he wanted to exterminate the whole savage horde by one fell stroke of his ponderous weapon. But the great and all-important question with Gem was, where should he post himself to most effectually bring about that great desideratum.

As he cast his wishful eyes about, he discovered the thick, broad-shouldered men in the ranks, and at the same time he had found his much coveted place. "Ah," said he, "those men will be a good protecting breastwork for me, and behind them I will stand, and fight and slay the enemies of my country. I will beat them (*brutum fulman*), as fine as the small dust beneath the soles of my feet. Of course some of my protecting friends will be shot down, but I hope there will be enough left to serve my purpose. While Gem pondered these things in his mind, he sang out most lustily: "I shan't stand in the front rank, nor my brother Tem shan't stand in the front rank."

When the reconnoitering party, which had been dispatched to ascertain the

position and strength of the enemy, had returned, the report was that they were unable to discover any enemy, but supposed that the red-skins had ascertained that they could not take the camp by surprise, but would meet with a most formidable opposition, and had therefore taken to their heels, and had effected their escape by flight; upon which the army broke ranks, and the men again laid themselves down to rest, and congratulated themselves on new and freshly acquired laurels.

The next morning the army resumed its march homewards. After a while it leaked out that the whole affair of that memorable night was a real farce, a big scare, which had been planned and executed by Col. Danields. The chief actors had all been selected by him, and each man had been instructed how and when to play his part. And never did actors on any theatrical boards play their parts better. In process of time the army safely arrived at its old headquarters on Prairie Ronde, where all the men were discharged, and camp Jackson was dismantled and for the time being went into nonentity. But that bloody war was not yet ended, and camp Jackson was, during that summer, several times more revived, and refitted and re-swept and re-garnished and warlike preparations were being made by its occupants.

But I must not depart from the regular order of things, and anticipate events before their occurrence. In due time the old prairie battalion reached Gull Prairie, and its members repaired to their respective homes and resumed their former occupations. Notwithstanding the frequent and appalling alarms that were ringing in our ears, and the often repeated calls for soldiers, all these efforts failed to put on foot another campaign, or to raise another grand army.

RESULTS OF THOSE CAMPAIGNS.

Many valuable results were connected with those campaigns. Those soldiers were thereby afforded a much needed relaxation from their hard, laborious farm drudgery at their homes. By calling all the able-bodied men together, we learned the great military strength of the country and where our dependence lay in case of a foreign invasion. And as one important branch of their education had been neglected quite too long, it was highly necessary to bring them together and impart to them that much needed instruction.

Another valuable result was, that not one hostile Indian has ever since been seen this side of Fort Dearborn (now Chicago). It also furnished an abundance of rich and exciting matter for filling the columns of newspapers, but unfortunately there were no newspapers at that time, this side of Detroit. It also furnished a very fruitful topic of conversation among the people. That conversation was varied and interesting, according to the then existing circumstances and prospects. That conversation seemed to be moved by the same impulse as that of the army, but it did not stop when the army was disbanded, because the people would, and did, freely and fully express their thoughts and feelings, beliefs and disbeliefs.

Sometimes, for a brief space of time, it would appear that the roar and echo of the thunder of those stormy times, were about dying away, when at the next moment, the heavens would instantly gather blackness, and the wise soothsayers would predict that we all would be engulfed in certain ruin that time, and no mistake.

The powers that were, had a restless ambition which must be gratified. Thus far, the results of all their operations had proved abortive, and conse-

quently unsatisfactory. They were dissatisfied with the Indians, and the whites, and worse than all, they were dissatisfied with themselves. Therefore they cherished a lingering, hungering and thirsting for new opportunities for gratifying their insatiable appetite for more war and more blood and more glory. If they incessantly blew the war trumpet, and made tremendous war demonstrations, and kept up a rousing hallooballoo and din about war, they might possibly induce the Saukies to abandon their warfare in the distant northwest, and travel a distance of more than three hundred miles to make us a friendly visit. If they failed in that, they were sure they would succeed in creating, and in keeping an excitement up to a fever pitch, and in interrupting and deranging all the industrial operations during that entire summer, which would result in disappointing the hopes of the poor settlers. Accordingly, about ten or twelve days after the old prairie battalion had returned home at the close of that last, and ever memorable campaign, a messenger was dispatched from headquarters.

As soon as he arrived upon Gull Prairie, he began tooting and blowing his war trumpet with all his might. The burden of his message was the old "sing song" we had several times heard before, of Indians, but at this time there were untold numbers of Indians, who were certainly in battle array and advancing upon Prairie Ronde with great and alarming rapidity, and that soon all the white people on that prairie would be butchered by the merciless savages, and that he was directed to order every man on Gull Prairie to instantly repair to that awful scene of shooting and scalping. At the time of that awful massacre which had been predicted, it is certain that one man at least escaped the scalping-knife, for about two weeks after he came upon Gull Prairie, running his horse at its utmost speed and blowing his everlasting war trumpet, and imperatively demanding soldiers immediately to go and drive away the much dreaded murderous "varmints."

These interesting scenes were of frequent occurrence. Once, in the dead of the night, we were all startled from our quiet slumbers by the awful thrilling blast of the war trumpet. We felt most profoundly thankful, that while Prairie Ronde was subject to such frequent attacks, and so often threatened, all other parts of the territory were perfectly free from all such annoyance. So frequently had those calls from Prairie Ronde been made during that summer, that the aspect of affairs was very suggestive of *imperium in imperio*. But neither the urgency of those calls or orders could induce the obstinate Gull boys to yield a compliance. They had seen enough of glorious war already. They still retained a fresh and vivid recollection of the two campaigns in which they had served when their home duties were the most pressing, spending three of the best weeks in the whole year, the cream of the twelve months, besides a considerable outlay of money, all of which they were satisfied was useless and unnecessary. They thought they had been deceived and badly sold, and that the apprehended danger from the Saukies was preposterous in the extreme. They were also of the opinion that all the calls and demands, from first to last, had been irregular and illegal. It was therefore resolved to obey no more calls, unless there was satisfactory evidence that there was real danger, and that the demand emanated from such a source as had not only the legal authority to make the demand, but also to enforce obedience thereto. Not more than enough men to constitute a decent corporal's guard, could be collected at one time at Camp Jackson on Prairie

Ronde, notwithstanding the most vigorous and persistent efforts were made to arouse the people to a sense of their impending danger.

This is intended to represent the public sentiment, and lack of coöperation, *after* the great and last campaign, which closed about the middle of May.

The people had learned there were no hostile Indians in the territory, and after mature reflection, that there was not the most distant probability that there would be any.

But the war must be continued in some form; if we could not induce the unaccommodating Saukies to come here and fight us, we could play war among ourselves and in that way keep the excitement alive. If the war was to be continued we must have men; because to attempt to carry on a war without men would be an unheard-of anomaly. And if men would not volunteer to fight and die for their bleeding country, then we must resort to force, and compel them to come and offer up their corporeal superstructure as a target for somebody to shoot at.

Accordingly, soon matters and things began to take on a serious aspect and to appear as if somebody was in earnest and really intended to "Take the bull by the horns."

The wicked and disobedient boys of Gull Prairie, not having the fear of the Saukies before their eyes, nor regarding the powers that were, had taken it into their foolish heads that they would not drop the spade and hoe, and buckle on the war armor every time a man came galloping his horse on to the prairie, and screaming with all his strength.

But that rebellious state of things could not be tolerated in the time of war. And so it began to be rumored about that Carlos Barnes, son of Isaac Barnes of Gull Prairie, had received a captain's commission. As we had three different territorial governors within as many months in that spring, I am unable to state from which of the three governors the commission came.

Captain Barnes was a confirmed invalid, and during many of the past months had been unable to perform any work. And as he was wholly unfit for any out-door operations, it was very fortunate for Captain Barnes that that new and glorious field was opened up before him, of serving his country while reclining on his couch or easy chair. Captain Barnes, soon after his appointment, went through the formality of making a draft, when three men were drawn, who were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march upon a moment's notice, but those drafted men were never called for after the draft was made. There was abundant proof in the fact of the draft alone to show that they considered all the former proceedings had been irregular and without sanction of law.

PAY AND NOT PAY.

About the middle of the next winter those three drafted men each received one month's pay, and subsequently a land warrant from the government, because, as they were informed, they had been enrolled in the government service, although never called for after their enrollment. While all the men who had served through two campaigns could not obtain one penny, because, as they were politely informed, they had not been enrolled in the government service. That was another strong proof of the irregularity of the first proceedings, for whoever has a right to call men into the public service has discharged only one-half of that duty, until he has taken all the necessary steps in providing for their pay. And further proof to the same effect is to

be found in the fact that no legal proceedings were ever instituted against the Gull Prairie boys for their non-compliance with those boisterous demands.

COLONEL BROWN'S COMMISSION.

At the time of the commencement of the Saukie war, Dr. Brown was a resident of Prairie Ronde. He was then about thirty years of age. He was not only young, but he was intelligent, ambitious, enterprising, and energetic in all his undertakings. Besides his medical practice, he opened up and perfected a most splendid farm. But he never had any knowledge, or training, or experience relating to military affairs previous to that time. When the news of the Saukies' depredations reached us, the wise and knowing ones were fearfully apprehensive that we would be instantly involved in the same, or a worse calamity, and that immediate steps should be taken to avert the impending calamity, which could only be accomplished by an overwhelming military force; and to render such a force effective, it must have a principal leader. Then immediately all the eyes on Prairie Ronde were turned towards Dr. Brown, and the name and *title* of "*Colonel* Brown, *Colonel* Brown" was first heard in the land, as we supposed, by the general consent of Dr. Brown and his neighbors, but without any regular appointment or commission from any legal source, and many supposed that he *never* had any commission. I am now happy to have it in my power to disabuse the public mind of all doubts and misapprehensions in regard to that matter. Through the politeness of a much esteemed friend, I have been put in possession of the commission of Colonel David E. Brown, formerly of Prairie Ronde, whose demise occurred about three years ago at Keokuk, Iowa.

This commission, as it now lies before me, this choice relic of the past, is a fresh reminder of olden times, with all its associations, with all its varied, moving, active, exciting scenes, and stirring events, and especially of him who had the distinguished honor to hold this commission, of the able, faithful, and impartial manner he met and discharged all the duties of life, both public and private.

I am also reminded of hundreds of others, who like our friend began with us in the wilderness forty-four years ago, who amidst hardships and great privations, labored diligently in hewing out and laying the foundations of this infant Territory, who like him, have faithfully performed their allotted task, and retired to uninterupted rest.

I am also reminded of the rude log cabin, of the soft silent tread of those moccasined feet, whose presence was made known by the sense of seeing, and not by hearing, I am also reminded of all the attractive and delightful phases of the shaking, freezing, burning fever and ague of those good old times, and of the countless myriads of hungry mosquitoes, whose voracious appetites were never satisfied, and of the thrilling melodious notes of the midnight howling wolves, and of the piteous despairing cries of the young porkers, whom the wolves had captivated and were bearing away in triumph.

Colonel Brown's commission was granted by Stevens T. Mason. It was dated the seventh day of June, 1832, and was to take effect from and after the twenty-first of the previous month. The Colonel took the oath of office before Basil Harrison, on Prairie Ronde, on the fifteenth day of June, 1832. In making the commission, a blank form was used, the same in kind as had been used by Governor Cass when in that office; the blank was probably one that the Governor left when he vacated his office a short time before.

The name "Lewis Cass" in large capitals stands at the head, and is scored with seven horizontal lines across it. Above that name and written with a pen, is "Stevens T. Mason," and between Lewis Cass and the body of the instrument, is another line of writing, to wit: "Secretary, and at present acting Governor, in and over the Territory of Michigan."

Although Colonel Brown did really have a commission, yet there can be no doubt but that the greatest part, if not all of his official acts as Colonel were performed by him before he received the commission. That opinion does not depend entirely upon conjecture or public rumor for support, but is strengthened by the fact, that it was to take effect from and after the twenty-first day of the previous month, or twenty-six days before he took the oath of office, showing conclusively that he had acted as Colonel during those 26 days, if not more. The retrospective effect intended to be given to that commission was to legalize Colonel Brown's previous acts. I suppose that nearly, or all of the Colonel's labors, both in the camp, and in the field, were before the said fifteenth day of June. How far, if at all, that Colonel Brown acted under the advice of General Brown then living in Lenawee County, I am unable to state, further than to say that we never heard his name mentioned in connection with those affairs.

It is no part of my object to censure or malign Colonel Brown. He was one of our worthy and highly esteemed citizens, and unquestionably intended to do the best that he could under those trying and perplexing circumstances. He was young and inexperienced and many of the people were wild and frantic with the insane excitement, and some were almost dying with fear, because behind every waving bush and tree their fruitful imaginations had pictured an Indian with an uplifted tomahawk. Colonel Brown was therefore continually subjected to a tremendous outside pressure, by way of urgent importunities to do something for bleeding humanity.

COULD THE SAUKIES REACH US?

This question of course can not, in any way, effect us at the present day. But it was once a very grave question, and if it had received at that time, the same cool, deliberate, dispassionate examination as I can give to it now, while sitting in my sanctum, very different results would have been attained. It would have saved a great amount of time and money, which was expended to no purpose, and also that feverish excitement, and much ill will and sour feelings.

Before I proceed any further I will take the liberty to state that I have no personal wrongs or grievances, or sacrifices to complain of, and if I had at that time, the lapse of forty-four years would have effectually obliterated every particle of it. I did not take any active part or in any way participate in those affairs. Therefore I am not responsible for any of the acts or results connected with that war. As a true and faithful historian, I must collect, arrange, and detail the facts as they are found to exist. Now to the question, could the Saukies come here? To which I answer most emphatically, no! And that if they desired to come, it would have been impossible for them to have done so.

The supposition or expectation of such an occurrence was extremely preposterous, and all such notions and ideas must have originated in imaginations that were highly excited and disordered. My conclusions, I believe, will be made to appear reasonable from a cursory consideration of some of the

facts in the case. The real seat, or focal center of the war, was nearly three hundred miles from us. The entire destitution of mail facilities to that region of country, rendered it impossible to obtain anything like correct or satisfactory information. Consequently it was left for the imaginations and conjectures of the people to do their utmost and abundant work. It was supposed that the Sauk, Fox, and the Sioux tribes of Indians were allied and firmly united together as one man and constituted the great principal or central controlling power. And to those three tribes (now become one) there was allied their near neighbors, the Winnebagoes and Chippewa Indians. It was a long time before we heard of the name of Black Hawk, therefore it was the work of the imagination to create and enthrone some great, high and mighty sachem, or king, or emperor, and clothe his high and dreadful mightiness with plenary power. And with that great and overwhelming force, their neighbors, the Pottawattomies, either from fear or choice would readily coalesce. And to that already irresistible force would be added the Ottawas, for the Pottawattomies never go to war without the Ottawas. Those seven tribes, or nations thus leagued and allied together, in their onward march of blood and carnage, would sweep the country from the Mississippi to Detroit, leaving nothing but a barren, desolate waste behind them. With such hideous phantasms, as I have imperfectly sketched, to be continually before the mind, would be a pretty trying ordeal to be subjected to. We will now turn from the fanciful, ideal, or false, to the real or true side of the picture.

A short time before the commencement of the war, and at the time the Saukies crossed to the east side of the Mississippi, their whole force numbered just three hundred and sixty-eight men, and no more, nor no less.

The Saukies did not have any confederates or allies in, nor any assistance from, any Indian tribes. The Saukies all the while during those four months of war, with only 368 men to begin with, and whose numbers were constantly being diminished, they, those 368 men, that small handful of brave, resolute men, single-handed and alone, manfully contended for their rights, and heroically met on the battle-field and fought against those who outnumbered them many times over, and the bare mention of the name carried fear and consternation even hundreds of miles from the immediate scenes of their operations. The number of the Saukies was not only thus limited, but they were encumbered with their wives and children, and entirely destitute of resources or supplies. When they landed on the east side of the Mississippi they had no thought or intention of making war upon the white settlers who occupied their lands (or lands the Saukies claimed as theirs). In the simplicity of their minds they supposed that they would peaceably regain possession of their lands and dear old homes and favorite hunting grounds. Their old homes were all the world to them; it was their paradise, and it was endeared to them by all the tender and delightful associations of a lifetime. Their attachment to their homes was as strong and lasting as are ours to our favorite homes.

They regarded those white settlers on their lands as intruders, as robbers, as desecrators of their sacred shrines and of the honored graves of their fathers. They were willing and determined to risk and stake all for the accomplishment of that one great all-absorbing, soul-inspiring object. Are we to suppose that the Saukies would abandon their enterprise, which by them was more highly prized than all things else, and be persuaded to go in pursuit

of far-off, distant, and unknown objects, or to be deterred one moment in the prosecution of their work unless compelled by a superior opposing force?

A part of the Pottawattomie tribe of Indians were scattered over and occupied the northern portion of Illinois. Another portion of the same tribe of Indians were dispersed over and occupied the seven southwestern counties of this territory. And immediately north of them and through the Grand river country was the Ottawa tribe of Indians.

Those two tribes had long been bound together by the strongest ties of confidence and friendship. The Pottawattomies spake of the Ottawas as their elder brothers, and considered it a great honor to receive their chiefs from the Ottawas. The British induced both tribes to serve as their allies during the war of 1812. Both tribes, with Noonday, chief of the Ottawas (whom we afterwards knew very well), were present and participated in the burning of Buffalo, N.Y., which occurred December 13, 1813.

His serene highness, Mr. Noonday, was a tall, straight, well-proportioned, well constructed specimen of the Nish-a-nob-bee race. He was reserved, solemn, demure, and dignified in his deportment.

Her ladyship, Mrs. Noonday, was a short, dumpy, unassuming lady of the old school. Nature had not seen fit to make her very attractive by the bewitching, fascinating charms of personal beauty, and what little there might have been of feminine comeliness in her features had been sadly marred by an ugly scar upon the left side of her face.

As my mind reverts back over the forty-four intervening years between that period of time and the present, multitudes of the curious interesting reminiscences of those early times are called up, and come crowding upon my mind with such force that I find it difficult to dismiss them. This portion of our mundane sphere was then just awaking from its long repose of unknown ages, and was about to arise and don its artificial robes and ornaments.

If its early morning attire is so beautiful and lovely, what will be its noonday and its evening costume?

In the month of June in every year, from 1812 to 1834, the two last named tribes went to Malden to receive from the British government their annuities for their services in that war.

All the while from 1830 to 1840 (when they were removed west) the most friendly and intimate relations existed between those Indians and ourselves.

They were a very quiet, modest, peaceable, inoffensive people. They had so great an aversion to bodily exertions, and were so extremely indolent, that nothing but the prospect of immediate pinching want could arouse their dormant energies. We had a me-jash pa-lav-er (big talk) with the Pottawattomies and the Ottawas. They disclaimed having any knowledge of, or in any way respecting the Black Hawk war. They at the same time promised to make known to us any and all facts in regard to the matter which might come to their knowledge.

According to the estimation of our Indians, the Pottawattomies, Ottawas, Winnebagoes, and Chippewa Indians, were me-jash-me-sha-shin (very good, or "much good"). While adjudged by the same standard, the Saukies, Fox, and the Sioux Indians were mee-ah-nett Nish-a-nob-bies (bad Indians). They said that if they came here they would kin-na-poo (kill) them. They also said that if we were going to make war upon the Saukies, they would mar-chee kin-chi-mo-ka-man niu pop-se-si-gon, kin-a-poo mee-ah-nett

Saukies (to march with the whites and carry their rifles with which to kill the bad Saukies).

Those Indians were a protecting wall of defense on all sides of us, to sound the note of alarm upon the first indications of danger. A mutual dependence upon each other existed between the whites and the Indians. We wanted their venison, buckskins, fish, berries, honey, beeswax, deer's tallow, etc., and they wanted our corn, potatoes, pumpkins, melons, flour, meal, bread, and many other things. If the missionaries to the Indians who were stationed at Grand River and at Niles, were capable of exerting any influence over the Indians, that influence would certainly be in our favor.

If the Saukies attempted to visit us, that must have been effected by passing a distance of more than two hundred miles, which was then thickly inhabited all the way by their old bitter enemies.

Any such movement on the part of the Saukies would be known to the Pottawatomies at once, by the entry of the Saukies into the Pottawattomies' country in northern Illinois, which would arouse their jealousy and resentment, and they would, if possible, prevent the further progress of the Saukies through their country. If the Pottawattomies were unable to maintain their ground against the advancing enemy, they would fall back this way, towards where more and more of their brethren, the Pottawattomies, would be found.

War, or serious difficulty, could exist but a short time between those two tribes, before all the Pottawattomies in Michigan would be aware of the fact, when they and the Ottawas, their friends and allies, would hasten to the scene of conflict by the hundreds and hundreds, so that the Saukies would be compelled to fall back or they would be annihilated. At all events their progress this way must have been so slow, that our people would have had due notice so as to make ample preparations for their coming.

I am fully aware that these facts can be more easily learned and understood at the present time, than they could be at that time. But with all those difficulties in the way, it does appear to me that enough might have been learned, so that with a little reflection, and an ordinary share of discretion, and judicious management, more satisfactory results would have been reached and secured.

THE WAR IN OISCONSIN.

The facts, or the substance of the facts, embraced in the following account of the Black Hawk war in Oisconsin, have been collected from various authentic sources, and at different times.

This account will be fuller in detail, and will contain a few additional facts, but in other respects it will not differ materially from my second edition of this history, which was published several years ago.

Oisconsin (now Wisconsin) was attached to the Territory of Michigan at that time, for protective and judicial purposes.

At that time the Territory of Michigan proper contained a population of between thirty-one and thirty-two thousand souls—a little more than the present number of inhabitants of Grand Rapids, and about twice and one half as many as the present number of inhabitants in the "Big Village." A little more than two thousand of that vast multitude (of nearly thirty-two thousand) were crowded into the old and much renowned city of Detroit. At that time the upper peninsula, with its icebergs and barrenness and desolation and want of attraction, was "nowhere," and did not belong to anybody.

In the month of February, in 1804, Major Stoddard, with the U. S. troops under his command, took formal possession of the land on the east side of the Mississippi river, near the mouth of the Wisconsin river. On the fourth day of November, in 1804 (nine months after the above named date), two Sauk chiefs, with one Fox chief, and one common Indian, without the knowledge or consent of their people, by a treaty ceded that land to the United States government. By the terms of that treaty, the Indians were permitted to occupy said land, and to hunt on the same so long as it was owned by the United States, i. e., until it was sold.

We have no evidence to show that the Indians had ever before the said month of Feb., 1804, offered or contemplated offering to cede their lands to the United States, or to any other government, nor that there was any treaty under consideration, or that such had ever been proposed by the whites or Indians. But on the contrary the Indians had so much love for, and so strong an attachment to their lands, which was their home, that they were decidedly opposed to selling or leaving their land, and to having it occupied by the whites. I say that they were *opposed* to all this, because of the fact, that Major Stoddard took forcible possession of their land, which he probably would not have done if it could have been acquired by purchase or treaty. So that what could not be effected by a treaty was accomplished by the sword.

It is to be remembered that that act of Major Stoddard was nine months prior to the time of the pretended treaty of the next November.

We are, or claim to be, an enlightened, civilized, educated, refined, Christian nation. We have our laws, make treaties with other nations, and claim to pay great deference to our laws, and treaty obligations. We are also great, and rich, and powerful. But the Indians are unenlightened, uncivilized, ignorant, rough, and uncultivated, and their religion is barbarian heathenism. Their laws are not written codes, but are the laws of nature, and such as, for the time being, are suggested by the impulse of the moment, and the circumstances which surround them. Their treaties (when they have any) are such as were dictated by the whites. They are a mean, low, filthy, lazy, treacherous, poor, weak, despised set of barbarous, worthless vagabonds. Now then, when such a great and good people as we are, are dealing with such obnoxious vermin as the Indians are, who can suppose that we could have the least regard for the principles of religion or morality, or law or justice, unless it would be for our own personal, individual interest to do so? But if the Indians, when seeking to be revenged for some unprovoked injury from the whites, should burn a squatter's cabin, or drive away his cow, or take his scalp, or even insist upon holding possession of their land, which they had never sold, then our just and sanctified indignation rises to the boiling pitch, and our whole nation is convulsed from its center to its utmost limits.

THE TREATY OF 1804.

I am unable to state what rank or position was held by the two Sauk and one Fox chiefs who assumed the power and responsibility to sell that land. Among the Pottawattomies in Michigan, there were different grades of official functionaries, ranging from the head or principal chief, down through lower or subordinate officers, all of whom we (for want of other names or titles), called chiefs. It is probable that the same or similar rules and customs, appertaining to their governmental affairs, existed with the Sauk tribe. It appears

evident from what followed, that it must have been inferior or subordinate chiefs who arrogated to themselves the power to enter into that treaty, and that too, without the knowledge of the other chiefs, or even the common people.

When Black Hawk, principal chief of the Saukies, received information concerning that treaty, he then and always after most emphatically and persistently denied having any knowledge of the transaction at the time it took place or afterwards, nor did Black Hawk or his people ever acknowledge its validity or binding force.

It does not appear that any proposition had ever been made to Black Hawk or his people (except as above) for their land, until after the war in 1832.

That treaty, such as it was, whether it was or was not valid, purported to give the title of that land to the United States, and the same instrument stipulated that the Indians should be permitted to occupy the said land, and hunt upon it so long as the same was owned by the United States.

If there was any virtue in one part of that pretended treaty, then certainly there was in every part, and if that treaty gave the Indians the right to occupy that land, then certainly by implication, if not otherwise, they would have the right to a quiet, peaceable, and unmolested occupancy of the same. The U.S. Government took good care to see to it, that that part of the treaty, which was for its own interest, was faithfully and rigidly observed. I have dwelt somewhat lengthy on this part of the subject, because here we find the starting point, the place where we begin our reckoning, the time and place where that great question originated, to wit: about the ownership of that land, which both parties claimed and which was the sole and only cause of the war.

THE SQUATTERS.

In 1827 some dozen or fifteen squatters arrived and took possession of that contested land. The squatters were very troublesome to the Indians, by turning their canoes adrift, to be carried down the river, and by cutting and breaking their canoes into pieces, and by annoying the Indians most grievously in diverse ways.

The squatters said that they were going to buy the land when it was brought into market. All the complaints and entreaties of the Indians failed to bring them any satisfaction for the injuries which had been inflicted upon them, or to prevent their repetition.

The Indians remonstrated loudly and persistently against the occupancy of their lands by the squatters, but all to no purpose. The Indians said, that if the United States pretended to claim their lands by virtue of that bogus treaty, even then the Indians would have the right to occupy it and hunt upon it, until the land was actually sold by the United States to a third party, and that they would have the right to occupy and use all that portion of the said lands which were not so sold. Those squatters had not bought and did not own one square foot of that land; they were only going to buy at some future time.

THE LAND OFFERED FOR SALE.

In 1828 that land was offered at a public sale of United States land at Springfield, Illinois, at which time the number of squatters, all of whom were going to buy land, had increased to about twenty, but among all that

miserable, beggarly crowd of twenty land pirates who had occupied the Indians' land, and sorely annoyed them under the pretense that they were going to buy, but when the opportunity was offered, only *one* of them did, or could buy one-quarter of a section of that land.

FORCIBLE REMOVAL OF THE INDIANS.

In 1831, three years after their lands were put on the market, General Gaines, with a sufficient military force removed the Sauk tribe of Indians to the west side of the Mississippi river. The Indians were much dissatisfied with the treatment which they had received from the whites during the past 27 years, and their lacerated feelings were smarting intensely by the remembrance of those unprovoked injuries of the past, and finally by their forcible ejectment from their own lands and from their much loved homes and hunting grounds. The Indians were also much dissatisfied with their new homes which had been assigned them, and their hearts yearned continually for their dear old homes where the dust of their ancestors reposed, on the east side of the "Father of waters."

THE INDIANS RECROSS THE RIVER.

About one year after the Indians had been removed to the west side of the river, they, being unable to content themselves in their new home, resolved to return to their former home, and therefore they, in the spring of 1832, recrossed to the east side of the river.

When those Indians returned to their old homes upon the east side of the Mississippi they had no thoughts or intentions of making war upon the whites, nor did they for once suspect that the whites would make war upon them.

But those poor, ignorant, simple-minded creatures verily supposed that in compliance with their entreaties, and in view of all the facts, they would regain peaceable possession of what they considered as being their own land, or, at least, if they failed to obtain a recognition of their ownership of the land, they supposed that they would be permitted to live there without molestation or trouble.

I said that the Indians did not anticipate war; that not only appears from their own declarations, but it is also evident from the fact that they had made no provision or preparation for war. Their whole available force when they recrossed the river in 1832, amounted to only three hundred and sixty-eight (368) men, and they were encumbered with their women and children; they were also entirely destitute of supplies or resources of any kind.

The Indians never start upon the war-path before making some preparations, and one among the first things they do is to provide for their women and children, not only to secure a safe retreat for their non-combatants, but to be free from such a serious encumbrance.

When those Indians were in that poor, miserable, helpless condition, they could not presume to make war upon one of the most powerful nations upon the globe. They had already been made aware of the military strength of our country by the action of Major Stoddard and General Gaines. As that wretched, destitute, beggarly set of fugitives were standing there on the bank of that noble river, they were more fit for the alms-house, than to make war upon the United States Government. Behold those abject, imploring creatures standing upon the bank of that river with outstretched hands, begging, entreating, and importuning in the most pitiable manner, and reasoning

upon the justice of their claims, and trembling with fear lest their rights might be denied them. Does that look like war? Both reason and common sense answer NO.

There those poor, despised, helpless wretches stand upon the bank of that river, as pitiable objects of charity and commiseration rather than fear. As yet they had not advanced into the country, but were waiting for replies to their requests. They had not committed any barbarous or criminal act, nor uttered any threatening words. Why, then, I ask in the name of reason, and justice, and humanity, should they be subjected to such inhuman treatment as was meted out to them in not only refusing to restore their land to them, but refusing to allow them to remain in the country, and lastly, to crown the scene of horrors, by attacking them while standing there upon the bank of that river and shooting them down as dogs or ravenous wolves, as when

GENERAL STILLMAN ATTACKED THEM?

When thus attacked they simply defended themselves like courageous braves, because it was impossible for them to have done otherwise. If they would not defend their own lives and the lives of their wives and children they did not deserve to live. Then and there, by that attack of General Stillman, was the commencement of that war, and with it began all those horrible, soul revolting scenes of savage like ferocity, of butcheries, of scalping, burning, and desolating, of indescribable suffering and misery, which was brought upon those poor white people by that unfortunate event. I mean what misfortunes befell the white people weeks and months after that first battle, and not what occurred while the battle was being fought. I am unable to give any information as to the number of killed and wounded in that battle. It is certain, however, that the Indians were not all killed, and it is also certain that they immediately left that battle field on the bank of that river. Their women and children mostly remained near the river, where they sustained themselves upon the fish from the river, while the men dispersed themselves abroad here and there in small or large companies, as best suited their inclination or necessities.

From and after the time of that attack upon those Indians, they were a changed people in manners and conduct. Instead of standing on the bank of the river while demanding their rights, and then afterwards becoming humble beggars and suppliants, they had ventured to assert their manhood and their independence. Instead of being inactive until they were attacked and defending themselves, they had ventured to assume offensive operations, and they themselves were the attacking party.

From the beginning to the end of the war, the Saukies did not receive any aid or assistance from the Winnebagoes, or any of the Indians residing in that vicinity. War in its mildest aspects is a fearful calamity, but an Indian war with all its fiendish, indiscriminate butcheries and awful horrors, is shockingly appalling.

That first attack upon the Indians by General Stillman had the effect to arouse all the savage brutal passions of the Indians, and to enkindle a flame which was not easily extinguished.

From time onward they could think of nothing but revenge, which with an Indian is the sweetest and richest prize that it is possible for an Indian's imagination to conceive of. That revenge the Saukies were fully determined to have at whatever costs or sacrifices. Neither time, nor labor, nor distance, nor fatigue, nor hunger and thirst, nor peril would in the least deter them in

the attainment of their much desired object. The Indians entered upon the prosecution of their work, with all the assiduity, and vigor, and ferocity it is possible to conceive of, and brought into requisition their full stock of sly, cunning, dexterous strategy, and being as fleet of foot as the wild deer, and dividing into small bands, rendered it extremely difficult to know of their exact whereabouts, or of their bloody work, in time to prevent the mischief, much of which was done in the night.

The ashes of the settler's cabin and the cold, lifeless bodies of the family very plainly told where they had been. The Indians were continually changing from place to place. At one time a few stragglers went in a southeast direction to within about twelve miles of Fort Dearborn (now Chicago) and killed three or four men on their route, and quickly returned.

Generals Alexander, Henry, and Dodge, who had been searching in all directions for the enemy, finally about the middle of June, fell in with the long sought for Saukies, and a hard fight took place near the Wisconsin river, when about fifty of the Indians were killed, and also one white man. Subsequently another fearful battle was fought, when the number of the Indians was very considerably reduced; after which the Indians fled north, and were concealed from the whites a long time. Generals Atkinson and Brady with troops were also in that region at the time, but I am unable to state precisely what service was rendered by them. General Scott was dispatched from the east with a military force, which was increased in numbers by detachments from the military station at Detroit. General Scott's command was transported around by water to the seat of war. While the troops were on their passage, the cholera broke out among them, and fearfully decimated their numbers.

The war was nearly or quite ended when General Scott arrived upon the ground. The remaining Saukie fugitives having fled north and taken shelter in a swamp, were found and captured by a Winnebago chief and his braves, which took place on the 27th of August, 1832, and delivered up prisoners of war to General Sweet at Prairie du Chien. The place where Black Hawk and his warriors were captured, is now known by the name of Richland, a few miles north of the Wisconsin river. Black Hawk was finally conveyed to Jefferson barracks and securely ironed.

The great and powerful armies of the United States, commanded by seven different able generals, with vast army stores and munitions of war, and with an immense expenditure of money, and having the friendly Indians to strike the last blow, after three months of hard work, finally succeeded in subjugating those turbulent Saukies to a state of orderly submission.

When that little squad of 368 poor, miserable, ignorant, destitute, beggarly Indians were completely subdued, it was an occasion of great rejoicing throughout the length and breadth of our land, because the *thought* of the ferocious, murderous Saukies had filled our whole country with terror and dismay.

When the war was brought to a close, and peace once more restored to our bleeding, distracted country, it was thought to be a favorable time to consider the question relating to the purchase of the Indians' land.

Accordingly, as Governor Porter of Michigan was then on the ground, he, with Gen. Scott and some other official functionaries, opened negotiations to that effect, which resulted satisfactorily (at least it was so to the Government).

In process of time Black Hawk, a prisoner of war, was conveyed to Wash-

ington, where he met face to face and held converse with his pale faced father, Andrew Jackson.

Black Hawk was also carried to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. In all the places that Black Hawk visited, he received much attention, and was treated with marked consideration by the dignitaries. Special care was taken to show him all the naval and military works and supplies, and to duly impress upon him a sense of the vastness of the military strength and resources of the people, against whom he had ventured to lift his little insignificant tomahawk. After a detention of some months, Black Hawk was safely returned to his western home, where he and his tribe ever after lived in peace with his pale faced neighbors.

Several years ago Black Hawk migrated to the Indian's beautiful happy hunting grounds, beyond that cold, dark river.

Peace to the ashes of one of the brave, noble sons of the forest.

CONCLUSION.

Now that the war has ended, and the roar and tumult of battle has ceased, and those murderous, fiery passions have cooled down, and those old wounds have been healed, it affords us a good opportunity for a dispassionate retrospective survey of, not only the war, but more particularly the causes which led to it.

Lest it may be supposed that it was my only intention to plead and advocate the Indians' side of the unhappy controversy, I will here state that I have given the Indians' version of the whole affair, and the reasoning which would be induced by such a state of things as they represented the facts to be. Inasmuch as the poor Indians have no one to write history for them, I have volunteered to give their side of the question and the benefit of all the doubtful aspects of their case. I am well aware that some people will say that the Indians never owned that land, and that their ancestors never owned it, and that all the Indians are a worthless set of vagabonds and have no right to live, and that a great mistake was made when they were created.

At the focal point between Fort Winnebago and the Mississippi river, where that war raged, and more particularly on the bank of that river where it began, probably it was a small affair at first, but its circle rapidly extended. Soon the news of those barbarous atrocities started on their travels, and with the speed of a race horse. That intelligence was soon greatly exaggerated in form and in detail, and thus it flew as on the wings of the wind and spread like wildfire, and increased in volume and strength with the distance it traveled.

That intelligence, like a frightful monster, rolled and surged about and swept onward with resistless speed, having blood and carnage depicted on its front, and leaving consternation in its rear. It finally reached this Territory, and that intelligence fell like an overwhelming avalanche upon our isolated defenseless settlements. It was so diffusive in its nature that it reached all the log cabins in the different settlements almost simultaneously. It found ready and easy access to every fireside, where it was eagerly devoured by the people. Soon it did its work on them most effectually, by stirring up to the lowest depths all the acute sensibilities of their natures and electrifying every muscle and fiber of their beings, and by inflaming their imaginations and raising a general excitement to the highest pinnacle. Then everything was easily magnified a hundred fold, so that for every white killed by the Indians,

they saw before their own eyes a hundred bleeding corpses, and for every Indian they saw an hundred gleaming tomahawks, and for every sigh and moan of the wind, they heard the advancing rush and hoot of those hideous incarnates. So that we are fully prepared, and we do most cheerfully make a liberal and charitable allowance for all their blunders and mistakes and apparent want of discretion, and for their undue fears of danger that never threatened us.

APOLOGETIC.

I am not certain that any apology is due from me for having attempted to write a history of the Black Hawk war. I believe that a history of important events that is *poorly* written is better than none at all. Those who were living in Wisconsin, or in the southwest part of this Territory during the time that those stirring, exciting events were transpiring, would not hesitate to say that those transactions, and their effects upon the different parts of the country, were of such great importance as to make it desirable, if not necessary, that somebody should write up said history.

I would have preferred that some one better qualified than I am would have performed the work; but when I had waited more than thirty years, and no one, to my knowledge, having undertaken the task, I attempted to do it myself. Some years later I revised that rough draft, and had it published in one of our newspapers. And now, after a lapse of several years more, inasmuch as additional facts had come to my knowledge, I deemed it advisable to revise and enlarge it again, therefore I do not apologize so much for the attempt, as for the *manner* in which the work has been executed. I hope that I may be excused for the many errors and imperfections with which this rough sketch abounds.

I am fully aware that very many gentlemen of my age (78), would do far better than I have, and I hope that all of that age would do as well. My faulty memory and confused ideas caused me to commit many blunders, such as the omission of words, which can only be remedied by interlineation. My nerves being infirm and unsteady, prevent a fair specimen of penmanship. My numerous infirmities, therefore greatly mar the beauty of my compositions.

With great and lasting respects,

HENRY LITTLE.

ELDORADO.

BY LEVI BISHOP.

Soon after the discovery of America by Columbus, the imaginary place of untold riches and gold, called the Eldorado, which was supposed to be situated somewhere in the far west, and probably, as was believed, in South America, became a subject not only of fond hopes but of firm belief in the European mind. This belief, though much shaken, must have still existed to a considerable extent in the days of Voltaire, about the middle of the eighteenth century; or if it did not then exist a clear remembrance of it must have then remained in the public mind, for we find in a romance of this author entitled "Candide, or, L'Optimism," perhaps the best account of the imaginary Eldorado to be found in any work whatever. A full translation of this part of the work referred to would be of interest, but I have thought that an abstract of the description of the Eldorado would furnish an appropriate paper for this society.

In the course of the romance, Candide, a native of Westphalia and the hero of the story, after many adventures found himself in Paraguay in South America. He had brought with him from Europe as his servant or companion a Spanish quarter breed, a native of Peru, who had before been in Paraguay. By a strange coincidence, which among the old romancers is very apt to happen to wanderers in quest of adventures, it so turned out that Candide had slain an old acquaintance who had become a Jesuit priest, and he and his companion were, in consequence, compelled to fly the country in disguise, in order to avoid condign punishment.

Having escaped beyond the frontier and having experienced many adventures while wandering about in an unknown country, they finally made an accidental discovery of the celebrated Eldorado which thousands upon thousands had sought and had perished in the seeking, but which no European had ever before been able to discover.

The discovery of the Eldorado and the description of it are thus given by the great romancer. After wandering many days Candide and his companion came to a small river whose banks were shaded by cocoanut trees. A canoe was found on this river into which our adventurers embarked with their scanty baggage and a few cocoanuts for provisions, and under the direction of Providence committed themselves to the current, hoping that it would lead them to some settlement, and believing that they would certainly find things that were new even if they did not find those that were agreeable.

They passed down several leagues between banks which were sometimes covered with flowers and which were sometimes parched with excessive heat;

sometimes the river was bordered by beautiful prairies, and sometimes high bluffs arose to vary and to beautify the scene. The river grew wider and wider, and at length our travelers passed under a vault of rocks which rose to a frightful hight—even to the skies. The adventurers abandoned themselves to the waves in the vault; the river became narrower and they were plunged forward with frightful rapidity, amid deafening thunders of the rushing waters.

After a twenty-four hours' voyage in this terrible cañon the light of day appeared, but the canoe was dashed in pieces upon the rocks. In their exhausted condition our voyagers were obliged to drag themselves from rock to rock for an entire league, when an immense plain surrounded on all sides by inaccessible mountains opened upon their view. The lands were cultivated as well for pleasure as for the comforts of life, and the useful was everywhere combined with the agreeable. The public ways were covered, or rather ornamented, with carriages of attractive form and of brilliant materials. They carried ladies and gentlemen of singular beauty, and they were drawn by a species of large red sheep, which surpassed in swiftness the fleetest horses of Andalusia.

"Ah!" exclaimed Candide. "Here is a country which surpasses even my own Westphalia." Our adventurers stopped at the first village, in the entrance of which they saw several children clothed in golden brocade, much torn and soiled, playing at quoits, and they rested awhile to amuse themselves with the game. The quoits were large and round, and they seemed to combine the colors of yellow, red, and green so as to exhibit a remarkable brilliancy. On examining one of them they were found to be composed of solid gold, emeralds, and rubies, the least of which would have served as the greatest ornament to the throne of the great Mogul. Our travelers took these children for members of the royal family of the country, but soon the magistrate of the village came and ordered them into their school, where they all went, leaving their quoits behind them as if they were of no value. Candide at once gathered them up, ran after the preceptor and humbly presented them to him, giving him at the same time to understand, by signs, that their royal highnesses had forgotten their gold and precious stones. The magistrate threw them down with a smile, looked at the strangers with surprise, and quietly continued on his way. The travelers gathered them up, and concluded that the children of the king of this country must be remarkably well bred, inasmuch as they were taught to despise gold, emeralds, and rubies.

Candide and his companion now went forward to the first house in the village. It was constructed like the palaces of Europe. A crowd was about the door and a still greater one inside. The sweetest music charmed the ear, while a grateful odor proceeded from the preparation of food. Finding that the Peruvian language, which was understood by the companion of Candide, was spoken in the place, our voyagers entered and found that what had appeared as a palace was only an ale-house. At once two boys and two girls dressed in cloth of gold, and having their hair tied with ribbons, approached and invited them with great politeness to take their seats at the table. Dinner was then served in courses. First came four courses of soup, each of two parrots. Then boiled slices from an enormous vulture weighing over two hundred pounds. Next, delicious roast pieces from two well fed monkeys. And finally, several hundred humming birds served upon elegant plates. The whole was accompanied with exquisite relishes and closed with delicious

pastry. The repast was served on dishes of a species of rock crystal, and was abundantly flavored with several kinds of wine made from the juice of the sugar cane. The guests were wealthy merchants and gentlemen of extraordinary politeness, who asked many judicious questions of our travelers and answered with great circumspection many that were put to them in turn.

At the close of the repast our adventurers, by way of paying for their dinner, threw down two of the large pieces of gold which they had gathered up in the streets. At this the host and his wife were greatly amused and almost split their sides with laughter. The host at length said to them that they were strangers, such as were not often seen there, and asked pardon for laughing when they offered to pay their bill in the stones from the streets; that they probably had nothing to pay with, and it was not necessary that they should have in order to dine there, as the expenses of all public houses were paid by the government; that he was afraid his guests had not been as well entertained as they desired, but this was on account of the smallness and poverty of the village, and that everywhere else they would be received according to their merits and to their entire satisfaction.

"Ah," exclaimed Candide, "what can this place be, which is unknown to the rest of the world, and where everything in nature is different from what it is in our own country? It is quite probable," continued he, "that here everything is for the best, for it is absolutely necessary that there should be such a place somewhere, and I have often found that everything goes wrong in Westphalia."

As our travelers exhibited much curiosity to see the country, the host introduced them to a very old gentleman, who was said to be the wisest man in the kingdom, and who was very communicative. This gentleman took them into a house which was very plain, for the door was nothing but silver, the wainscoting though worked with much taste, was only of gold, the ante-chambers were encrusted only with rubies and emeralds, and the whole house appeared to be arranged with the utmost simplicity. The old gentleman received the strangers upon sofas upholstered with the feathers of humming-birds; and having presented them wine in vases of diamonds, proceeded to satisfy their curiosity in the following words:

"I am now one hundred and seventy-two years of age; and I learned of my late father, who was shield-bearer to the king, of the extraordinary revolutions in Peru of which he had been a witness. This is the ancient kingdom of the Incas, who, many years ago, sallied out from here very imprudently in order to subjugate another part of the world, but who were finally destroyed by the Spaniards. The princes of their family who remained in the country acted a wiser part, for they decreed, with the consent of the nation, that no inhabitant should ever thereafter leave our little kingdom. This is what has preserved to us our innocence and our felicity. The Spainards have long had a confused knowledge of this country. They call it the Eldorado, and an Englishman by the name of Raleigh approached it about one hundred years ago; but as we are surrounded on all sides by unapproachable precipices, we have been, down to the present time, sheltered from the rapacity of Europeans. Those strange people exhibited an unaccountable furor for the stones and dirt of our land, in order to obtain which they would slaughter every man, woman, and child of our people."

This conversation was long. It turned upon forms of government, upon manners, upon women, upon public spectacles, and upon the arts. Finally Candide, who always had a taste for the metaphysics, asked the old man if

there was any religion in that country. The old man reddened a little and then replied: "Can youdoubt it? Do you take us for ingrates?" He was then asked what was the religion of Eldorado. The old man reddened again, and inquired if there could be two religions. "I think," said he, "that we have the religion of the whole world. We worship God from evening till morning." He was also asked if they worshiped only one God. To which he replied that "apparently there were neither two, three, nor four Gods; and" he continued, "the people of your country propound very strange questions." On being asked if they prayed to God in the Eldorado, he replied: "We do not pray to him at all, we have nothing to ask of him; he gives us all we need and we return thanks to him without ceasing." Desiring to see the priests of the country, Candide inquired where they were. To which the old man replied with a smile: "My friends, we are all priests; the king and all heads of families, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians, chant solemn thanksgivings every morning. Here we have no other priests and we are all of one opinion."

After this long conversation, the old gentleman harnessed up a carriage with six sheep, and sent twelve of his domestics to conduct the strangers to the royal court, excusing himself from going, on account of his old age. The carriage flew with the speed of the wind, and soon they were at the palace of the king. The door-way was two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred feet wide. It was impossible to tell what the material was of which the palace was composed, but it was at once plain to be seen that it was infinitely superior to the sand and shells which our adventurers called gold and precious stones. Twenty beautiful young ladies received the strangers from the carriages, and conducted them to the royal baths; and afterwards invested them with robes manufactured from the down of humming-birds. This being done, the distinguished gentlemen and ladies of the court conducted them, between two files of musicians, to the apartment of his majesty. On approaching the king, the strangers enquired of an officer how they were to salute his majesty; if they were to fall on their knees, or flat on the floor; if they were to put their hands on their heads, or on their backs; if they were to lick the dust of the floor; in a word, what was the ceremony? and being informed that they were to embrace the king, and kiss him on both cheeks, they at once threw their arms around the neck of his majesty, who received them gracefully, and invited them to supper.

In waiting for supper the travelers were shown various parts of the village; the public edifices, raised even to the skies; the public markets, ornamented with their thousand columns; fountains of pure water and fountains of rose-water; fountains in public places, out of which delicious wines flowed continually from a species of precious stones, and from which a delightful odor, like that of cloves and cinnamon, was diffused through the atmosphere. Candide requested to be shown the court-house, the parliament-house, and the public prison, but was informed that there were none such in the kingdom, and no lawyers or law suits. He was shown however a palace of sciences, in which there were many physical and mathematical instruments.

Returning to the royal palace, our adventurers were seated at the table with many ladies and gentlemen of the court, and soon the best of good cheer prevailed, with a lively exchange of wit and joyful repartee.

The travelers remained for a month in this charming earthly paradise, par-

taking of every enjoyment which even an imaginary Eldorado could afford, when they concluded to ask leave of absence, and to take their departure.

The king told them of the folly of so doing, saying that he knew his kingdom was small, but when people were well off they ought to be contented. He told them they were at perfect liberty to go if they pleased, as no sort of tyranny was to be found either in the laws or manners of Eldorado. He informed them, nevertheless, that it was difficult to leave the kingdom; that it was impossible to return by the chasm of the river through which they had come; that the mountains which surrounded them were six thousand feet of perpendicular height and that each one of them was over six leagues in extent; and that if their top were reached it would be equally impossible to descend alive on the other side. And yet if they insisted upon going he would order machines to be constructed by which the ascent and descent could be made; that when they should be on the other side of the mountain no one from his kingdom could accompany them further, for all of his subjects had made a solemn vow never to leave the kingdom, a vow which they were too wise ever to break. He then directed them to ask whatever they desired and it should be granted them. They replied that they wished simply a few sheep charged with provisions and with a few stones and a little earth of the country. The king smiled and said he could not comprehend the taste of Europeans for the yellow dirt of his kingdom; but take, continued he, as much of it as you please.

Three thousand men were accordingly set at work to construct a machine to convey the strangers over the mountain. It was completed in fifteen days, at a cost of only twenty millions of pounds sterling. Our adventurers selected what provisions, gold, precious stones, and diamonds they desired, the necessary pack animals were made ready, and the king embraced the two vagabonds and bade them adieu. It was a fine spectacle to see them rise by the ingenious machinery, over the mountains, with more wealth, as they believed, than was to be found in Europe, Africa, and Asia, and with which they were to astonish their many waiting friends at home. The guides having seen them safe on the other side of the mountains, returned according to their vows to their delightful Eldorado.

Such, according to the fanciful descriptions of the great philosopher and romancer of the eighteenth century, was the imaginary Eldorado, a name which has added, from the Spanish language, a word of vast significance to the popular nomenclature of the world. Such was the unreal locality—the attractive paradise of gold and diamonds, which was supposed to be somewhere in South America, to which the restless cupidity of the eastern world was directed. The great author from whom we have taken this sketch has drawn his picture in strong colors, as he usually draws all of his pictures, and yet his description is believed not to surpass the wild and most extravagant opinions which prevailed extensively in Europe for ages before and even down to the time when he lived, and when he wrote on the subject. Such, finally, was the *ne plus ultra* of earthly hopes and expectations, which occupied the public mind of Europe for two or three centuries after the discovery of America by Columbus, which was stimulated by the discovery of the rich mines of Mexico and Peru, which was supposed by some to have been actually reached when the gold mines and washings of California were discovered, and which is fed even now in this country and in Europe by accounts of real or fictitious mineral treasures in different regions of the Rocky Mountains.

REV. JOHN D. PIERCE.

BY DR. O. C. COMSTOCK.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, June 8, 1882.

The biography of a man who has been before the public for half a century, and has been all that time most laboriously engaged in developing the possibilities of the human heart and mind, seems to be superfluous to his compeers, and indeed it is; for the man and his work is known and read of all men. But in the flight of time, and the introduction of new men and new measures upon another and remote theater, the present actors may be less favorably known and associated with the great achievements which, to us, at this standpoint, seem most inspiring and important. The Michigan State Pioneer Society would rescue from misrepresentation and forgetfulness the men who braved the privations and perils of this then wilderness, and were successful in laying the broad and deep foundation upon which in the lifetime of many of them, have been erected institutions of religion, learning, and charities which have been models of the older States, and justly the pride of our own. In the preparation of the memoir of Rev. John D. Pierce, as requested by the thoughtful and efficient President of the Society, I have been greatly assisted by the numerous statements which have appeared in the newspapers of the State and in the published reminiscences of his friends. The task (if task it may be called) of preparing this memoir is a grateful one, and is a labor of love. Would that I was able to do justice to the man and the subject.

John Davis Pierce was born in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, February 18, 1797. From the age of two years to twenty he lived with a paternal uncle in Worcester, Mass., and was employed upon a farm, where was developed the muscular strength and energy which carried him forward without a break for more than 75 years.

After reaching a suitable age for going to school, he was sent to the common school (a very common affair in those days) eight weeks in each year. When twenty years old, his uncle gave him his time. In one year he had earned and saved by farming, one hundred dollars, with which, and one hundred dollars given him by his grandfather, he set about acquiring an education. On the evening of December 14, 1817, he took his first lesson in Latin under Rev. Enoch Pond, who prepared him for college. In September of that year he entered Brown university, and although obliged to teach three months in each year, on account of limited resources, still by close application he was graduated with honor in 1822. He taught one year thereafter,

and was one year in Princeton Theological Seminary, when he was licensed to preach by the Congregational association. His first settlement was, I think, in Oneida county, State of New York, which, after about one year's service, was disrupted on account of Masonry or rather anti-Masonry.

In the spring of 1831 he was commissioned by the Home Missionary Society to settle in a missionary capacity in either Michigan or Illinois, as he might deem best. In July, 1831, he came to Marshall, Calhoun Co., Michigan, and in the fall brought on his family. This personal history is copied mainly from the School Moderator. Rev. A. C. Thompson, in his graphic description of his journey through this state in the autumn of 1831, says among the emigrants bound like himself to a house of entertainment was Rev. J. D. Pierce and family. His wife, to whom he had been recently married, was a highly intelligent lady and connected with a wealthy family in the state of New York. She was sitting in her silks in an open ox wagon, drenched to the skin with the falling rain. Misery loves company, and I took such a liking to that company that dark night that I determined not to leave them. The road was bad, and it seemed to me that oxen never went so slow before. Late in the evening we saw the light of the long looked for tavern as it shone through the chinks of the logs—a sight most welcome to all of us. Our caravan halted before the door, only there was no door there, a blanket being where the door should be. The shanty was only partly covered with shakes, the rain pouring down at one end; a cook-stove stood on the ground in the middle of it. This was soon put in requisition, and the coarse fare was a sensible relief to us weary mortals. After supper we were prepared to retire for the night; but where to retire was the question. If there had been a garret or a cellar, we might have retired, and either would have afforded some relief. Some of the women of the company packed themselves away on the bedstead, others under it on the ground, etc. The morning came, and the rain was still falling. Mrs. Pierce sang "Home, Sweet Home," and then turned her face to the wall and wept. Poor woman! The next summer she fell a victim to the cholera, and was prepared for interment without female aid by the stricken husband and Rev. Randal Hobart. Mrs. Pierce was buried at night, and within a few hours of her decease. Mr. Thompson states that the day after their arrival at Marshall, religious services were held in the unfinished log house of George Ketchum. A young Methodist clergyman by the name of Pilcher preached in the morning, and Rev. John D. Pierce in the afternoon. I mention this statement, as I think it is required by the truth of history, to correct the prevalent opinion that Mr. Pierce preached the first sermon in Calhoun county. Indeed, Mr. Pierce himself stated at the Pioneer Society meeting in 1867, that he held the first religious meetings in Calhoun, Jackson, and Eaton counties. Col. Shoemaker says, in his history of Jackson county (see 2d vol. of Pioneer Collections) that Rev. John D. Pierce, in October, 1830, preached at Jacksonburg in a barn, being the most convenient place which the settlement at that time afforded, and that this was the first sermon ever delivered there. He adds that Mr. Pierce was one of the first white men who settled in Calhoun county. Question: Did Rev. John D. Pierce come into this State in 1830?

In the "Gazette of Mich.," published 1838, the publisher says that the first settlement in Jackson county commenced in 1831, and in Calhoun county the same year. In the 2d vol., Pioneer Collections, Mr. Pierce is spoken of

in these terms: "Rev. John D. Pierce, now of Ypsilanti, was one of the earliest and most honored citizens of Calhoun county. He came from Oneida county, N. Y., and permanently located in Marshall in 1831, and immediately entered upon his life work, to wit, preaching the gospel. He immediately identified himself with the people as their counselor and friend, to rejoice with the fortunate and happy, and to mourn and sympathize with the bereaved and suffering. He was the first Superintendent of Public Instruction, as he should have been; for he was the father of our school system."

Upon offering some resolutions at a memorial meeting at Marshall, the writer remarked as follows: "This meeting of the school board, teachers, children, and citizens of this city, to express their sense of the life and character of Rev. John D. Pierce, a former citizen, and the father of the school system of this State, is eminently proper. Here he lived and labored for many years, and it is due to ourselves, to the cause of education, to history, and to the illustrious dead, that this memorial service should be held; and there is a manifest fitness, also, in holding this meeting in this beautiful temple of learning, and under the auspices of the board of education."

The reports of Mr. Pierce, as Superintendent, will forever stand as models of learning and deep insight into the topics to which they relate. He discharged the duties of Superintendent for five consecutive years. And it should be remembered that the sixteenth section of land in every surveyed township was reserved from sale, and given to the State in trust, for the suppport of primary schools. Equal to 48,000 acres, to be selected, most of it, from any part of the State, were given as a perpetual fund, for the establishment and support of a University. The sale of this land, and the safe disposal of the money received therefor, added immensely to his labors and responsibilities. Before dismissing this branch of the subject, I desire to repeat what Mr. Pierce has himself put upon record, in reference to the valuable aid rendered him by the late Hon. Isaac E. Crary: "Gen. Crary, a graduate of an eastern college, and a warm friend of education, was, for a year or two, an inmate of my house. The condition and prospects of our new State were often subjects of discussion, and especially schools of various grades, from the highest to the lowest. Sitting one afternoon upon a log, on the hillside north of the court-house, at Marshall, Gen. Crary and I discussed for a long time, the fundamental principles which were deemed important for the convention to adopt in laying the foundations of our State. The subject of education was a theme of especial interest. It was agreed, if possible, that it should make a distinct branch of the government, and that the constitution ought to provide for an officer who should have this whole matter in charge, and thus keep its importance perpetually before the public mind.

The General went to the convention and was appointed chairman of the Committee on Education, drew up an article on that subject, reported the same to the convention; it was adopted, and became the law of the land. It provided what no other in the United States had done, namely, for the appointment of a Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The inception of this new and untried system of education met from the first, the commendation of teachers throughout the country. Prof. Taylor of Albany, N. Y., who visited this State soon after the system was put in operation, said, that "This young State has burst into existence with all the suddenness and beauty of an opening flower in the tropical climate, and although she is not the Empire State, she is destined to be the Educating State.

Michigan has a larger school fund in prospective, and a better school law in operation than any of her sister States." After a faithful trial of many years, the late accomplished Superintendent of Public Instruction, Hon. C. A. Gower, remarks: "There is hardly a thing that we consider to-day characteristic of our school system, but was boldly planned or prophetically outlined by the first Superintendent of Public Instruction of Michigan in his reports to the Legislature of this State, and that, too, at a time when there was not in all the country a State University, a State teachers' association, a normal school, or anything like organic and developed system in school work and educational appliances."

Under this law Mr. Pierce was appointed, and was the first who ever held the office in this country under a state constitution. Mr. Pierce has been a member of the Legislature, and of the constitutional convention; in each of which body he was a leading and useful member, and was very much respected and revered. As a preacher he was earnest and profound, never attempting a cheap oratory, but drawing from his sympathetic and well-stored mind, arguments solid, clear, and convincing. Imagination, *per se*, had little to do in the preparation or delivery of his sermons. His grandest efforts were put forth in his discussion of the prophecies. Mr. Pierce was not a *belle lettres* man like Emerson and Longfellow, yet he belonged to the world of letters as did Morse, and Agassiz, and Darwin. He was a divine, a philosopher, and a statesman. Every instinct of his benevolent nature led him to devise wise and charitable plans for the enlightenment and salvation of his fellow man, and especially children. How like himself is his utterance on this subject: "To me it is a matter of thankfulness that God in his dealings with man has taken such peculiar care of children. How often do we meet with this expression, so tender and affectionate, 'and you little ones' and with what warm sympathy does it come home to the heart to see the Lord Jesus blessing the young, even taking little children in his arms and blessing them?" But the end has been reached. Mr. Pierce died at the residence of his daughter, in Medford, Mass., April 5, 1882, in the 86th year of his age. His remains rest, by his own and oft repeated request, in the cemetery in the city of Marshall.

"Lie calm, O white and reverend head!
Lie calm, O dead, that art not dead,
Since from the voiceless grave
Thy voice shall speak, to old and young."

[The present is an age prolific of monuments erected to the memory of great and good men. It may be questioned whether any other man has conferred on the whole, so great and lasting good to the State, as John D. Pierce. Let us erect a monument worthy of his prophetic wisdom, and so honor ourselves by honoring his memory, and leaving a lesson in stone to our posterity. This subject is earnestly commended, especially to all who are connected with the educational interests of the State, by the Compiler.]

DEATH OF PETER NAVARRE, THE FAMOUS SCOUT OF THE WAR OF 1812.

From the Toledo Commercial, March 21, 1874.

Yesterday the venerable Peter Navarre died in East Toledo, at the boarding-house of Mrs. Rogers, and thus closed the life of one who played a distinguished part in the terrible struggle which secured to us the possession of all this Northwestern territory. Peter Navarre was born of French parents, at Detroit, in 1785, and was consequently in his 89th year. His grandfather, Robert de Navarre, was an officer in the French service, and emigrated to Canada in 1745. In 1807 his parents removed to Cedar Point, on the southern cape of the Maumee Bay, and there Navarre has ever since made his home.

He and his brothers early became noted for their courage and skill in woodcraft, so much so that the Indians of the country, while being on the most friendly terms with the young Frenchmen, also had a most wholesome respect for their prowess.

Peter in his youth and prime has been described as being over six feet in height, slender and straight as an arrow, and swift and active as a panther. He excelled in all feats of agility, and especially in running had no equal among the red men. He retained his activity until late in life. At the breaking out of hostilities with Tecumseh, Navarre and his brothers, four in number, took sides with the Americans, and soon distinguished themselves by their courage and efficiency. The troubles with Great Britain followed close upon the heels of the Indian war.

On the 1st of June, 1812, General Hull started from Dayton with his little army of 2,000 men, which the War Department fondly hoped would be sufficient to conquer Canada, and on the 24th he reached the Rapids of the Maumee, where he was joined by the Navarres, and several other frontiersmen. Navarre participated in the futile advance which Hull made into Canada, and the inglorious retreat to Detroit. After the still more inglorious surrender of that place, Navarre escaped, and made his way back to the American lines, in company with Major William Oliver and the Shawnee chief, Logan. The two latter made their way from Gen. Harrison's headquarters at Cincinnati, and reached the beleagured Fort Wayne in season to save that garrison from falling into the hands of Tecumseh.

Navarre, who seemed to have an especial luck at this time in getting into trouble, attached himself to General Winchester's command, and was with him when he made his ill-fated advance to the River Raisin; he participated in the victorious engagement of the first day, and joined his advice to that of other experienced scouts in warning General Winchester of the injudicious conduct which rendered the army an easy prey to the enemy, and made the

famous "massacre of the River Raisin" possible. Navarre managed to escape, his knowledge of woodcraft giving him advantages which he turned to good account.

After this, he rejoined General Harrson, and performed distinguished service in passing through the lines of the hostile Indians and bearing dispatches to Governor Meigs, and the commanders at Upper and Lower Sandusky, giving information of the investment of Fort Meigs. The letter to Governor Meigs was delivered to that gentleman at Urbana, the fifth day after Navarre received it at Fort Meigs.

He accompanied General Harrison in his advance upon Canada, having joined the Kentucky cavalry of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, and was among those that killed Tecumseh. He said of the death of this chieftain:

"He was standing behind a large tree that had blown down, encouraging his warriors, and was killed by a ball that passed diagonally through his chest. After death he was shot several times, but otherwise his body was not mutilated in the least, being buried in his regimentals, as the old chief desired by myself and a companion, at the command of General Harrison. All statements that he was scalped or skinned are absolutely false."

Knapp's History says:

"While at Malden, Gen. Proctor, of the British army, offered the Indians $1,000 for the scalp of Navarre, and was informed that if he wanted it he must exercise more than ordinary courage and vigilance, as in times of peace the Indians had taught him all their knowledge of woodcraft, and now it was, almost impossible to capture him."

After the war Navarre returned to his home at Cedar Point, where he has resided since. He married, and raised a large family of children. His sons all inherit their father's soldierly spirit, and all of them served through the last war with great credit. Two sons are now in the regular army, and the others are settled on the River Raisin.

He was granted a pension of $8 a month by the Government, which has served to eke out the scanty income produced from his farm. A few weeks ago, when he became ill, he sought the house of his old friend, J. Kent Seaman, who took him in and carefully tended to him, until compelled to go to St. Louis, when he had him removed to the Temperance Hotel, where he died yesterday morning. There was little doubt from the first that his end was near, though his mind had failed greatly and he was hardly conscious of his situation.

HIS FUNERAL OBSEQUIES UNDER THE AUSPICIES OF THE PIONEER SOCIETY.

The funeral obsequies of the late Peter Navarre, the veteran of 1812, took place at St. Louis (French) Catholic Church, on Sixth street, East Toledo, Saturday afternoon, under the auspicies of the Maumee Valley Pioneer Society.

At 9 o'clock in the morning a meeting of this Society was held at the office of Kent, Newton & Pugsley, when the necessary arrangements for the funeral were made, which was appointed for the afternoon. This brief time for preparation, of course, accounts for the comparatively small number in attendance. A Committee on Resolutions was appointed, consisting of Gen. John Hunt, Henry Bennett, Esq., and Capt. Chas. Kent, who are to report at some future time. The following gentlemen were also selected to act as pall-bearers: Mayor W. W. Jones, Gen. John Hunt, Judge John Fitch,

Judge F. L. Nichols, Alderman Kent Seaman, Capt. Chas. Kent, Capt. John J. Manor, Henry Bennett, Esq., Mayor Brigham, Esq., and Russell Daniels.

At the appointed hour the pall-bearers and other members of the Pioneer Society, a detachment of the Walbridge Zouaves, under command of Lieutenant William Cuddey, the Union Silver Band, the relatives of the deceased, and quite a number of friends, assembled at Mrs. Rogers's Temperance Hall, where Mr. Navarre was stopping at the time of his death, to view for the last time all that was mortal of the dead hero, and escort him to his final earthly resting place.

The casket which contained his remains was of polished walnut, without ornamentation, excepting a silver plate bearing the name and age of the deceased. It was draped with the American flag, fastened thereto with bands of crape.

An opportunity having been given for those who so desired, to view the deceased, the coffin was closed, taken to the hearse and borne in procession, headed by the band, to the Church, where an audience of about 200 had assembled. The usual funeral services of the Catholic church were performed, Rev. Fathers Felix Geauthiere and John Quinn officiating. Father Quinn delivered a short address, thanking those present for according to the deceased these last rites, and animadverting on the gratitude and generosity of a Government that rewarded those who arose to defend it in a time when men's lives were not worth a day's purchase, with the beggarly pittance of a pension of $8 a month. The deceased had been a connecting link between this generation and one that had disappeared; and the present occasion brought to mind the wonderful progress that had been made in the period covered by his life—a period which embraced the greater and most important part of the history of the American republic, and which had witnessed greater and more wonderful changes and advancement than any other equal period of time in the world's history. The present occasion also served to teach lessons of patriotism, and to remind people of the worth of it in times of need. It should bring to mind the fact that to patriotism a debt was owing which should be requited, and in no mean way.

When the services had closed, the procession was reformed and marched to the Cherry street bridge, the band playing the Dead March in Saul, and halted for those on foot to enter carriages, which were in waiting at this point. The march was then resumed, and continued without interruption to the Catholic cemetery on Collingwood avenue.

Immediately on arriving there, without any ceremony, the coffin was placed in a box, lowered into the grave, over which three volleys were fired by the Zouaves, and Peter Navarre was then left to his long rest.

JOHN JUDSON BAGLEY.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY GEORGE H. HOPKINS.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, June 7, 1882.

A pioneer society is the present looking at the past—the living communing with the dead. As we advance in age the memories of our fathers and mothers grow more and more dear. We delight to recall their deeds and their virtues.

Go, visit New England and the Eastern States any pleasant day in summer or autumn, and you shall see the pilgrim from the West visiting the home of his father. You may see him in the lonely churchyard, at the graves of his ancestors, carefully deciphering on the tombstones, worn by the hand of time, the inscriptions, rudely carved it may be, telling the story of those lying beneath—born, died; birth, death—between the two is gathered all there is of history.

What do the records of the Pioneer Society show? They tell of the toil and privation of him who would make for himself a home in the wilderness. Turning from the comforts and luxuries of the old home—a home to him no longer save in the memories of the past—he seeks towards the setting sun a new home, and becomes a pioneer, with all that word implies; and in its meaning it covers all the trials, the sufferings, the hopes and triumphs of the discoverer in the new-found land. With all this labor and privation the pioneer is not an unfortunate man; he is not an unhappy man. I doubt if any class of men or women found more real enjoyment and pleasure than the pioneers of our early days. The fact that for themselves they chose to forsake the old for the new, made their daily toil a pleasure. None the less do we owe them. They made it possible for us to live in a veritable land of promise. Through their toil came our rest. By their pain comes our pleasure. Through their want comes our plenty.

And the duty we owe to them and to ourselves as well, bids us cherish their memories. The Pioneer Society of Michigan, in thus honoring those who but a few short months since were of us, honors equally the living present. The pioneer roll of Michigan contains the names of many heroes—men and women who toiled and rested not—men whose first love and thought was for their family and home, the next state and country. They loved their state

like as the mother loves her first-born. Of and among such was John Judson Bagley. Himself a pioneer he came from a race of pioneers.

John Judson Bagley was born at Medina, Orleans county, New York, July 24, 1832. His father, John Bagley, was born in Durham, Green county, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1800. His grandfather, John Bagley, was born in Candia, New Hampshire, April 21, 1759, and was a descendant from the Bagley family who came from England early in the 17th century.

His father's mother was Olive Judson, a daughter of Capt. Timothy Judson, a soldier of the revolution, and a descendant of William Judson, who came from Yorkshire, England, in 1634, and lived at Concord, Mass., a few years; thence he moved to Stratford, Conn., at the first settlement of that town. Rev. Adoniram Judson, the noted foreign missionary, was a descendant of the same family.

His grandfather's mother was Sarah Hooker, a direct descendant in the third generation of Rev. Thos. Hooker, who came from Hartfordshire, England, in 1635, settled in Hartford, Conn., and planted the first church in Connecticut —an eloquent, able, and faithful minister.

Very soon after the close of the revolution, his grandfather, Capt. John Bagley, and his brother, Cutting Bagley, left their father's home in New Hampshire, with their young wives, making the journey across the country on horseback to Durham, Green county, New York, where they bought land on the eastern slope of the Catskill mountains, eighteen miles from the Hudson river. The Bagley homestead there was on the bank of a beautiful mountain stream, which falls in a fine cascade on the farm.

The brothers built a log cabin, and the two families lived together several years, until, as their children grew up, the farm was divided, and two homes were made. While living on their farm, the two young men were visited several times by their father and mother, who made the journey from their home in New Hampshire on horseback. The last visit was made in a buggy, which was the first vehicle of the kind seen in that part of New York. A few years later the father of Gov. Bagley moved to Medina, New York, and subsequently lived in Lockport, New York. When John was eight years of age, his father removed with his family to Michigan, stopping a few months at Mottville, St. Joseph county, and then settled at Constantine, in that county. His father was a tanner in New York, and continued in the same business in Michigan. The family were in moderate circumstances, and John began his business career in a country store in St Joseph county. A short time after, we find him an inmate in the home of their old family physician, while living at Lockport, New York, Dr. J. B. Barnes, then living at Owosso. For some months he remained in Dr. Barnes's family, and attended school with his children. Shortly after the Bagley family followed John to Owosso, the father entering business with Mr. Rufus Colter, and John being engaged as clerk in the store of Dewey & Goodhue.

When about sixteen years of age he decided to leave Owosso and seek for himself a business engagement in Detroit. Friends and acquaintances he had none there, but what mattered that to him? Employment was the one thing he then sought, confident that all else desirable would soon follow. Who was to be his employer, or what his employment, were matters of secondary moment. The main thing was an *opportunity* to *work*. He had a strong hand, a willing heart, and a love for toil—capital, without which few succeed, with which few fail. Arising in the morning from his hum-

ble lodging, he went at once to the foot of Woodward avenue for a view of the river and spent some time there admiring the beauty of the stream, to him almost a lake in extent. As he watched the evidences of thrift, trade, and successful business there and in the city behind him, he said to himself, "This is the place for me; I'll find something to do here." Turning on his heel, before he had reached Jefferson avenue, two streets away, he found what he sought—labor. Stopping in front of the store of Isaac S. Miller, looking at the display by the open door, the proprietor accosted him with, "Young man, what do you want?" He replied, "I want work." Mr. Miller invited him into the store, and before leaving it he had engaged for a year, and did not leave the employment of Mr. Miller till, five years after, at the age of twenty-one he entered upon business for himself.

His mother was a most remarkable woman. The proper training of her children for lives of usefulness was her constant study and care. She religiously believed that every deliberate act of the child entered into the character of the man. To her it was a sin for the mother to neglect or refuse to correct the child when a wrong, however slight, had been committed. I cannot better show the character of the son than to give you the characteristics of the mother, and some illustrations of the training the boys received. She was not impetuous, but whatever she decided to do, that she did with her might, and put her whole heart into the work, yet there was no appearance of haste. She put great stress upon the bringing up of her boys. She never failed of an opportunity to call their attention to the effect that would follow every act in their lives. They must black their boots every morning, have their collar clean and neat, because every town must have some first-class children in it, and all fine children give evidence of care. "To black your boots, John, will show you are to be counted among the best," said his mother.

When he began work as a traveling salesman for his employer, Mr. Miller, a tobacconist, his mother insisted that he take letters from a friend of the family, a clergyman and leading citizen, to the leading men in the towns where he had to stop. He laughed at the idea—going to ministers, deacons, and teachers when traveling for a tobacco house. She claimed it was the way a man worked, and the people he associated with that marked and showed character, and not the thing worked for.

About this time in his hours at home "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" was read aloud by some member of the family. His mother, as the book was read, was thinking of the effect of the book on the Nation—on the present civilization. His father would take down the Bible—get at the history of slavery—talk of the cotton crop. Who was going to raise the cotton? He thought we "better not get too much stirred up." She thought we had better not talk, but organize a Free Soil party without delay, and know for certain the sentiments of every man in Michigan. She wanted facts, statistics, and *then move*. He thought it would "all come out right at last." Then Mrs. Bagley would straighten up, put down her sewing and answer, "Not unless we shape it." In this way John was taught from infancy that he was one of the active forces in shaping the society and polity of Michigan.

At one time John had been visiting friends in Cleveland, and soon after, his mother said to a mutual friend who had met him there: "The Western Reserve was settled by the best people from New York and New England; the

society is fine, Cleveland is their metropolis, but didn't John look equal and superior in manly qualities to them all?" "I did so want a boy of mine to inherit the best blood back of us." She believed him the brightest, strongest-minded boy in Michigan. She was the first who had faith in him.

When quite a lad his mother had given him directions as to some marketing for the table, and he was to send up the articles at once. He was busy, or thought a little delay would be of no account, so waited till he came for dinner and brought them himself. Soon as he met his mother he saw that he had made a mistake, and as a penalty offered to pay for the articles from his little pocket store. She rose from her seat, stood tall and commanding, and replied, "John, it is not money I care for; it is the formation of your character; that is forming every day by every act; you would not treat your employer with such disrespect for his wishes; you shall not your mother. Your mother is grieved that a son of hers could be so negligent of others' plans and wishes. I wish you to correct all such habits. I do not want you to weave any such traits into your character." At another time when John had been giving an account of some adventure she thought he put in several things that detracted from the story, and explaining it to him, said: "You must not open your mouth and let everything run off your tongue as it pleases. Choose what you will say—do what you will do. Do as much as you will do, no more—never drift. A human being must direct his tongue, as well as his feet, to be a power."

At one time his mother was correcting him for some little fault. He turned as he went out the door and said, "But, mother, I only do it once in a while." She followed him out and said, "Come back," and in the walk beside the house talked to him gently, but severely, on holding such a sentiment, as if "doing wrong once in a while was not a sin." "Would I trust a servant who stole only once in a while?" She left him; he stood leaning against the side of the house, thinking for a time; then turning to a young friend who had witnessed the interview, said: "If I could be such a man as mother wants me to be, what a splendid man I would be. She is a Roman Cornelia; it is not an easy thing to be the son of such a woman." So he went whistling out of the yard.

"This superior woman was a thoroughly educated girl," writes a friend. "She not only owned the volumes of the English classics, but had them when a girl, and was familiar with them early in life. She was born and bred in an educated family. In the wilds of Michigan it seemed useless culture. She did not live to see it shape her children's lives." But the seeds had been sown, and the life of Gov. Bagley shows how deeply they took root. The same writer continues: "She liked centralization and order. In oft-repeated visits to their house, and their visits to my father's, I heard discussions which taught me much of history and the relations of Church and State, the ideas a people held gradually shaping its institutions. She laid great stress upon the importance of individual opinion and belief, however humble the person. She almost invariably silenced her opponent. She carcarried heavy guns, loaded with learning and authority. * * * The great loving heart of John Bagley, and yet his respect for institutions to properly direct human action, was the result of his home training and his parents' character. When but a boy, but doing the work of a man he took time to read aloud to his parents from standard books on subjects of vital importance

to society. His mother's wishes during restless boyhood were his law, and this was his salvation amid great temptations. He could not be *only* a business man—the habits of his youth directed him. Politics was not simply getting offices, but a politician was one to give form to our civilization. When a boy he was greatly interested in the history of governmental affairs of the Anglo-Saxon races, and the growth of the power in people to form institutions fitted to aid them to enlightened civilization. So his religion was a rebinding of individuals and organizations to that which was true, good, and helpful. No creed that did not recognize that Humanity was divine, in the image of the Creator, could command his respect. He believed in the inspiration of to-day, and so honestly was compelled to leave the church he was baptized in, for that was an institution resting on ancient inspiration. He could not repeat, 'there is no good in us,' but 'all poor miserable creatures,' when his mind and heart disbelieved it."

Born and reared as an Episcopalian—but at the same time taught to have for himself convictions and to follow them—in the full strength of his manhood his religion was too broad to be bound and fettered by any creed. Thinking it better for every one to have a church home he connected himself with the Unitarian, as more nearly expressing his ideas of what a church should be, though his interest was not confined to that denomination. Wherever good men and women met and worshiped the living God there was his church. Such he was ever ready and willing to join in every good word and work.

He had a deep and abiding faith in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. To him the Father's infinite care was ever present everywhere. The following lines of the poet he so much loved he used to often repeat:

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the mufled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

We will let his own words tell of his convictions and belief. The following extracts from his letters written when a young man, give a correct insight into his character, and show a mind full of noble aims and correct views of the highest duty of mankind, and that the boy in the village school or the country store, the young man behind the desk or as a traveling salesman had found time to gather pearls when others were content with moss. To him the book of nature was ever open and he read the pages eagerly and intelligently:

"Jan. 16th, 1853, Sunday.

"* * * It is a beautiful morning. The sun is shining on the frosty grass, and as the frost gradually disappears, and trickles down in drops of water, it teaches me that we too, should follow the example of the sun, and shed the genial influence of a kind word and a smile, to make glad the heart of the unfortunate and sorrowful. A cheerful face, and a word kindly spoken, has melted the cold and cheerless frost from many a heart frozen by the chilling winds of sorrow. I have often thought how much better was a kind and sympathizing heart than the wealth of the world. It will secure friends that money will not buy or borrow. When I am dead and gone, I would rather

that one should stand over my grave and say: 'Here lies one who, when others crushed, gave me a helping hand, one whom I can never forget for his friendship,' than all the marble monuments that wealth could rear—emblazoned with my virtues. * * *

"Detroit has seemed as if it would always be my home. * * * Here I want to live and die."

"Jan. 22d, 1853, Sunday Eve.

"I have been reading lately the life and letters of Hannah More. * * * Have also been reading one of Mr. Colton's works, "Deck and Port." He is one of my favorites. * * * I expect to settle down and attend to business at home. I wish that business to be sufficiently lucrative to live well. I want a happy home. I want a happy and contented heart. I want friends in shade as well as sunshine—friends all the time. Here my wants cease; my ambition is not great. If Cæsar's ambition had been no greater he would never have felt the dagger of Brutus."

"Feb. 13, 1853.

"There are times in every one's life, I believe, be they Jew or Gentile, when they feel better than at others, and feel more religious, if I may use the word. * * * The same sort of feeling I used to have when quite little, when I would ask mother to pray for Fred. and me before going to sleep. Those prayers come back to me now, and like the streamlet from the spring, seem to have gathered strength daily until it has become a mighty river. * * * Mother said to me this morning, 'John, do you never deceive your wife in regard to your business.' * * * I began life young, and have done well so far. My ambition has been to be a good man, a kind man, a good business man, and a successful man. That I shall succeed I dare not doubt. Still, I do not feel '*lifted up*' with my success, but feel to thank God, who has thus far led me, and my parents, who, when young, instilled good principles in me, and who, as I have grown older, gave their advice, their counsel, their example, and their good wishes. That none of these may ever desert me is my earnest hope; that as long as I continue to 'act well my part' they will continue with me I do not doubt."

"BELVIDERE, Ill., March 7, 1853.

"* * * I have been traveling over the broad prairies of Illinois for the past two days, seeing sights that I never before witnessed in Michigan or elsewhere. My ideas of prairies had been formed from the small ones I had seen in Michigan. But the prairies of Illinois seem boundless; from Chicago to Rockford—a distance of ninety miles—it is all one vast prairie, with only an occasional grove of trees to be seen. * * * Still, give me my own home—the home almost of my whole life, so far, and I hope my home always. The forests of Michigan are to me a grander sight than these plains, and the thundering of the wind among the trees of my own State is sweeter music to my ears than the gentle, love-like melody that sweeps through the tall grass of the prairie."

"July, 1853.

" * * to one whose life has been profitably spent, there can be no greater happiness in old age than to look back upon the past, and trace each year as it has flown by, each marked with some good deed or action.

I sometimes think I am too sentimental, (as it is called) and that I think too much of those things, and too little of my business and the daily duties of life. I hope it is not so."

"July 24th, 1853.

"To-day is my birthday—only twenty-one, and it seems as if I were twenty-five. The head is more than twenty-one, but the heart is younger, and I hope always will be.

"Being in business at so early an age, and being forced to assume responsibilities far beyond my age, make me feel and appear older than I am. * * *

"To many twenty-one is the happiest year of their life. They consider that they are men, not boys, and in many, too many instances, that they are no longer bound to parents or family, but are rid of all legal and moral obligations to them. With me it is different. I have felt and acted as a man for many years, and have and shall always feel toward my parents, that I am bound to them by every tie that always had existed. God grant that nothing may ever change my feelings towards them. * * * *

"I have been thinking to-day how much I owed to the best of mothers. All that I am and all that I expect to be that is good came from her. Still how little I have done to repay her. True—I have loved her, but not half enough. She has often told Fred. and me that having two such good boys repaid her for all that she had ever done for us, but how much better boys we could be if we had our lives to live again."

One Sunday afternoon in July, 1863, he writes "if man had made this world and framed its laws, I wonder if we would have had a Sabbath. Selfishness, love of money, and accumulation of wealth, would have deprived us of such a day. Did it ever seem to you that the sun shone pleasanter, and the air seemed more pure Sunday morning than on other days? * * * Direct your next letter to Detroit. The first of August I go into business. The goal for which I started six years ago has been reached. Shall I be any happier? I think not, for it is not business or money that makes happiness. Money does not buy it, or position command it. It is only to be found in the quieter path of everyday life, in the duties of each hour and in our own heart. I shall be more content, and perhaps indirectly it will make me happier. Not that it will change my heart, but it may place within my power the means of doing good to myself, my family and my neighbors. If I am ever to be the possessor of wealth my earnest prayer is, that it may not harden my heart or sear my conscience, but that they may be left young and fresh, as I sincerely believe they are now—alive to the necessities of others, and the faults of my own nature."

"Sabbath Afternoon, April 2, 1854.

"* * * My heart shall always be young, and I am sure yours can never grow old. The body may grow old, the step be feeble, the sight grow dim, and the hand forget its cunning; but 'the heart! the heart is a heritage, and keeps the old man young.' I have sometimes thought, since my residence in the city, and since business with its cares and anxieties has seized hold of me, that I did not love nature as I used to do—that I was growing more fond of money, and less fond of the beautiful in this beautiful world—that some of the well-springs of human kindness in my heart were being sealed up—that the milk of human kindness was growing sour. Still, in reality, I do not think so, and I earnestly pray that it may never be so.

"* * * I realize that I am no longer a boy, playing amid the flowers of the forest, or dabbling in the waters of the St. Joe, *gathering knowledge from Webster's spelling-book, or gathering nuts from the tall hickory trees that surrounded our home.* I know that hereafter life will be a constant toil intermingled with much pleasure; I know that I am afloat on life's troubled waters, and must seize the oar, and row my own bark. Still I fondly trust that there is somewhere on the banks of life's stream a harbor and a haven of rest, where I can safely anchor, lay down my oar, and be happy in the knowledge that I have done my duty. I know that 'Life is real, life is earnest,' and that we are not sent here to dream, but to work."

"April 9, 1854.

"* * * To-day I have been dreaming of the past old remembrances, old times, old scenes, boyish plays and boyish hardships, boyish loves and boyish hates. I do love to look back and think of the good times; the spelling schools and the walk home, the Saturday afternoons devoted to play, the master's ruler, and the fires we used to kindle with it, the snow-balling and ball-playing, the prizes for being at the head, and the shame for being at the tail of the class. Then the unpretending church, without steeple or bell, without cushions or carpets, yet still I love it more than any of our palaces. How oft have I sat and listened to 'Old Hundred,' or 'Corinth,' sung, I thought then, as no one but our choir could sing it. The old-fashioned tuning fork, and the voice of the leader; I can almost hear it now. Well! well! the church and the school-house are gone—and full one-half of their occupants are gone too. Perhaps they are singing 'Corinth' to-day around the throne." * * *

"November, 1854.

"* * * Have you ever read or seen Miss Strickland's 'Lives of the Queens of England?' I saw a copy of them (eight volumes) in one of our book stores, a few weeks ago, and for a week past have felt of my purse-strings every day to see if I could buy them. I want them very much, as I have read part of them, in spare moments I could catch. They are certainly the most delightful books I have seen lately. The only time I feel my poverty, or really think I am poor, is in a book-store or a picture gallery. I think, and think, look at this and that book or picture, feel of my purse, button up my coat, stare old poverty in the face, and walk off, dreaming of the 'good time' that they say 'is coming.' * * *

"If we can bring smiles in place of tears, or joy in place of sorrow, to one erring and unfortunate heart, will it not be fulfilling more than our mission here?

'A poor man's tear dropped o'er the grave
Blots out many a sin, recorded in the book of life.'"

To a young friend leaving college, he writes:

"DETROIT, May 1, 1857.

"MY DEAR B——* * * Now that you are about launching your bark upon the stormy ocean of life, be sure before you do so that all is right. Have every seam and crack well secured. Let the masts be well set and the sails well sprung. Take truth for your compass and honesty for your rudder; let it be well ballasted, and with a clear conscience for a cable and virtue for

your anchor, I doubt not that you will ride every storm in safety, and be safely landed in the Haven above when you come to your journey's end."

In November, 1856, soon after the election of Buchanan, he wrote to a young friend who had been stumping the State of New York in behalf of the Democratic ticket:

"Although with Fillmore's aid you have elected your candidate, still you are beaten. Kansas, a slave State, beats you in the North, and Kansas, a free State, beats you at the South. For the Republican party there is a great and glorious future. The great principle of the non-extension of slavery must prevail. The first skirmish has almost defeated you, and although forced to retire from the field, we have succeeded in forcing your outposts and have slain your first generals and disabled your best troops.

"Thank God, Gen. Cass is a defunct institution. His own home repudiates him by 20,000 paper bullets. Pierce, too, is forsaken by his own State. Everywhere, where school and newspapers have found their way, you are beaten.

"'Education is the bane of Democracy,' said a Democratic member of Congress from this State, and for once he told the truth."

The young man of 24 spoke the words of prophecy. Though engrossed by the cares of a business which he but a short time before had undertaken for himself, he found leisure to read the signs of the times, and with a keen study of cause and effect he saw the impending conflict, and was preparing himself and neighbors for it. In August, 1861, he writes a friend (a Democrat) in Iowa:

"DEAR P——: I was glad to see you would not take the treasonable and seditious stand attempted to be foisted on the Democracy of Iowa by the State convention. All honor to you. I hope you may always exert every power to uphold the government and its administrators. I think we shall have no party but the party of the Union. I have forgotten all the party I ever had."

His strong innate love of right and justice made him from the first sound of warlike preparation, a staunch supporter of Lincoln and his administration, though at the Chicago convention, when Lincoln was nominated, he was there as a devoted adherent of Mr. Seward, felt his defeat keenly, and was fearful that the party had made a mistake.

During the sad days of the war he seemed to live a double life. All the time and energy that any man should give to business he gave to his, and yet he seemed to devote all his time to his party, his State and his country. A leader in all measures for the advancement of the cause he held so dear, he was frequently at Washington, and with the armies in the field—giving aid, comfort, and counsel where most needed. To him every wounded Michigan man was a friend and brother, and he never was so happy as when administering to their wants. His letters to friends show that he then clearly saw what time soon developed. One extract must suffice:

"DETROIT, Sept. 29th, 1862.

"Dear S.—I returned yesterday from a four-weeks trip with the army; followed you from post to post, from spot to spot, without catching you. * * I arrived on the battlefield of Antietam Wednesday noon, but was engaged all of the evening and Thursday, caring for our wounded soldiers. Friday I started early to find you, but after getting near where I supposed you were, heard you were on the march for the river. As I had to return my ambulance

Friday night, I turned back reluctantly. I heard, however, you were not hurt in any way, or I should not have turned my face homewards.

"I have come home utterly disgusted with McClellan, doubting his capacity or his loyalty. He should have annihilated the rebel army on Thursday; why he did not, the coming pen of history alone will tell.

"My theory is, that the training of West Point, that has always looked upon the North as common, and the South as the aristocracy, still thinks the same. They do not mean to be utterly defeated, if they are compelled to go into an engagement, but they do not mean to defeat the enemy beyond their power to recuperate, and thus keep the thing along, until the power and energies of both sides are destroyed, and then patch up a dishonorable peace. I may be wrong. I may not be a judge, but I am thoroughly convinced that Thursday ought to have seen the surrender of the rebel army. They never should have been permitted to take a wagon or a gun across the river, nor get across themselves, except as stragglers. I fear we are gone. God alone can save us, and I hope those who have the complete and perfect faith I have not, may by their prayers secure his aid.

"The worst is, too, that our people are discouraged. This is the worst of all, but it is too true." * * * * *

The family friend from whom we have quoted says: "When he was sixteen years old, visiting at my father's house in Jackson, Mich., he had listened to a theological debate on punishment. He was then the size of a common man. He went out into the yard agitated, distressed—but soon turned to his mother, saying 'I am going over to the state prison this afternoon to study punishment as we administer it.' He asked me to go with him and I went. He blocked out what he thought ought to be the duty of the State to criminals and unfortunates. He had loudly and utterly repudiated the divine's (?) notions that day, that God collected evil together and permitted a devil to drag them down lower. On the little bridge over the river near the prison, he stopped and stamped down his foot vehemently, 'no man,' he said, 'can grow better with only stone walls piled up by man's ingenuity, about him. Let a criminal see a sprig of grass grow daily,' ('Picciola,' the French story, was not then written) 'or some ants build their nests; let him watch how their instinct subverts the lesser good to the greater, that they may exist and resist enemies; let him see anything *natural growing*, and he will see how God governs in Michigan, how God always works good out of evil. The wrath of man shall serve God and the remainder will he restrain. He will not gather it and increase it.' He was thoroughly awakened and in earnest. He always thought the wrath of that minister that day awoke him, though but a boy, and switched him on to a human track. His elders thought it was only the overflow of a big, kind hearted boy, but those who saw and heard him that afternoon understood why he wanted to be Governor of the State. He desired to work with the best wisdom he could comprehend. It was his mission to make real his ideal. He did not care to 'plow and plow but never sow.' After he had knowledge he wanted a legitimate sphere to 'act out what he knew.'

"Such men do not come by accident. It took many generations of earnest, industrious, virtuous people before such a man could be born. Then an educated mother, with faith in the divinity of her child, with suitable training, was the means in God's hand to bring it about.

"Last Christmas he sent a boy a present of Hittell's 'History of Culture,' and wrote in it, very characteristically, the Persian verse,

'Who learns and learns and acts not what he knows,
Is one who plows and plows but never sows.'

"Those who were intimate with John Bagley, remember how he always had an appropriate quotation at hand—usually a few lines of poetry putting much sense in small space. This was a habit his mother strove patiently to form in his early years. She would ask, 'My son, what permanent acquisition to your memory have you made to-day?' Jokingly at his tea table in late years, in memory of his stately mother's question, he would draw from his vest pocket some fine sentence from a speech or lines from a poem cut out of a newspaper during the day, and say, 'Here is my permanent acquisition to my memory to-day.'

"The mother had long been silent but the habit continued to enrich. If that mother had asked her son how much money he had made he might have been only a business man, but he would not have had that well informed mind, and his friends would not through his life have found him a mine of information, refined wit, or been served with the best sayings of the wisest minds. Persons with him were impressed with the largeness of heart and mind, but forgot his wealth or his power. His mother died before he was called to any place of trust, but she had a faith that 'the State will be the better for the lives of my sons.'

"Her faith was to John an inspiration to press on and gain all his mother would want him to be."

Years later he wrote:

"DETROIT, JAN. 8, 1880.

"DEAR M——* * * I don't agree with you about Jesus. That is to say, I see no reason why I shouldn't celebrate Washington's birthday, because I think Lincoln was a greater man. I don't take any stock in the miraculous Jesus or the atoning Jesus, or the son Jesus. I think the idea connected with him of human brotherhood, good will to men, worth celebrating. The manager business suits me. It shows the worth of poverty to common folks—of plain people. Whether it be myth or fable, or real history, I care not. The thought that the poor are necessary, that the reforms of the world come from the bottom, is the grand idea connected with Jesus. If Abraham Lincoln had been rich, or a graduate of Yale, or a philosopher, he would never have been the martyr. Rail splitters make martyrs and heroes and saints. The others have their spheres and are necessary, but these are God-born.

"Your brother,
"JOHN J. BAGLEY."

The training of the mother and the spirit of the boy are shown in a school oration delivered at White Pigeon when about twelve years old. The subject chosen was "The importance of improving the season of youth." I give a single sentence: "Now is the time when, in the spring of life, when health sparkles in your eyes, when your blood flows purely in your veins, and when the spirits are gay as the morning, to mould your future actions, habits and dispositions. On the manner in which you spend your early days depends your future destiny."

His school days were few, and ended when he was fourteen; during a portion of the time between eight and fourteen, he had attended school at Constantine, White Pigeon, and Owosso; but to have known his mother was a liberal education; and from her home teachings he graduated with the highest honors.

Little can be said of the public career of Gov. Bagley that is not already well known to the people of Michigan. His love for good government and a hearty interest in all that pertained to it was a part of his nature. He could no more remain a passive citizen, than the blade of grass could cease to grow under the genial influence of sun and rain. From early boyhood he took a deep interest in the political discussions of the day. But he was not content to follow where others led. He weighed carefully the opinions of others—formed his own convictions and followed them. He believed it to be the duty of every person to have an opinion on every subject upon which he should be called to decide, and insisted that every man who had a ballot should cast it. Nothing so displeased him as to find at the close of election day that some friend or neighbor had neglected to vote. He believed that the safety and perpetuity of our institutions depended upon the intelligence of the common people, and he would have every individual act as though he, himself, was a part of the government. Long before he had attained his majority he was a pronounced whig, although his father was a democrat, and was a republican from the organization of that party.

Soon after he cast his first vote he was elected a member of the board of education from the third ward of the city of Detroit. Then his friends proposed that he canvass the ward as a candidate for alderman. The opposition was largely in the majority and nominated their strongest man, the late Gen. A. S. Williams. He believed in success, and said to his party friends that whoever was the candidate, that man must be the unanimous choice of the party—if there was no opposition to his nomination he would make the run and be elected. They took him at his word, and the result was a surprise to his friends and a disappointment to his opponents. He often spoke with pride of this first victory.

As a member of the council he recognized the necessity of a more thorough and efficient police system for the city. For him to see was to act, and he rested not till the plan which he drafted was a law and the present metropolitan police system organized. He was one of the original commissioners and remained on the board until nominated by the republicans for Governor in 1872. When the news of his death reached Detroit the board of police commissioners placed a fitting testimonial on their records in which they say, "To him is mainly due the credit of the inception and organization of the metropolitan police department, and to him it is largely indebted for whatever of usefulness and efficiency it has since attained. He brought to this work the same qualities of mind and heart which have since made him prominent in the State, and in the councils of the principal reformatory, charitable, and educational institutions; and in the various opportunities occurring to him in public and private life, he was always the faithful friend and trusted adviser of the department."

His love for his party and his great executive ability made his services in great demand by his party associates, and long before his name was mentioned in connection with any State office he was the recognized leader of his party

in the State. Elected Governor of the State in 1872 and re-elected in 1874, his four years Governorship seem to you as but yesterday. Into that office he carried the same intelligent force that had made his many business ventures a success. For him to be Governor of the State was not simply to occupy a position of honor and trust for an allotted four years and then give way to another. To him it meant incessant, well directed labor. And he left such an example that hereafter to be Governor of Michigan is no easy task. There is not a State institution that did not receive from him an awakening.

He recognized the tendency of institutional life to be of itself retrograding, and hence the necessity of constant watchfulness on the part of the State. The State must care for its institutions or soon the institutions would cease to care for the State.

As Governor, he felt that he represented the State—not in a narrow, nor egotistical way, but in the same sense that a faithful trusted confidential agent represents his employer, and that as the Executive of the State he was her "attorney in fact." And his intelligent thoughtful care will long continue the pride of the people he so much loved.

He was ambitious. Ambitious for place and power, as every noble mind is ambitious, because these give opportunity. However strong the mind and powerful the will, if there be no ambition, life is a failure. He was not blind to the fact that the more we have the more is required of us. He accepted it in its fullest meaning. He had great hopes for his State and his country. He had his ideas of what they should be. With a heart as broad as humanity itself, with an intelligent, able and cultured brain, the will and the power to do; he asked his fellow-citizens to give him the opportunity to labor for them. Self entered not into the calculation. His whole life was a battle for others; and he entered the conflict eagerly and hopefully.

His noble, generous nature made his innumerable benefactions a source of continuous pleasure. Literally, to him it was "more blessed to give than to receive."

His greatest enjoyment was in witnessing the comfort and happiness of others. Not a tithe of his charities were known to his most intimate friends, or even to his family. Many a needy one has been the recipient of aid at an opportune moment, who never knew the hand that gave.

At one time a friend had witnessed his ready response to some charitable request, and said to him: "Governor, you give away a large sum of money; about how much do your charities amount to in the course of a year?" He turned at once and said: "I do not know, sir; I do not allow myself to know. I hope I gave more this year than I did last, and hope I shall give more next year than I have this." This expressed his idea of charity, that the giving should at all times be free and spontaneous.

Anything like a stated amount, at stated intervals, or at stated times, was making charity a mere matter of business—a cool calculation of dollars and cents. Literally, his left hand did not know what his right hand was doing.

His state papers were models of compact, business-like statements, bold, original, and brimful of practical suggestions, and his administration will long be considered as among the ablest in this or any other State.

He had, probably, a larger circle of personal acquaintances throughout the State, than any other man. He believed in the people, and the people loved and believed in him. He was proud of his Pilgrim parentage, and for many years took especial delight in his visits to New England, and they were so

many and frequent, that to certain portions of Massachusetts and New Hampshire his massive form and kindly face were almost as familiar as to the people of his own State. He visited Plymouth Rock with a feeling akin to that with which the devotee visits Rome.

During his leisure hours from early life, and especially during the last few years, he devoted much time to becoming acquainted with the best authors. Biography was his delight; the last he read was the "Life and Work of John Adams," in ten volumes.

In all questions of business or public affairs he seemed to have the power of getting at the kernel of the nut in the least possible time. In reading he would spend scarcely more time with a volume than most persons would devote to a chapter. After what seemed a cursory glance, he would have all of value the book contained. Rarely do we see a business man so familiar with the best English authors. He was a generous and intelligent patron of the arts, and his elegant home was a study and a pleasure to his many friends, who always found there a hearty welcome. At Christmas time he would spend days doing the work of Santa Claus. Every Christmas eve he gathered his children about him, and taking the youngest on his lap, told some Christmas story, closing the entertainment with "The night before Christmas," or Dickens's "Christmas Carol."

His health had always been of the robust, vigorous kind, and ten years ago he seemed to have force and energy enough to last a century. But ceaseless labor and toil will surely tell on the strongest constitution, and the man who had not known a sick day found that he was no exception.

In the winter of 1876–77 he felt the first indications that his strength was giving away, and at no time afterwards was he a well man. His strong constitution and vigorous will made a gallant fight, but each year saw his health gradually failing.

In September, 1880, he had a slight stroke of paralysis, and from this he never fully recovered. Early in the spring of 1881 he decided to try the climate of the Pacific slope in the vain hope that change of air and scenery would be to him as the healing waters.

But disease had fastened her fatal coils about him. None knew it better than he, and in speaking of his condition at this time he said, "I have not lived long; but I have lived a great deal too much. I was managing an extensive business before I was much more than a boy. Indeed, I had no boyhood, I skipped it; I sprang from childhood into the cares and work of middle age, and have never taken a holiday. I had done the work of a long life before I was thirty, and now I find myself spent before I am fifty, although I started with a capital of vitality that should have lasted me till eighty."

The journey to San Francisco he enjoyed as much as his remaining energies would permit, but as he approached the "golden gate" his strength seemed almost gone. A few days' rest and he was almost himself again, but as the days lengthened his strength diminished. His relish for enjoyment which the bracing air, new scenes, and new faces brought him was keen, but the strength would each day soon give out. The long drives became shorter—hours of enjoyment grew less. The once strong frame which had before asked for toil now demanded rest, rest. But there, as everywhere, his nature remained the same; and strangers became friends—the acquaintance of a few weeks almost like the friends of a life-time. When too weak to leave his

room congenial friends would call, and many a pleasant hour be passed, profitable alike to each. He realized his condition perfectly, but there was so little of the invalid in his nature that to his friends he seemed like a man with a wounded arm, who for a few days was compelled to remain indoors, and his cheerfulness never deserted him.

The great change which he saw nearing each day brought to him no fears and few regrets. It would have pleased him to remain with his friends a few years longer, but principally because he feared they would miss his aid and counsel. As the end came he said, thinking no doubt of the kind admonitions of the loving mother he was so soon to meet, "I think the world is a little better for my having lived in it; I have not done as much good as I ought to have done, nor as much good as I might have done; I would like to live a little longer and do a little more." But his work was ended. Ended? No! Just begun.

The good men do lives after them.

In the sweet memory of the strong man, the widowed mother, the orphan child, he is yet alive. He is remembered as he would wish to be.

The beautiful lines, sung at his request, as his cherished friends pay their last tribute, tell us how to cherish the recollections of a life full of noble deeds:

"Fading away like the stars of the morning,
Losing their light in the glorious sun;
So let me pass away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"So in the harvest, if others may gather
Sheaves from the fields that in spring I have sown,
Who plowed or sowed matters not to the reaper,
I'm only remembered by what I have done.

"Fading away like the stars of the morning,
So let my name be, unhonored, unknown;
Here or up yonder I must be remembered,
Only remembered by what I have done."

BIOGRAPHY OF MAJOR THOMPSON MAXWELL.

BY REV. E. H. PILCHER, D. D.

Major Maxwell resided in Wayne county for a good many years. He had married the mother of Rev. Joseph Hickox, and had resided on the range, about sixteen miles from Detroit. He was a very good and devoted Christian man, and a member of a Christian church for many years. Born and reared in New England, he was originally a Congregationalist, but had united with the Methodist Episcopal church, some years before his death.

It was in 1830 I became acquainted with him, and was interested in him, as being one of a class of men then becoming very scarce, and now extinct or fossilized; that is, a revolutionary soldier, and inquired somewhat into his history. He died some time in the summer of 1831, and I attended his funeral. He was in the ninety-seventh year of his age, having been born in the early part of 1734. He was looked upon in the neighborhood with a good deal of veneration, from the fact that he was a revolutioner, and from the further fact that he was one of the forty or fifty men selected by John Hancock to dress in Indian costume and to throw the tea overboard in Boston harbor, in 1773. It may be well to recite the circumstances of that case here. They were in substance these: The British government, George III being king, had laid a heavy and oppressive tax on teas brought into the colonies of this country, against which the people had protested to no purpose. The people had determined in the principal towns, that no tea should be used, and had appointed committees to see to it that no tea was landed. In all the towns, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston, the committees had induced the assignees of teas on behalf of the East India company, which had secured the monopoly of the trade, to resign, so that the cargoes could not be landed. But these persons at Boston had refused to do so; and three vessels had already come into the harbor laden with this commodity. The people, encouraged by Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and other prominent men, were resolute in their purpose that the tea should not be landed. One ship owner by the name of Retch, had promised that he would take his tea back to England, but he dallied along for some days, and finally said he could not get a clearance for his ship. On the last day of grace, the people were assembled to the number of about seven thousand, not knowing exactly what to do; and the excited assembly continued together till after dark. This was on Thursday, the 16th day of December, 1773, just one hundred years ago. John Hancock had organized a body of men, who in the disguise of Indians were to board the ships and destroy the tea. The matter was understood between him and Samuel Adams, probably. There is no public record of the fact that this thing

was arranged by Mr. Hancock, for it was a profound secret; but Major Maxwell stated that it was so, and that he was one of the men selected by Mr. Hancock for that purpose. The scene is thus described by Mr. Bancroft in his history of the United States, edition of 1872, vol. 6, pp. 486–7:

"It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which they met was dimly lighted; when at a quarter before six, Retch appeared, and satisfied the people by stating that the government had refused him a pass, because his ship was not properly cleared. As soon as he had finished his report, Samuel Adams arose and gave the word: 'This meeting can do nothing more to save the country.' On the instant a shout was heard at the porch; the war-whoop resounded; a body of men, forty or fifty in number, disguised as Indians, passed by the door; and encouraged by Samuel Adams, Hancock, and others, repaired to Griffin's wharf, posted guards to prevent the intrusion of spies, took possession of three tea ships, and in about three hours, three hundred and forty chests of tea, being the whole quantity that had been imported, were emptied in the bay, without the least injury to other property. 'All things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to the government.' The people around, as they looked on, were so still, that the noise of the breaking open of the tea-chests was plainly heard. A delay of a few hours would have placed the tea under the protection of the admiral at the castle. After the work was done, the town became as still and calm as if it had been holy time. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages."

Mr. Maxwell was in twenty-three battles of the revolution. In the war of 1812, he was promoted to the rank of major in the regular army of the United States, and served faithfully during the war. The major was a very quiet, unobtrusive man, but fearless, couragious, and well suited to an enterprise of the kind to which Mr. Hancock called him. His last years were spent in quiet retirement in this county. He died in the faith and peace of the gospel of Christ, and his dust sleeps in a country grave-yard, and his grave is unmarked by any monument or even a stone bearing his name. His very name has been forgotten by the people where he lived and died so many years ago. Such is human life and greatness. There is no other public or even private record of his life and death, than that which I have given.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE STATE PIONEER SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page 170, Pioneer Collections, Vol. 4.)

NUMBER.	NAMES.	PLACE OF BIRTH.		Date of Birth.	PLACE AND DATE OF FIRST RESIDENCE IN MICH.			PRESENT RESIDENCE.	
		Town or Village.	State.		Town.	County.	Date.	P. O. Address.	County.
558	John S. Goodman	London	England	Oct. 2, 1822	Saline	Washtenaw	July, 1830	East Saginaw	Saginaw.
559	Joshua Manwaring	Jobstown	New Jersey	Oct. 2, 1824	Avon	Oakland	Sept. 8, 1836	Lapeer	Lapeer.
560	Alexander B. Leeds	New London	Connecticut	Feb. 17, 1819	Benton	Berrien	Sept. 23, 1843	Berrien Springs	Berrien.
561	O. Poppleton	Richmond	New York	April 27, 1817	Troy	Oakland	Dec., 1825	Birmingham	Oakland.
562	Elijah Woodworth	Mayfield	New York	Jan. 26, 1792	Leslie	Ingham	Oct., 1835	Leslie	Ingham.
563	Jesse Munro	Pawlet	Vermont	June 1, 1790	Watertown	Clinton	Oct., 1836	Lansing	Ingham.
564	E. H. Butler	Detroit	Michigan	Aug. 4, 1841	Detroit	Wayne	Aug. 4, 1841	Detroit	Wayne.
565	J. B. Wilson	Greenfield	Pennsylvania	Oct. 21, 1822	Detroit	Wayne	May 9, 1824	Arcadia	Lapeer.
566	John M. Allen	Morristown	New Jersey	Feb. 16, 1820	Sharon	Washtenaw	June 15, 1833	Lansing	Ingham.
567	Samuel Chapin		New York	June 8, 1819	Sylvan	Calhoun	1835	Marengo	Calhoun.
568	Olive M. Hewitt	Conquest	New York	Dec. 31, 1824	Marengo	Calhoun	June 15, 1837	Marengo	Calhoun.
569	Newell Barnard	Thornton	New Hampshire	Mar. 19, 1825	Saginaw	Saginaw	Sept., 1854	Saginaw	Saginaw.
570	Mrs. J. W. Longyear	Amherst	New York	Mar. 5, 1826	Watertown	Clinton	Nov., 1836	Lansing	Ingham.
571	Joseph P. Shoemaker	German Flatts	New York	Aug. 1820	Jackson	Jackson	1854	Amsden	Montcalm.
572	Jason St. John	Ridgefield (Now Mohawk)	Connecticut	Aug. 18, 1804	Columbia	Jackson	Sept., 1835	Lansing	Ingham.
573	Henry M. Joy	Middlebury	Ohio	July 20, 1836	Climax	Kalamazoo	Oct., 1857	Grand Rapids	Kent.
574	A. J. Keeney	Wyalusing	Pennsylvania	Feb. 26, 1819	Erie	Monroe	Sept. 22, 1828	Erie	Monroe.
575	Morgan B. Hungerford	Novi	Michigan	Feb. 20, 1832	Novi	Wayne	Feb. 20, 1832	Lansing	Ingham.
576	Antoinett (Chubb) Hungerford	Lyons	Michigan	June 29, 1835	Lyons	Ionia	June 29, 1835	Lansing	Ingham.
577	Eliza A. Walker	Victor	New York	June 11, 1812	Farmington	Oakland	1825		
578	David Parsons	New Haven	New York	June 19, 1820	Ann Arbor	Washtenaw	Aug., 1835	Detroit	Wayne.
579	Thomas R. Sherwood	Pleasant Valley	New York	Mar. 28, 1827	Kalamazoo	Kalamazoo		Kalamazoo	Kalamazoo.
580	J. W. Champlin	Kingston	New York	Feb. 17, 1831	Grand Rapids	Kent	Oct. 9, 1854	Grand Rapids	Kent.
581	Mrs. Harriet T. Hoyt	Genoa	New York	Nov. 1, 1809	Bellevue	Calhoun	Oct., 1834	Battle Creek	Calhoun.

THE WILD CAT BANKING SYSTEM OF MICHIGAN.

BY H. M. UTLEY.

The *lynx rufus* (Guldenstaed), commonly known as the North American wild cat, is characterized by naturalists as implacably hostile to man, ferocious and cowardly. The early settlers in Michigan encountered another species of "wild cat," of somewhat similar characteristics. That name was given to a class of banks in this state and their issues, which, a little more than thirty years ago, led a career and brought about a state of things unparalleled in the history of banking institutions. It is almost impossible for those living at the present day, who had no actual experience in them, to appreciate the events of those times. No record of them has ever been written by any one, so far as we have been able to discover. They formed an exciting and memorable epoch in the early history of the state. The men who mingled in them are fast passing away, and the personal reminiscences which would add interest to the historic record die with them. Yet it is not within the scope and limit of a single article to enter with great fullness or detail into the subject. Our present purpose is rather to give a general sketch of "Wild cat times," following historical accuracy, so far as the facts given are concerned, to show the reader the nature of the financial operations which characterized those celebrated times.

EARLY BANKING IN MICHIGAN.

The first bank in what is now known as the State of Michigan, was the Bank of Detroit, chartered by the General Government in 1806. The commercial interests of this region, at that early day, were not of that nature that they required any great amount of money. Detroit was a mere trading post on the outskirts of civilization, at which the hunter and trapper sought their supplies, and to which the Indian brought his furs and skins to be exchanged for beads, brass buttons, ammunition, and fire-water. No agricultural productions sought a market here. All the surrounding country was as nature made it. The population of the town did not exceed a few hundred, and none of the adjacent country was inhabited by white men. Under these circumstances it may be readily perceived that the little community which then occupied the site of this city, would not have much use for that commodity which is requisite to the successful carrying on of a bank. Trade was carried on by what was familiarly known as "dicker"—the trapper exchanging his furs for pro-

visions, and the "noble red man" was enabled to enjoy a week of bibulous hilarity on the proceeds of a season's hunt.

The Bank of Detroit languished, and after a feeble and sickly existence of three years, its charter was taken away by Congress. That experience with banking seems to have satisfied the denizens of the town for many years thereafter. There was no attempt to renew the charter, and the people went on in their old way, bartering one species of merchandize for another, and using only gold and silver as a circulating medium.

In the year 1818 the Bank of Michigan, located at Detroit, was chartered by the General Government, with a capital of $100,000. It commenced operations in the month of June of that year. Its capital was subsequently increased to $850,000. It pursued a long and honorable career, and in its day and generation enjoyed a wide confidence and esteem. From that time the settlement and development of the State proceeded rapidly, and banks were established in various places as fast as, or even faster than, the commercial interests of the community seemed to require. Up to the year 1837, fifteen banks had been chartered in the State, with an aggregate capital of $7,000,000. The names of these banks, with their location, were as follows: Bank of Monroe, Monroe; Bank of Michigan, Detroit; Farmers and Mechanics' Bank of Michigan, Detroit; Bank of River Raisin, Monroe; Bank of Pontiac, Pontiac; Bank of Washtenaw, Ann Arbor; Michigan State Bank, Detroit; Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad Bank, Adrian; Bank of Tecumseh, Tecumseh; Bank of Macomb County, Mt. Clemens; Bank of Clinton, Clinton; Bank of St. Clair, St. Clair; Calhoun County Bank, Marshall; Bank of Ypsilanti, Ypsilanti; Bank of Constantine, Constantine. Several of these banks had branches in other towns than the location given above. They were chartered for definite periods, and the charters of all of them have expired by limitation, except that of the Bank of Macomb County, which does not expire until 1875. Its affairs are still undergoing investigation in the courts. All the others are now finally and forever extinct.

GENERAL JACKSON VS. THE UNITED STATES BANK.

The hostility of "Old Hickory" to the United States Bank is well known. He considered it a dangerous institution, and fought it with characteristic determination. He conquered; the bank was discontinued, its stock sold and paid into the United States Treasury. The banks in the several States were thereupon designated as banks of deposit, and were used for collecting, transferring and disbursing the public revenues. There was then a surplus in the United States Treasury, and after a long and exciting debate in Congress, in the session of 1835-6, it was determined to distribute this surplus among the several States in proportion to their representation in Congress, to be deposited in the various banks for safe keeping.

A PERIOD OF SPECULATION.

That was one of the wildest eras of speculation. Money was abundant, the coffers of the Government were overflowing, the country was prosperous, and everybody seemed bent on making a fortune in some other than the orthodox way by hard knocks. This speculation begat wealth, wealth begat pride, and we have the very best authority for saying that "pride goeth before a fall."

When the deposits from the Government had been received the several banks throughout the State had abundant means on hand. They, too, shared in the spirit of speculation which was rampant. As everybody else was bargaining and trafficking and getting rich, they determined to make the most of the means at their command. They therefore loaned out the money which had been deposited with them to the red-hot speculators who were buying Government land, and were laying out and building cities in the wilderness, and were connecting them by railroads and canals. These loans were given on what was supposed to be good security, it generally being real estate taken at its speculative value, or city lots in cities where scarce a tree had been hewn down or a spade had penetrated the earth. But the reaction came all too soon. Hard times oppressed the country, the Government had use for its money, and called upon the banks with which it had been deposited to return it again in coin. The banks had it not; they had loaned it out on security to speculators. The speculators had been unable to realize even their investments at the fancy prices at which they had been made. The security proved of little or no value, and the banks were sore distressed to meet their obligations to the Government, since specie only would be received.

CRAMPED.

In this cramped condition the banks, in order to save their existence, were compelled to proceed with the utmost caution. Specie payments were suspended. The banks called in their circulation as rapidly as they could, and refused to throw it out again, preferring to await a turn of events, and not endanger their lives by having a large irredeemable circulation out. The consequence was a scarcity of money, and business was greatly cramped thereby. A little while before there was a superfluity; now there was not enough to supply the necessary demands of business. The people were clamorous for

RELIEF.

There was an outcry against the chartered banks as being moneyed corporations which only sought their own selfish ends, and had no regard for the welfare of the people. They were denounced as hostile to the spirit of our institutions. They were declared to be monopolies, while this free democratic government was never intended to foster monopolies. It was said that this is a free country, without privileged classes, and that conferring chartered banking privileges was favoring a few, while the many suffered. Everything else was free in this country, therefore banking should be free. About this time a general banking law had been passed in the state of New York, and numerous banks had gone into operation under it. But our legislators did not wisely wait to see the result of the operations of this law. If they had waited, the mortifying and deplorable events which followed would have been averted.

An act entitled "An Act to organize and regulate Banking Associations," was passed by the Legislature of the State, and approved March 15, 1837. An act amendatory thereto was passed December 30 of the same year. By these acts the privileges and immunities usually conferred by separate charter on specified companies for banking purposes, were, without distinction, conferred upon *any persons* desirous of forming an association for transacting "banking business," by complying with the provisions of the act. As these acts were the ones under which the celebrated "Wild Cat Banks" went into existence,

and ran their brief and ignominious careers, a consideration of some of their more noted provisions and restrictions is necessary to an intelligent understanding of the subject.

PROVISIONS OF THE GENERAL BANKING LAW.

In the first place any person or persons, resident of the State, desirous of establishing a bank, were at liberty to meet, open books, and subscribe to the capital stock of such bank. A majority of the subscribers authorized a call of a meeting for choosing officers. At this meeting nine directors were to be chosen by the stockholders, after all the preliminary provisions of the act had been complied with, and the directors were authorized to choose one of their number president. The stockholders were constituted a body corporate, subject to like general laws governing other corporations. A majority of the directors were to manage the affairs of the association. All the directors were required to be residents of the State, and at least five of them residents of the county where the business of the association was to be transacted.

One-third part of the capital stock was required to be owned, subscribed, and to continue to be held by residents of the county where the business was to be transacted (the county of Chippewa excepted). Before the bank could commence operations the stockholders were required to execute bonds and mortgages upon unincumbered real estate within the State, which was to be estimated at its true cash value by the treasurer, clerk, associate judges, and sheriff of the county, or a majority of them. They were also to take these bonds and mortgages in the name of the Auditor General of the State for the use of the State. These were to be held as collateral security for the final payment of all debts and liabilities of the association, and for the redemption of all its notes outstanding, and in circulation, after the liabilities of the directors and of the stockholders, and the fund accruing in pursuance of the act to create a fund for the benefit of the creditors of certain moneyed corporations, should have been found insufficient for the payment of the same.

The banking capital of each association was to be not less than $50,000, and not more than $300,000, divided into shares of $50 each. Before the bank could go into operation, the whole capital stock was required to be subscribed, and 30 per cent on each share paid in, in specie. Before an association commenced banking it was the duty of the Bank Commissioner, who was required by the association to visit the banking house, count the specie, and make such examinations into its affairs and condition as would satisfy him that the requirements of the act had been complied with in good faith; and, if he should be satisfied with regard to these facts, to make certificate of the same, and give public notice of it in the State paper, and in the county newspaper, and give a like certificate to the association.

The directors, before entering upon the duties of their office, were required to take and subscribe an oath or affirmation that they would, once at least every three months, examine fully into the condition and operations of the bank, and write in a book kept for the purpose a true statement of its condition, and subscribe their names to the same; and that they would faithfully perform all the duties of their offices, and faithfully report to the Bank Commissioner whenever they should discover any violation or abuse of privilege granted the association by the act.

When the preliminary requisitions of the act had been complied with by the

president, directors, and stockholders, they were to file a certificate in the office of the Secretary of State, stating the name, location, and amount of capital stock of the Association, of which the Secretary of State was required to give public notice. The amount of bills and notes issued or put in circulation as money, or the amount of loans and discounts at any time was never to exceed two-and-a-half times the amount of its capital stock then paid in and actually possessed.

Provision was made for the appointment of three disinterested Bank Commissioners, whose duties were prescribed by law, and every association was prohibited from issuing any bill or note without the endorsement of a bank commissioner's name upon the back of the same, in his official capacity. Before he endorsed any bill or note he was required to examine the vault of the banking association and ascertain the amount of specie then on hand, and administer an oath to a majority of the directors to the effect that a certain amount named was on that day possessed in specie by the bank, and that it was the property of the bank, that it had been paid in by its stockholders toward the payment of their respective shares, or that the same had been received into legitimate business and not for any other purposes, and that it was intended to remain a part or whole of the capital of the association.

Bank Commissioners were required to visit the banking house of the association as often as once in three months, and at all other times, when requested by the Governor, or by any banking association in the State created by the provisions of the act or subject to the act to create a fund for the benefit of the creditors of certain moneyed corporations, and to institute such examination into the affairs of the institution, as was required by law. It was made the duty of the Bank Commissioners to require the association to renew or change the securities given, whenever the safety of the public might require. The books, papers, and vaults of the association were to be always open to the inspection of the Bank Commissioners or committees appointed by the Legislature.

The rate upon loans and discounts was limited to seven per cent per annum, in advance, and the denomination of notes and bills not to be under $1. The total amount of debts the association was allowed to owe, exclusive of property deposited in the bank, was never to exceed three times the amount of capital stock actually paid in and possessed. If the association became insolvent the directors, in the first place, were to be liable in their individual capacity to the full amount of all debts the association might owe; and afterward each stockholder was to be liable to the full amount of the debts of the association in like manner, in proportion to his amount of stock; and each stockholder was to be so liable for one year after the time he had transferred his stock in the association. The association was prohibited from holding real estate except in certain cases specified in the act; and likewise from trading in goods, wares, and merchandise, except in cases specified. Every association was to pay its bills and notes when presented, or on refusing to pay on demand, it was made the duty of the cashier to record on the back of the same the date of the refusal, and attach his name thereto, in his official capacity, and if the same was not paid on demand within 60 days thereafter, with damages and 10 per cent costs, the association was to be dissolved.

Each stockholder was required to pay in at least 10 per cent in specie, on the capital stock, annually after it went into operation, until the whole stock was paid in, under penalty of forfeiting to the association the amount of stock he

had already paid in, and the shares on which the payments had been made. Assignments of stock were to be valid only when made according to the rules prescribed. Assignments were not valid until the stockholder making the same had canceled all his debts and liabilities of whatever description to the association. All associations were prohibited from trading in stock of money-ed, or any other corporations, or to increase or reduce their capital stock without the consent of the Legislature. The whole amount of loans or discounts made to directors or to any individual was not at any time to exceed one sixth of the amount which it was entitled to issue.

Every association was obliged to pay to the treasurer of the State for the use of the State one half of one per cent of the amount of capital stock paid in, in semi-annual payments. No money was, however, to be drawn from this fund until the funds and liabilities of the directors and stockholders had failed and proved insufficient to pay all debts.

Every director or officer guilty of any negligence and misfeasance in his office was declared to be guilty of felony, and subject to imprisonment in the State prison for not less than two years. Associations incorporated under this act were to continue until the 4th of March, 1857.

ORGANIZATION OF THE WILD CATS.

Forty-nine associations went into operation after the passage of the act up to April 3d, 1838, when an act of the Legislature was approved suspending the provisions of the law as to the creation of any new associations, except to allow one association to be formed in the county of Chippewa. The following is a list of banking associations organized under this act, with the amount of capital:

MUSTER ROLL OF THE WILD CATS.

Name.	Location.	Capital.
Farmers' Bank of Homer	Homer	$100,000
Bank of Oakland	Pontiac	50,000
Bank of Utica	Utica	50,000
Bank of Brest	Brest	100,000
Merchants and Mechanics' Bank	Monroe	150,000
Jackson County Bank	Jackson	100,000
Bank of Marshall	Marshall	100,000
Millers' Bank of Washtenaw	Ann Arbor	50,000
Farmers and Mechanics' Bank	Pontiac	50,000
Bank of Manchester	Manchester	100,000
Bank of Saline	Saline	100,000
Clinton Canal Bank	Pontiac	100,000
Bank of Coldwater	Coldwater	50,000
Bank of Lapeer	Lapeer	100,000
Grand River Bank	Grand Rapids	50,000
Saginaw City Bank	Saginaw	50,000
Detroit City Bank	Detroit	200,000
St. Joseph County Bank	Centreville	100,000
Farmers' Bank of Sharon	Sharon	50,000
Lenawee County Bank	Palmyra	100,000
Genesee County Bank	Flint	50,000
Farmers' Bank of Oakland	Royal Oak	50,000
Commonwealth Bank	Tecumseh	50,000
Gibraltar Bank	Gibralter	100,000
Commercial Bank of Michigan	St. Joseph	50,000

MUSTER ROLL—*Continued.*

Name.	Location.	Capital.
Bank of Niles	Niles	100,000
Bank of Singapore	Singapore	50,000
Bank of Allegan	Allegan	100,000
Bank of Auburn	Auburn	50,000
Bank of Plymouth	Plymouth	100,000
Goodrich Bank	Goodrich Mills	150,000
Farmers' Bank of Genesee	Flint	100,000
Huron River Bank	Ypsilanti	100,000
Bank of Shiawassee	Owosso	50,000
Bank of Kensington	Kensington	50,000
Citizens' Bank of Michigan	Ann Arbor	100,000
Bank of Superior	Superior	100,000
Bank of Sandstone	Barry	50,000
Merchants' Bank of Jackson	Brooklyn	65,000
Detroit and St. Joseph Railroad Bank	Jackson	100,000
Exchange Bank	Shiawassee	50,000
Bank of Battle Creek	Battle Creek	100,000
Farmers and Mechanics' Bank	Centreville	50,000
Bank of Lake St. Clair	Belvidere	50,000
Michigan Centre Bank	Michigan Centre	50,000
Bank of White Pigeon	White Pigeon	50,000
Branch County Bank	Branch	50,000
Bank of Adrian	Adrian	150,000
Chippewa County Bank	Sault Ste. Marie	50,000

WELL SUPPLIED WITH BANKS.

The above makes a nominal aggregate capital of about $4,000,000. Add to this the nominal aggregate capital of the fifteen chartered banks, viz.: $7,000,000, and it makes the nominal aggregate banking capital in the State, in the spring of 1838, not far from $11,000,000. When we remember that the population of the entire State at that time was only about 100,000, or but little more than the present population of the city of Detroit, we may gather some idea of the extremity to which the banking mania carried the people. The extraordinary character of this rage for banking will still further appear when we add that the population of the State at that time was essentially agricultural and had practically but little use for money. The State was just being settled. Pioneers were hewing down its forests, breaking up its oak openings, and shaking their teeth loose with ague chills over its miasmatic marshes. They considered themselves as doing well if, by hard toil during the summer, they raised enough on their farms to keep their families and their cattle comfortably through the winter. They had little to sell and but little use for money. That there was no necessity and no profitable employment for such an extraordinary amount of banking capital it would seem ought to have been obvious to every one. The amount of notes of these banks in circulation could not have been less than $300 for every man, woman, and child in the State.

WORKINGS OF THE LAW.

While some *bona fide* banks were established, it was soon found that the law was taken advantage of by dishonest men to practice the grossest frauds and swindles. The law practically permitted these frauds, and the officers of the State, though striving honestly to do their duty, were powerless to prevent

them. Banks were established in the most inaccessible places, which it was not likely the holders of bills could ever find, and hence the bank would not be asked to redeem the bills. The law required a certain amount of specie to be kept in the vaults of the bank, but this provision was evaded. The same specie served for exhibition for a dozen banks, at various intervals. The bonds and mortgages which were deposited, were upon city lots in the woods, or on real estate at fictitious values. The notes of one wild-cat bank were held as capital by another wild-cat bank. They clandestinely put out a much larger circulation than the law allowed them. In these and a hundred other ways, they evaded the law, and practiced outrageous swindles upon the public.

Incidents connected with the operations of these banking schemes properly form a part of this history.

THE CITY AND BANK OF BREST.

Brest was a magnificent city (on paper), situated at the mouth of Swan Creek, about seven miles from Monroe. An excellently lithographed and beautifully colored map of the city, represented it with broad avenues, lined with palatial residences and handsome grounds. The extended river front of the city had continuous lines of docks, above which towered, on either hand, lofty warehouses, filled with the merchandise of the world. The largest steamers were represented as sailing up past the city, whose docks were crowded with vessels of all descriptions, while the streets were thronged with busy life. The ruins of Nineveh or Baalbec are not more desolate now than are the ruins of Brest. The contemplative traveler standing there would never dream how great possibilities had been unrealized on that spot. That the wolves do not howl there to-day, is because they have been circumvented by the civilization which drove them to the wilds of the north, and not because of any development on the part of Brest itself, that would tend to keep them out. It is little less a wilderness now than it was forty years ago. But Brest had a bank, with a capital of $100,000. It was a fair sample of a wild cat bank, and an illustration of how its affairs were managed. It is also an illustration of many others. The law compelled the bank commissioners to make investigation into the affairs of the banks. Spies dogged the footsteps of the commissioners, and it was generally found out when they were to visit a bank for inspection. The affairs of that bank were put into favorable shape forthwith. On the 2d of August the commissioners examined the bank of Brest, and found that its principal resources consisted of loans on bonds, $16,000; bank stock, $10,000; specie, $12,900. It appears that of the specie, $10,500 belonged to Lewis Godard, and had been received by the bank the day before examination, and was drawn out the day after examination. The $16,000 loan on bond and mortgage, was a loan to the trustees of the town of Brest, to secure which, the bank received an assignment of the bonds executed by Lewis Godard for the sum of $35,400, and also of mortgages of 118 city lots in Brest. On the day after the examination, the directors assigned the bond and mortgage back to the trustees of Brest, having received nothing for the same. Seven days later an impromptu investigation of the affairs of the bank showed that the amount of specie on hand amounted to $138.89, while the whole amount of bills of the bank which were in circulation was $84,241.

WHERE THE SPECIE WENT.

A few days after the investigation into the affairs of the Bank of Brest, the

commissioners examined the Bank of Clinton, and found specie on hand to the amount of $11,029.36. On the day succeeding the examination $10,500 of this specie was drawn from the bank by the cashier, brought to Detroit and paid over to Lewis Godard, being precisely the same specie that had done duty a few days before in the Bank of Brest. Thus the specie was carted about the country in advance of the commissioners.

An examination into the affairs of the Lenawee County Bank showed the requisite specie on hand. Suddenly descending upon the bank a few days later the total amount of cash in the bank was found to be $34.20. At the same time the circulation of the bills of the bank amounted to more than $20,000.

HOW THE BILLS WERE CIRCULATED.

The Bank of Sandstone, in Jackson county, had an extended circulation. A man, whose name is withheld for the sake of his family and descendants, who are not to blame for his disreputable transactions, went to the Bank of Sandstone and effected a heavy loan. The security was of the same valuable character as that assigned to the trustees of the city of Brest, probably being on city lots of some imaginary city. With the wild cat money raised in this loan he went through the State buying everything which he could convert. Horses, cattle, sheep, swine, produce of all kinds, farms, and everything which could be turned into money he bought at the seller's price, paying for it in bills of the Bank of Sandstone. As very few persons knew where Barry, which was the seat of the Bank of Sandstone, was, or any good reason why the bills of its bank were not as good as those of any other, it may reasonably be supposed that he had very little trouble in disposing of them. Thus the bills of the Bank of Sandstone got into wide circulation, but the holders might as well have had so much brown wrapping-paper instead.

AN ALADDIN'S PALACE.

Apropos to the plan of establishing banks at inaccessible places is the incident related by a gentleman of this city, who, in wild-cat days, was traveling through the woods of Shiawassee county. The country was very new, with only here and there a log cabin in the woods, surrounded by a little clearing. The road had never been worked, and was principally indicated by "blazed" trees. Toward night of an early June day he came upon a fork in the road, and was uncertain which track to take. He had not gone far upon the one which he had chosen before he became satisfied that it was only a wood road—that is, it had been used for hauling out wood or lumber. But as the day was wearing late, and he had no time to retrace his steps, he determined to proceed in hope of reaching a human habitation in which to spend the night. He had not proceeded far, when in a little clearing before him there loomed up a large frame structure, across the front of which was the conspicuous sign, "Bank of Shiawassee." It was one of the wild-cats quartered in the native haunts of that animal, the depths of the forest.

A POLITE OFFICER.

A gentleman in this city, in the way of business, became the unhappy possessor of $1,200 or $1,500 in bills on the Bank of Brest, and it occurred to him that he would go down to the bank and get them redeemed. Accordingly he made a journey to Brest and brought up at the door of the bank, where

he was received by the President in the politest manner possible. That officer invited him in and showed him every attention, cordially pressed him to dine with him and opened several bottles of wine, and set before him dishes to tempt an epicure. He conversed volubly on every subject, except finance, and rather monopolized the conversation to himself. At length the Detroit man forced an opportunity to make known his errand to Brest. The affable officer lost none of his politeness, but regretted with great suavity the inability of the bank to redeem the bills *just then*. Some specie was daily expected, and it was unfortunate that he had not called a few days sooner, before there had been such a run on the bank. But it would be all right in a few days. The holder of the bills took his departure in the midst of a shower of apologies. He is the holder of some of the bills yet.

THE BANK OF SINGAPORE.

No school-boy ever saw the name of Singapore on his map of Michigan. It was one of the magnificent cities of the days of which we write, and was located in Allegan county. Its bank enjoyed an extensive circulation and considerable popularity from the fact that most people supposed it to be in Asia. That was a happy thought in christening this particular wild cat to give it a name with an East India flavor. It inspired respect. The bank would not, by any means, have smelled so sweet by any other name. A gentleman who took the bills because of the mellifluous title of the bank, relates a mournful story of how the aforesaid bank "busted" while he was traveling about in the western part of the State looking for Singapore.

THE KING OF THE WILD CATS.

The Detroit City Bank was started with a nominal capital of $200,000. It appears to have been organized in good faith, and had an actual capital of $60,000 paid in in specie. The best men in the city ventured their money in it, and some of them bitterly remember to this day the experience which they gathered in connection with it. It was to be the great head-center, the king of all the wild-cats. Being located at the commercial and political capital of the State, all the other banks were to do business through it. It kept accounts with all of them. But it had to succumb with the rest of them. Its affairs were conducted honestly and in good faith, but it was not managed with financial ability. Every cent of money which its shareholders put into it was lost.

TROUBLE.

The law under which all these banks were organized had not been in operation long before it was found to be leading to disastrous results. Banks were springing up all over the State, in unheard of places, in the depths of the forest, in saw-mills, in asheries, and in the pockets of dishonest men. The plain provisions of the law were successfully evaded. Fraud ran rampant. The greatest farce ever enacted on the financial stage was then before the public. The Bank Commissioners under the law were Alpheus Felch, Digby V. Bell, and K. Prichette. They endeavored to do their duty honestly and faithfully, but the State was large, the swindlers were many, and the Commissioners could not be everywhere and have their hands on all of them at the same time.

A LEGISLATIVE REPORT.

The Bank Commissioners, in their annual report, dated January 18th, 1839, give in detail the policy pursued by them and the results of their investigations into the condition of the affairs of the various banks. They say that a brief retrospect of the operation and consequences of the free banking system may not be unprofitable, and therefore they proceed as follows:

"On tne 15th of March, 1837, the act popularly entitled the General Banking Law, was passed, upon the plausible principle of introducing a free competition into what was considered a profitable branch of business, heretofore monopolized by a few favored corporations. In little more than one year 49 banks were organized, with a nominal capital of $3,915,000, and about 40 went into actual operation under its provisions. These institutions professed to have an actual and available capital of $1,745,000—30 per centum of the nominal capital being presumed to have been paid in according to law, in gold and silver; they were authorized to issue and put in circulation bank bills to the sum of $4,362,500, being twice and-a-half the amount of capital paid in and possessed. The feature of the act which authorized banking under the suspension law, that is to say, giving the sanction of law to the issue of promises to pay, not liable to redemption in gold and silver on demand, gave an irresistable impulse to their career, by opening the door for the debtor to liquidate his liabilities by transferring to the public at large his indebtedness to individuals. The result is too well known, and it is believed that it is not too strong language to assert that no species of frand and evasion of law which the ingenuity of dishonest corporations has ever devised, have not been practiced under this act.

"The loan of specie from established corporations became an ordinary traffic, and the same money set in motion a number of institutions. Specie certificates, verified by oath, were everywhere exhibited, although these very certificates had been cancelled at the moment of their creation by a draft for a similar amount; and yet such subterfuges were pertinaciously insisted upon as fair business transactions, sanctioned by custom and precedent. Stock notes were given for subscriptions to stock, and counted as specie, and thus not a cent of real capital existed, beyond the small sums paid in by the upright and unsuspecting farmer and mechanic, whose little savings and honest name were necessary to give confidence and credit. The notes of institutions thus constituted were spread abroad upon the community in every manner, and through every possible channel; property, produce, stock, farming utensils, everything which the people of the country were tempted by advancing prices to dispose of, were purchased and paid for in paper, which was known by the utterers to be absolutely valueless. Large amounts of notes were hypothecated for small advances, or loans of specie, to save appearances. Quantities of paper were drawn out by exchange checks; that is to say, checked out of the banks by individuals who had not a cent in bank, with no security beyond the verbal understanding that notes of other banks should be returned at some future time. Such are a few among the numberless frauds which were in hourly commission. Thus a law which was established upon principles well digested and approved, and hedged round with so much care, and guarded with so many provisions that few, it was supposed, would venture to bank under it, became, by the base dishonesty and gross cupidity of a few, who had control of the specie of the country, nothing less than a machine of fraud.

"The singular spectacle was presented of the officers of the State seeking for banks in situations the most inaccessible and remote from trade, and finding at every step an increase of labor by the discovery of new and unknown organizations. Before they could be arrested the mischief was done; large issues were in circulation, and no adequate remedy for the evil. Gold and silver flew about the country with the celerity of magic; its sound was heard in the depths of the forest; yet, like the wind, one knew not whence it came or whither it was going. Such were a few of the difficulties against which the Commissioners had to contend. The vigilance of a regiment of them would have been scarcely adequate against the host of bank emissaries who scoured the country to anticipate their coming, and the indefatigable spies who hung upon their path, to which may be added perjuries, familiar as dicers' oaths, to baffle investigation.

"Painful and disgusting as the picture appears, it is neither colored nor overcharged, but falls short of the reality.

"The result of the experiment of free banking in Michigan is that at a low estimate, near $1,000,000 of the notes of insolvent banks are due and unavailable in the hands of individuals.

"It has been said, with some appearance of plausibility, that these banks have at least had the good effect of liquidating a large amount of debt. This may be true; but whose debts have they liquidated? Those of the crafty and the speculative—and by whom? Let every poor man from his little clearing and log hut in the woods make the emphatic response by holding up to view as the rewards of his labor a handful of promises to pay, which, for his purpose, are as valueless as a handful of dry leaves at his feet. Were this the extent of the evil the indomitable energy and spirit of our population, who have so manfully endured it, would redeem the injury. But when it is considered how much injury is inflicted at home by the sacrifice of many valuable farms, and the stain upon the credit of the State abroad, the remedy is neither so easy nor so obvious. When we reflect, too, that the laws are ineffective in punishing the successful swindler, and that the moral tone of society seems so far sunk as to surround and protect the dishonest and fraudulent with countenance and support, it imperatively demands that some legislative action should be had to enable the prompt and rigorous enforcement of the laws, and the making severe examples of the guilty, no matter how protected and countenanced.

"The difficulties and embarrassments which have grown out of this state of things is exciting an endeavor in many who have become entangled in these institutions to avoid the liabilities they have incurred, and induces the perpetration of acts and subterfuges which, under other circumstances, they would have loathed and rejected with contempt. So far has this been carried that men, upon whose character and credit institutions had obtained confidence, have used every device to shift their responsibility, indifferent into whose hands or control the institution should fall, provided they themselves were indemnified—careless of the rights and interests of those who embarked in the enterprise, or received the bills on their faith and credit, so that the singular exhibition has been made of banks passing from hand to hand, like a species of merchandise, each successive purchaser less conscientious than the preceding, and resorting to the most desperate measures for reimbursement on his speculation."

THE COLLAPSE.

Upon this report the Legislature promptly suspended the operation of the act so far as organizing other banks was concerned. But the evil had been accomplished. Worthless bank notes were in the hands of every one. The chartered banks had at first refused to have anything to do with the bills of the other banks, whereat there was a public clamor raised which compelled them to receive such bills on deposit, and in the way of business. Thus the regular banks, which had been doing an honest and legitimate business, were engulfed in the ruin which followed. When it became apparent that banks were established for fraudulent purposes, many of them were enjoined. Others, which had been striving to do honestly, struggled along in the hope of being able to redeem their circulation, and the holders of notes, for a long time, had faith that they would be able to realize something on them. But at length the law, and all the banks with it, collapsed fatally and forever.

THE LAW DECLARED UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

The question of the constitutionality of the law was raised in the supreme court, and the law was decided unconstitutional at the January term, 1844, on the ground that the constitution requires that each corporation created by the Legislature must receive the direct assent of two-thirds of the members elected, and that it is not a fair compliance when the assent of two thirds is given to a general statute establishing a system for the admission of voluntary associations to corporate privileges. The opinion of the court was read by Justice Whipple, who maintained that it was clearly the intention of the framers of the constitution to prohibit the Legislature from passing a general law authorizing the erection of corporations.

FINANCIAL RUIN.

The law being thus declared unconstitutional, of course the personal liability of directors and stockholders under it fell to the ground, and all hope which the holders of bills may have had of realizing anything upon them vanished forever. The bills were only so much waste paper. Already every one of the banks had collapsed, and they had dragged down the chartered banks with them. There was never a more complete financial ruin.

WHAT BECAME OF THE BILLS.

When all the banks had been swept out of existence there were bills afloat representing millions of dollars. Many of these were in the hands of *bona fide* holders, who lost heavily thereby. Many of the bills had never been in use, and were then given away promiscuously. Children used them to play with, and in the rural districts, where paper-hangings were scarce, people used them to paper their rooms. The bills were engraved by Rawdon, Wright & Hatch, in the best style of their art, and were printed on a good quality of paper (it is said, by the way, that the engravers and printers never got their pay), so that they made the walls of a log cabin look rather picturesque. They were scattered all over the State, thrown into old garrets, closets, and bookcases. During the war thousands of dollars of these bills were resurrected and taken South by our soldiers, who found that the people of the South preferred them to Confederate money; in fact they were quite as valuable and superior in point of typographical appearance. Many a soldier was thus

enabled to purchase luxuries which otherwise he would have been obliged to go without. Many of these bills are yet preserved by men who took them for their face value, to be shown as curiosities to their children, or to serve as reminders of those exciting times, which now they hardly know whether to regard as partaking most of the ludicrous or the mournful.

WHY THE BANKS WERE CALLED "WILD CATS"

is not known. The bills of similar banks in New York State were known as "Red Dogs." Whether the two titles had any relation to each other we are unable to say. Very likely the name of "wild cats" was applied to them on some occasion as a jest, and it seemed so peculiarly appropriate that it stuck to them, and was generally adopted. One authority says that the name was first given to them by Oliver Newberry, at one time a leading merchant in this city. Some debtor brought in a parcel of these bills to pay up an account. Mr. Newberry refused to take them—said he would have nothing to do with that "wild cat stuff." Whether or not Mr. Newberry is entitled to the distinguished honor of going down to posterity as having stood sponsor for this species of bank notes we do not attempt to determine. We give the story for what it is worth, only premising that having consulted numerous authorities upon the subject, we have found no other explanation, and only that offered in one instance.

LOOKING OVER THE FIELD

now it is hard to understand how men of ordinary wisdom and prudence were led into this wild scheme of universal banking. But they suffered intensely for it. Individual and State credit were ruined. Michigan, which had just then been admitted into the Union, and was rapidly filling up with a stirring New England population, received a check to her immigration and to her commercial prosperity from which she did not recover for many years. But the lesson was not lost. Upon the ruins of that utterly prostrated credit she builded so wisely that now no State enjoys greater prosperity or has a more enviable reputation for financial soundness.

REPORTS OF COUNTIES, TOWNS, ETC.

ALLEGAN COUNTY.

MEMORIAL REPORT, JUNE 7, 1882.

BY D. S. McMARTIN.

ALANSON S. WEEKS, son of Samuel and Susannah Weeks, was born at Wheelock, Vermont, Jan. 10th, 1812. At the age of 14 years he commenced to learn the trades of painter and chair-maker, and served his time with one Ira Church. In the spring of 1834 he started for Michigan in company of his brother Corydon. Their conveyance was a horse and buggy. The journey to Detroit occupied about four weeks. At Detroit Mr. Weeks attended the funeral of Governor Porter. After a short rest he started for Kalamazoo, then Bronson. There he remained during the autumn and winter, working at his trade. In the spring of 1835 he came to Allegan and purchased land on Sec. 5—1 N. 13 W., now in Trowbridge, and returned to Kalamazoo where he remained until the spring of 1836, when he returned to Allegan village and made it his permanent home. In the year 1837 he married Miss Harriet N. Peckham, also a native of Vermont. She died in 1855 aged 36. Mr. Weeks was a very worthy and exemplary citizen. He died Oct. 18th, 1880.

JOHN ASKIN was born in Chatham, Canada, Sept. 15th, 1815; came to Allegan April 22d, 1835. He was a carpenter and joiner and millwright by trade, was a hard working, honest man, and spent much of his time at mill building in various parts of the county. He died suddenly, June 15th, 1881. A wife and four children survive him.

NORTON BRIGGS was born in Providence, N. Y., June 12th, 1802. He was a son of Ichabod and Lucyntha Norton. Mr. Norton married Hannah Earl, Aug. 30th, 1823. She died in Barry, Orleans county, N. Y., June 2d. 1830, and Nov. 27th, 1831, he married Belinda Coff, of Barry, N.Y. He emigrated from there to Strongsville, Ohio, in 1833 and engaged in farming, merchantile and hotel business. From thence he emigrated to Michigan in 1852 and settled in the town of Cooper, Kalamazoo county. In 1854 he removed to Wayland, Allegan county, where he enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his neighbors and fellow citizens and held positions of trust in the town, and the office of deacon in the church of his choice. He died in the village of Wayland Jan. 22d, 1882.

JOHN PARSONS was born in Connecticut, in the town of Lyme, Dec. 15th, 1805. He died in Petoskey, Michigan, April 23d, 1882, and was buried in Wayland, Allegan county. He emigrated to Michigan in September, 1840, and soon after settled on a farm one mile west of the village of Wayland

where he lived about thirty years and then moved to St. Joseph, staying but a short time. Returning, he bought a house in the village of Wayland, where his daughter kept house for him (his wife having died sometime previous) till her marriage. He then lived with her at Rapid River until her death. He married again within the past year and moved to Petoskey where he died.

DEACON PARSONS, as he was generally called, was one of our very best and most exemplary citizens. He was the first Supervisor of the town of Hopkins. He served his country as a member of 1st regiment of engineers and mechanics. He was the means of organizing the Congregational church of Wayland, and his Christian character gained for him the confidence of all who knew him.

JABIN S. HIGGINS was born in Batavia, N. Y., March 9th, 1797. He died in Otsego, Allegan county, Michigan, Oct. 5th, 1882, aged eighty-four years six months and twenty-six days. Mr. Higgins came to Kalamazoo county in the fall of 1833 and rented the farm, now the Kalamazoo county farm. He moved to Otsego, Allegan county, in the spring or summer of 1836, and opened a hotel in that then small village. At said hotel this writer took his first meal in Allegan county, in October of said year 1836. Mr. Higgins built the first saw-mill in said town, on or near what is known as Pine Creek.

EDWIN A. MURREY was born in Charlton, Saratoga county, N. Y., Feb. 28th, 1811. He died in Allegan, April 12th, 1882. His father was Selah Murrey of that place. Mr. Murrey came to Allegan in the fall of 1836, where he has resided ever since, except that himself and wife have latterly spent their winters in Texas with their son and only child. He was a carpenter and joiner, and assisted in his younger days in building up Allegan.

PHILANDER LEONARD was born in Wareham, Mass., Feb. 4th, 1813. He died in Allegan, April 6th, 1881, at the age of sixty-eight years, two months, and two days. Mr. Leonard emigrated while young from Massachusetts, to Rochester, N. Y. From thence he came to Allegan with his young family; arriving here on the 4th day of July, 1836, and resided here until his decease. He was an active, energetic, hard working man. He learned the trade when a boy, of cabinet maker. When Allegan was in need of hand-made furniture he worked at his trade. He was a skillful workman in any business that required the use of carpenter tools. He was a good citizen, a member of the Presbyterian church, strongly republican in politics.

BAY COUNTY.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY W. R. MCCORMICK.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH F. MARSAC, one of the original pioneers of Michigan and the Saginaw valley, died at the old homestead in Bay City, June 18, 1880, aged about 90 years. No man was better known in the Saginaw valley or more universally respected by all classes for his amiable qualities as a gentleman of the old school.

Captain Marsac was born five miles above Detroit, in the township of Hamtramck. His exact age cannot be ascertained as the records have been lost. But at the battle of the Thames in 1812, he commanded a company, and must then have been at least twenty-one years old. In conversation with Mr.

King, an old gentleman of West Bay City, in regard to Capt. Marsac's age, he said: "I was born in Detroit it 1800, and consequently I was a boy of 12 years when the army left Detroit to pursue Proctor, and I distinctly recollect seeing young Marsac at the head of his company, as at that time I knew him well."

These facts make it certain that at the time of his death Captain Marsac was 90 or more years of age. He told me a short time before his death that he thought he was 92 years old.

His ancestors originally came from France. The original name was De Le Marsac, and his was originally one of the noble families of France. The army was pursuing Proctor up the Thames before the battle was fought, and the commanding general wanted to send some dispatches to the garison at Detroit. He called James Grosebeck, a man well acquainted with the Indian character, to be the bearer of the dispatches. The Indians being all around them, Grosebeck declined to go unless young Marsac would go with him. Finally Grosebeck and Marsac were dispatched. They had to skulk around and travel nights to avoid straggling parties of Indians. They finally reached Detroit and delivered their dispatches and started to return, when they met couriers bringing the news that the battle had been fought and won. "Then," said the captain, "I was mad; for I had lost a good fight;" although no doubt he had done a greater service for his country.

Soon after this Captain Marsac and his company were sent to Fort Gratiot to work upon the fort, and from there to Fort Malden where he remained until the time of his enlistment expired, when he returned home to assist his father on the farm.

In 1816 he was employed by Kinzie Pritchard and others to go to Chicago as interpreter and sell goods to the Indians. Chicago then consisted of five houses including the trading post. He started on horseback on an Indian pony and took the Indian trail for Chicago. At the Indian village on the St. Joseph river near where Niles now stands, he traded his pony with the Indians for corn, which he loaded in canoes, with which he proceeded down the St. Joseph river to its month and then around the south shore of Lake Michigan to Chicago, where he remained in the employ of the fur company some time. After his time had expired he returned to Detroit on foot.

In 1819 he was called by General Cass to go with him to Saginaw to make a treaty with the Chippewa Indians of northern Michigan. He accompanied Gen. Cass on horseback to Saginaw, while a small schooner had been dispatched around the lake with a company of soldiers to protect them at the treaty, for some of the Indians still preferred war rather than sell their lands.

After the treaty Captain Marsac returned to Detroit in the vessel that had brought out the troops.

General Cass and Captain Marsac were always the greatest of friends, and to this the latter was indebted for the many offices of trust he held for many years under the government, which he always filled with the strictest integrity. During many years he was engaged in the custom house in Detroit and other public offices.

At the breaking out of the Black Hawk war he received a captain's commission from Governor Cass, and raised a company of Indian fighters and started for the seat of war, with his company, on foot, as there was no other conveyance in those days. When they had nearly reached Chicago, news came

that Black Hawk had been captured, and a courier was dispatched by Governor Cass ordering Captain Marsac, with his company, to return.

In 1836 or '37 he was employed by the government as Indian interpreter, to assist in making a treaty with the Indians of the Saginaw river and its tributaries for the sale of their reservations to the United States government, which took place where the city of Flint now is.

In 1838 he emigrated to Lower Saginaw, now Bay City, where he was appointed by the government Indian farmer for the Saginaw river and its tributaries, which position he held for many years, until he was superseded by the late James Fraser.

No man in the Saginaw valley was so well known as the late Captain Marsac for his unbounded hospitality and fund of anecdote, and no man is so missed from the community in which he lived. He has left a record that his children may well feel proud of: An honest and noble man, respected by all who knew him.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROGERS, one of the early pioneers of the Saginaw valley, died in Bay City, July 17, 1881, aged 72 years.

She was born in Watertown, New York, November 12, 1809, and was the daughter of Dr. Wilcox, an eminent physician of that place.

In her younger days, while still with her father, she became an excellent student; in fact all her spare time was spent in studying medical works, and at the age of eighteen she was frequently consulted by her father in difficult cases. This early training and experience eminently fitted her to fill, in after years, a sphere of great usefulness among the pioneers of the Saginaw valley.

She with her husband emigrated to Lower Saginaw, now Bay City, in 1837, and settled in Portsmouth, now South Bay City. From the year 1837 to 1850 she was the only practicing physician to the early settlers. Emigration now began to come in, also doctors. But the old settlers would have none other than Mrs. Rogers, and she continued to attend them up to 1856, at which time she gave up practicing. Mrs. Rogers was one of the noblest of women. No person had more kindly feelings or more sympathy for her fellow beings. She was a mother to the sick and afflicted, and in fact her presence at the sick bed to sympathize with and cheer the sick was as good as half of the antidotes that could be given. In the year of the cholera, which swept off so many of our citizens, she was at the bedside of the suffering and dying, administering assistance and comfort.

Sometime before her death, in alluding to the year of the cholera, she said, "There were many days when I could not get time to lie down to rest." Said I, "I suppose you have been well paid." Said she, "I made no charge; I have done no more than my duty to my fellow beings." Then, as if to change the subject, she said: "How things have changed." "Yes," I said, "We have seen Bay City and its surroundings rise from three or four families to a population of twenty-eight thousand." "No," says she, "I don't mean that. I mean there are no noble-hearted men and women as there were among the early pioneers. It seems that an all-wise Providence chose such men and women to make the beginning here, or it never would have been done."

Mrs. Rogers was an exemplary Christian woman. In company she was modest and unpretending. No person came into her presence without being deeply impressed with her gentle and amiable character. Long will she be remembered by the old pioneers of the Saginaw valley.

THERESA REVARD MARSAC was born at Grosse Point, above Detroit, July 22, 1808, and in 1829 was married to the late Captain Joseph F. Marsac of Hamtramck, by whom she had six children, viz.: Charles, Octavius, Mrs. Leon Trombly, Mrs. Wm. H. Southworth, Mrs. Thomas J. McClennen, and Mrs. George Robinson, all of whom now live in Bay City.

Mrs. Marsac was a remarkable woman for the times in which she lived, and no woman was more dearly loved by the early settlers; for her motherly kindness encircled them all. Her house was a resort for the poor and afflicted; her chief aim was to alleviate the sufferings of others. None knew her but to love her. She died at the old homestead in South Bay City, August 9, 1881, deeply mourned by all the pioneers, and through her death earth lost a noble woman—heaven gained a saint. Her memory will be sacredly treasured in the annals of the Saginaw valley pioneer life. Columns might be written about this excellent woman, recounting her many acts of self-sacrificing devotion to her fellow beings, but space will not permit.

JOHN MCEWEN died in Bay City, January 26, 1882. Mr. McEwen was one of the early pioneers, and one of the most prominent lumbermen of the Saginaw valley.

He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in the year 1825, where he learned the trade of machinist and engineer. At the age of twenty-one he married Miss Margaret Pollock. In 1848 he was offered a position as chief engineer on Her Majesty's steamship Unicorn, then about to make a cruise to the Pacific ocean, which position he was to hold for two and one-half years.

It was arranged between himself and wife before he left Scotland, that she should go to America and remain with his father and brothers until his term of service on the Unicorn expired, and that he would rejoin her at his father's, in Lower Saginaw, now Bay City, and settle down in some permanent business. He came to Lower Saginaw in 1851, where he found his wife and child. He then went into the lumbering business with his brothers, William and Alexander, in the northern limits of what is now Bay City, where they built extensive saw-mills. Soon after Alexander died, and the business was continued by William and John until a few years since, when William retired with a competency. John still continued the business under the name of John McEwan & Son, until his death.

He leaves a wife and six children to mourn their loss. Mr. McEwan was much respected as a prompt business man. Honest in all his dealings, few persons had more or warmer friends. Those who knew him best loved him most. His death is a great loss to the business community of the Saginaw valley.

MRS. CAROLINE M. MERRILL, wife of Charles A. Merrill, Esq., died in Bay City, May 11, 1882. Mrs. Merrill was the daughter of the late Dr. J. T. Miller, who was a member of the State Pioneer Society and whose family at an early day was the only one of English descent residing within the present limits of Bay county.

Mrs. Merrill was born at Saginaw, on the 13th day of October, 1839. At the age of two years her father removed to Flushing, Genesee county, where she received a good common school education, and at the age of fourteen years she commenced teaching in the district schools in the vicinity of her home, and continued her occupation as a teacher in Genesee, Saginaw, and Bay counties until her marriage to Charles A. Merrill, Esq., which occurred at Bay City on the 15th day of December, 1864.

The subject of this sketch at the age of seventeen years gave her heart to her Savior and joined the M. E. church at Portsmouth, and ever after adorned her profession by living a consistent Christian life, and was always active in her duties in promoting the cause of Christ in the community in which she lived. Mrs. Merrill was a model wife and mother, and leaves a husband, two daughters, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her departure.

MRS. C. M. BLIGH, a pioneer of Bay City, died at the residence of her brother, Hon. W. L. Fay, in Bay City, March 30, 1882.

Mrs. Bligh was born in Hamilton, N. Y., in 1832. She was married to the late Dr. Theodore M. Bligh, and in 1854 came with her husband to what was then called Lower Saginaw, now Bay City, where she has lived ever since to the time of her death.

Mrs. Bligh left no children. We have been unable to gather any particulars of her life. One thing we do know: she was a very estimable lady and dearly loved by all who ever knew her.

CALHOUN COUNTY.

POLYDORE HUDSON AND CONTEMPORARIES.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

Among the pioneers who came to this new region in 1832, was Polydore Hudson of Saratoga County, New York. He came to Battle Creek in company with Daniel G. Gurnsey, who was a relative of his. Mr. Hudson and his family occupied the Foster House until he built one east of it. He was the first postmaster in Battle Creek; receiving his appointment for that office in 1832. He was the first justice of the peace for the new colony, and in 1833, united James Simonds and Miss Berthered Thomas in the holy bonds of matrimony,—the first couple that were married in the colony. He established the first market in Battle Creek; the market-place being a pole on crutches, a booth made of green boughs; and when he had fresh supplies he perambulated the region about, warning the people of the fact by the tinkling of a little bell. Mr. Hudson kept tavern in the old log stand just east of the village, at the "Gulf." This was in 1836. He resided a number of years in Battle Creek, and removed to his lands a few miles south of the town where he cleared up a farm and spent the remainder of his days. His death occurred near 1866. Mrs. Hudson, a woman of energy and marked individuality, was long known for the excellent small fruit she was accustomed to bring to market in Battle Creek, from the farm. She is also dead. Of the family: Aaron, the oldest, is in the west; Hiram lives in Allegan County, Michigan; Bradley who, while engaged in the practice of law at Marshall, was elected to the lower House of our Legislature, and died while a member of that body. He was a promising young man, and had he lived, would have made his mark as a lawyer and public man. Polydore Hudson was most worthy citizen; a quiet, social, mild-mannered man.

WILLIAM H. COLEMAN.

William H. Coleman came from New York to Battle Creek in 1835. He

may be justly entitled to the credit of establishing the first permanent store in Battle Creek. He built the first frame building and sold the first goods sold in Battle Creek, bringing the goods by teams from Detroit. He built a frame store on the spot where Buck & Hoyt's furniture store now stands. Here he offered his goods to the settlers. The credit system was necessarily in vogue then, for many, in securing a home here, had bought themselves "land poor," and had nothing but "a promise to pay" in buying goods of the merchant; for the settler drew on his first crop to pay the running expenses of his family the first year. In 1836 Mr. Coleman went into his new frame store, on the corner of Main and Jefferson streets, where he continued in trade for many years. David H. Daniels opened his store the first of June, 1835, in the Ezra Convis house, where he continued in trade awhile, and then commenced to build a store on what was afterwards Noble's corner. He erected a frame there and sold it to John Marvin, who sold it to Leonard Starkweather, known as "Uncle Stark," who transferred it to his son Leonard, who in turn, sold it to Noble and Whitcomb. The *frame* in the meanwhile did not undergo much improvement until the last owners got it. They finished it, and began a trade which, under Mr. Noble's enterprising management, for he soon became sole proprietor, increased with the growth of the prosperous town. From those two corners, Coleman's and Noble's, has arisen much of Battle Creek's commercial prosperity. Says an old resident, and a good judge of character: "When I first saw Wm. H. Coleman in his store, he had much of the appearance of the boy about him, but I soon found he had in him the elements of the merchant, the gentleman, and business qualifications. He was a man of ardent temperament and decided opinions, suave and polite in manners, an intelligent and agreeable talker, and a favorite among his friends. A love of adventure, and a desire to overcome obstacles was evinced by his joining the early band of pioneers who came to this beautiful region, and who remained and aided largely in building up the town." In politics Mr. Coleman was formerly an uncompromising democrat, but being convinced of the error of slavery, he became an ardent free soiler. He zealously advocated every moral reform in the days of Washingtonianism and Sons of Temperance, and threw his whole energy into these movements. Some few years after he came to Battle Creek, he married Lucretia, daughter of Isaac Merritt. In after life he became a banker, but his health failing, he retired from business, and died, I believe, in 1870, from injuries by being thrown from his horse. He was an active and prominent member of the Presbyterian Church, and ever a most trusted and worthy citizen. He left his widow and three sons. Merritt is a banker at Lansing, with whom his mother lives; Horton served during the late war in Missouri, and is settled at Memphis; George is a dentist at Lansing.

CAPT. JOHN MARVIN.

John Marvin came to Battle Creek in 1835, and began life there as a blacksmith. He did not remain at the forge many years, for we soon find him selling "dry goods and groceries" in his frame store, on Main street, just east of Coleman's. Here he continued in trade for several years, when he removed to Wisconsin. John Marvin was what, in the parlance of the day, was called "a smart man." Shrewd, sharp, and active, he entered into business or any other matters, with a determination to succeed. He was one of the most sanguine and spirited of old time whigs. In 1839, when there

began to be signs of politics about Battle Creek, Capt. John Marvin, during that political campaign, was the Roderick Dhu of the old whig clan, who gave the whistle to call his followers together, and muster them in battle array against the enemy. Few could beat Capt. Marvin in manipulating men at the polls. Many remember how he got Johnny Fowler's vote for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," in 1840. Johnny was a stout little Englishman who had settled on his "forty acres" that dipped down to Goguac Lake on its east border, and they remember his log cabin that was nestled down under the bank by the water's edge, and also Johnny's good wife, who after his death became Mrs. Mitchell. This is a long prelude to a short story, but let it go as a few lines of worthy mention for the honest industry, hard toil and thrift that once abode in Johnny Fowler's log cabin on the eastern shore of Goguac Lake. Capt. Marvin was to treat Johnny before and after voting. That was settled, and the two stood at the bar where Johnny soon tossed off a glass of whisky. The Captain then gave him a whig vote, and they go straight to the polls, he sees it deposited in the ballot-box, and instantly darts out of the room. Johnny having voted, turns about to find Capt. Marvin missing; he walks into the bar-room—he isn't there! His mouth waters—his eyes moisten—the tears trickle down his cheeks, as he exclaims—"a mean country this! in old England ye can get two drinks for a vote, and here they only give ye one!"

EDWARD PACKER.

Edward Packer came from Vermont to Battle Creek in 1836. He also started as a blacksmith, but after a year or more, built a frame store and began selling goods. He continued in trade many years. His store became one of the well known places in town, and his clerk, Chauncy Thiers, one of the well known clerks. Mr. Packer was a successful merchant, and finally retired from the trade and gave his time to the general supervision of his rents, buying and selling real estate, and letting money. The money letter is apt to become what is denominated a "money shaver," or a scheming, exacting man. Mr. Packer let out a great deal of money, and when pay day came there were few men with whom a debtor could settle so easily. His barn was always an "old curiosity shop" where he stowed away old buggies, old harnesses, and old traps which he had collected on outstanding debts where he could get no money without distressing the people who owed him. Mr. Packer was a very prominent and serviceable member of the Baptist church. It is a well known fact that there were times when the church would have died pecuniarily had it not been for his timely assistance in money. He took an active part in the reforms of the day. He was a very social, intelligent, and worthy citizen. There are none of his family now living in Battle Creek. His wife with her two daughters, both married, live in Jacksonville, Florida.

Wm. H. Coleman, Edward Packer, and Alonzo Noble may be called the pioneer merchants who established a permanent trade for Battle Creek.

ELI L. STILLSON.

The brothers, Eli and David Stillson, came from New York and settled, the one in Battle Creek and the other on his farm in Bedford, in 1836. I think they had made a previous visit to this part of the country in 1835.

The first time I saw Eli L. Stillson he was acting as clerk in Wm. H. Cole-

man's store. He was reading a newspaper—a *rara avis* in Battle Creek at that period. The subject of the article he was reading was "Manners in the street." Over this he and Mr. Coleman had an interesting discussion. And by it I discovered that they were men of reading and culture; and that they thought highly of the common amenities and courtesies of life. Intellectually they were both men of ability.

Mr. Stillson served Battle Creek for many years as justice of the peace; so long in fact, that "Esquire Stillson" became as familiar as a household word throughout the entire region. He was an able magistrate. He read the newspapers of the day closely, and the new books; he was especially an admirer of Dickens. He was a man of good taste and literary attainments, and ever a polite gentleman. He has also passed away. His wife and eldest daughter, now Mrs. Charlotte Rogers, live in Battle Creek. Caroline, the other daughter, is married and lives in the west.

JOHN CHAMPIERE,

Or "Uncle John," as he was familiarly called, was one of the sturdy pioneers of Battle Creek. He served his township as supervisor for many years. He was a worthy and useful citizen; a man of excellent judgment, and was held in high esteem for his good qualities of head and heart. He died a number of years ago. His son Henry still lives in Battle Creek. His daughter Clarissa, Mrs. L. R. Hall, lives in LeRoy.

SAMUEL AND GILBERT MCCAMLY

Were influential business men of Battle Creek. They were sons of Capt. John McCamly, a most worthy old gentleman and brother of Judge Sands McCamly. All these have passed away.

GIDEON F. SMITH

Was a prominent citizen, an excellent landlord, a man of energy and business ability, who has left a good record and a good name.

JOSEPH BARTON,

Who died some years ago, was another of Battle Creek's esteemed citizens whose name should be recorded among those of her useful and influential pioneers. Mr. Barton came to Battle Creek at an early period and established himself as the tailor for the young village. He subsequently became merchant tailor, and still later was engaged in the hardware trade, which he soon changed for his former business. He was a man of sound intelligence, of social worth, with a love of the humorous, and a fondness for repartee. The writer remembers attending, at one time, a lecture on physiology, in the old Union Block. The weather being inclement there were only about fifteen citizens present, Mr. Barton being one. The lecturer waited some time, then arose and said, as there were so few present he thought it best to adjourn to another evening; whereupon Mr. Barton arose and addressing the lecturer, said: "Mr. Speaker, I sympathize with you; I see we are few in *number*, but I can assure you, sir, that in those few *you have got the intelligence of Battle Creek before you.*" The lecture was adjourned to another evening.

DR. JOHN L. BALCOMB.

In the year 1835 there was a lone hut in the woods some two miles west of Battle Creek, near where William Betterly now lives. Little was known of its

occupant; few knew who he was or where he came from. Some of the settlers said that a rather tall, gaunt man whose wife was a slender little woman, and a boy of some half dozen years lived in this hut. Judge T. W. Hall chanced one day to meet this stranger in the suburbs of the settlement, and in the short talk he had with him, he was surprised at the learning and ability he displayed in his conversation. The Judge afterwards informed his friends that the occupant of that hut in the woods was a remarkably well-informed man. Others became acquainted with him, and the longer they conversed the greater was their surprise at the extent and variety of his attainments. And as they found him out, they were not inappropriately reminded of the hermit shepherd, described by the old English poet, and they were fain to ask:

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
Hast thou through many cities strayed,
Their customs, laws, and manners weighed?"

The occupant of the hut soon became acquainted with many of the villagers, and in a short time moved into town, where he eventually became one of the leading citizens, having won the esteem of all. This man was Dr. John L. Balcomb. Not one of the old citizens of Battle Creek, but yet carries a distinct recollection of this interesting man. Those fine dark eyes, the intellectual face, the tall, lank figure, slightly bent forward, as if top heavy, or weak in the chest; the long stride as he walked the street with a pipe in his mouth; the old camlet cloak loosely worn on his shoulders; the black hat tilted back on his head; the entire dress which was usually black, evincing nothing of studied care in its adjustment; and the accustomed "good morning," as he walked hurriedly by you, evincing the innate gentleman; all these are clearly photographed on the memory of the old citizens of Battle Creek. Not a school boy or girl that knew him then, but will carry a well-defined photograph of this old friend of theirs through life.

At first, Dr. Balcomb was censured for what was called haughtiness. But the more you knew of the man, the less you found of the trait you were looking for, and in its place an independence, based on an intellectual worth that the world admires. In his early life in Battle Creek he was very poor. But when he came into the village, and found employment, and the support of the people in bestowing office on him, he secured a good home, and had the comforts of life about him. But whether in poverty or riches, the man was just the same. He could say with Burns:

"The honest man though e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."

And as regards wealth and position, he would say—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

Dr. Balcomb was really rich in his honest poverty; or, as he once said to the Hinmans, his old friends: "The poorer I grow the prouder I grow, and I thank God for it." He was a very nervous man, and in the habit of taking opium for its quieting effect on his system. This gave rise to expressions, at times, that he was a "fidgety opium eater." But they understood little of the man who thought him merely "a nervous, whimsical person, living on opium." He was somewhat of a De Quincy in the use of that drug, and also in his rare intellectual endowments. He was usually uneasy under

restraint, and was accustomed to move or weave his body back and forwards when talking, and the more earnestly he talked the faster he "wove." Dr. Balcomb was continually performing good deeds while he was unconscious of it; for no one ever spent five minutes in talking with him who was not benefited by some treasure or useful thought gathered from his varied conversation. He was not only a man of much learning, but of wide culture. His mind, like some fine library, held stores of rich and valuable knowledge. He was a keen observer and a rare listener. From those sources so abundant in treasures—travel and the society of friends, he had gained valuable information. His social qualities enabled him to gather rich stores of thought from conversation. He dealt in the humanities and civilities of life. Here is where the large hearted man appeared. Business, be it ever so exacting, did not absorb these higher and more ennobling qualities of the man; for he always came back to *himself* after it was over. He left business when it was attended to, in the office, store, or wherever it belonged, and went out freed from it, having laid it aside as he would his cloak while he sought relaxation in a book or in social converse with his friends. He was right and showed keen discrimination that is of great value to all practical business men. "Business itself can be better conducted by the man who resolutely lays it aside at regular intervals, and throws his energies into other channels." "The mind becomes over-strained by a long confinement to one train of thought, and works less vigorously even on its own chosen topic." Dr. Balcomb, if he did not always follow the rule laid down by one of our eminent men—"Friends first, business next,"—could easily at all times, pass from one to the other and do justice to both.

His old friends who survive will yet remember him in his office when he was serving as Justice of the Peace. There sits the learned magistrate by his table; if a trial is in progress a legal volume or two is lying near his elbow; pen, ink and paper are before him; the parties to the suit and the lawyers are grouped about him; the jury, if one is needed, take their seat fronting the Justice; the eager and expectant crowd fill up the rest of the space in the room. The case is called. The trial begins. Think of this sensitive man of nerves trying cases that bristled with perplexities, and worried with their tediousness! He gives his ruling and decides the points referred to him; he jots down with his pen an item now and then, till, growing weary of the examination, he rises to his feet, lights his pipe and places it in his mouth, and commences to weave back and forward, giving now and then a puff of smoke from his mouth, then stooping over he scratches down a sentence or two, and rising, commences to weave and puff again. Thus he continues until he is rested, when he takes his seat. In this manner he worried his way through a trial. Probably he suffered more in his feelings, in trying a case, than any plaintiff or defendant ever did from the infliction of the penalty that he imposed upon them.

Though a good listener, as we have said, this depended on who was talking. He could not be bored. He once told the writer that, if he did not know the minister who was to preach on the Sabbath, he always took his seat by the door. "Then," says he, "a few sentences in the beginning of the sermon or lecture tell me whether I stay or go." If he did not like the preaching, he took his hat and left, disturbing no one. "I cannot," continued he, "sit and listen to dull, vapid sermons—*they drive me out of the church.*"

I shall never forget his restlessness and final bolting from a fusilade of words in a discussion he once had with an old friend in May and Giddings' office in Noble's block. The topic of conversation had finally drifted to Universalism, and here the two got into a warm discussion on the merits of that religion. Dr. Balcomb had discussed awhile sitting, then he arose to his feet, swayed to and fro, puffed his pipe, and discussed that way. His friend had answered him. The arguments, pro and con, were given, till finally the Doctor took the floor and closed on his side with this eloquent peroration: "I tell you, my friend, I know Universalism through and through; I know its great champion, Adolphus Skinner, personally well; I have listened to his most able and eloquent arguments in its exposition and defense; and after hearing all in its favor, and seeing the system fairly tested, I have come to the conclusion that it lacks deep, vital piety. There is no stir or spirit of progress in it; it don't reform; it don't convict; it don't convert anybody. Your whole system is becalmed; it is

'As idle as a painted ship on a painted ocean.'

Give me a little fanaticism in religion rather than your piety-lacking, becalmed Universalism!" And he took his seat. His friend, now all aroused, began again, and undertook to refute the Doctor's argument. The latter listened a moment, and began to get impatient and nervous; he could see no argument, he could not stand *pettifogging;* he sprang to his feet, and, with extended arm and swaying body, he exclaimed: "I'll believe you, my friend, I'll believe every word you say—*if you will only quit!*" He took his hat and saying "good day," left the room.

Phrenologically speaking, Dr. Balcomb's bump of order was law. It is said that he used to keep his justice papers in a barrel in his office, and when he wanted one he would turn the contents of the barrel on the floor, and having found the paper he sought, he would put the rest back again. He was a fine conversationist, and talked interestingly on any subject. It was always a mooted question among his friends in regard to what department of knowledge he showed the most strength. He was thoroughly read as a physician; his varied attainments would have aided him in any other of the learned professions; he was a fine belles-lettres scholar, and would have made a first-class professor in college. Some thought he belonged to the pulpit. He was, in fact, a preacher. He belonged to the peripatetic school of ministers, for he was always walking backward and forward when he talked, and it would always pay you to note down what he said when you met him at his home, in the street, store, or office, for you would get a little dissertation, or a short, piquant sermon, or a delightful sketch of character, some pithy sentence, or a rare thought—all treasures, and all worthy of preservation. Many of the good things gathered from his conversation are yet reported by his old friends.

"If I could only get Choate to repeat this story," said an old friend of that brilliant orator, "it would live forever." Dr. Balcomb's fine sayings will never be forgotten; the common phrase came mended from his tongue. "He could talk," said the Rev. Dwight Pitkin, "like an angel." He possessed appreciation and admiration in the highest degree. The chief pleasure and value of conversation consists in having the good things said fully appreciated. The beauties of speech and gems of thought met with a recognized value from our worthy friend Balcomb, and his stamp of their genuine merit gave to them a higher value.

"He had," says Hon. E. Hussey, "the most intuitive knowledge, and the greatest variety of it, of any person I ever saw. Rare man that he was, no one could appreciate him who did not know every phase of his character. He and his family boarded a year with us, and we learned to know them well. In the order of creation, time produces rare specimens of humanity under various forms—a great genius, statesman, orator, sculptor, or poet. Dr. Balcomb was a peculiar specimen—an enthusiast. He gave his views or opinions without stint, and always with force and perspicuity. Ideality and marvelousness were largely developed. He loved nature, he loved art, and everything he touched he embellished.

He married Miss Calista Coffin—a beautiful and accomplished woman—the entire counterpart of himself. She had an even and philosophical temperament. Enthusiasm in *him* gave place to placidness in her. She served as an anchor to his imagination, and held him nearer to the earth than he otherwise would have been. He reasoned from analogy, she from cause to effect. They were devotedly attached to each other. She was a woman of excellent business capacity, and fine education. She was noted for her love of order and her evenness of disposition. Her memory was remarkable; and when a a question came up involving proof of facts from past history, she could always refer to the authority to establish the fact in question.

The doctor sold the first home by Betterley's, and located at the foot of the hills, north of Harmonia, building a little cabin, where he lived till about 1840, when he came to Battle Creek. His house at the foot of the hills was long known as the "hermit's cabin."

Those only who knew him well could fully estimate his colloquial powers. He was an earnest arguer and adhered to his strong points as if life depended upon it. He was not given to speaking in public assemblies, but was a *social* orator, and although he could not hold an audience in a set speech, he could charm the social circle with his fine thoughts and quaint eloquence. Though not calculated for a leader, yet his society was courted, and he was admired for the versatility of his attainments, and his spicy and original remarks, for his sharpness in repartee, and for his inimitable manner in relating anecdotes. He had a sympathetic and philanthropic nature. His kindness to animals was remarkable. While he was justice of the peace he usually had some "pet" in the back room of his office—a lame dog, or a maimed kitten that he fed and "doctored." He would bring cups of milk which he would leave in the room where he kept his pets. At one time, in his little "hospital" he had five or six cups and as many kittens, having forgotten to return the former in his attachment to the latter. This philanthropic management continued until the lame and unfortunate kittens had become so numerous on his hands, that he came to a friend one day very much dejected, and complained grievously that he did not know what to do with his *cats*. Finally, one day, in the midst of his perplexity and grief, he hurried to his "hospital" and drove all the cats, with their families of kittens, *out of doors*. It was an amusing, though to him a sad affair, to see the kind-hearted man drive his little pets into the streets. A few days after this, some of his friends found him sitting sad and melancholy in his office. His "mews" had forsaken him; the whole "nine" and their progeny had deserted his abode. The poor philanthropist's occupation was gone. I herewith give a few anecdotes illustrative of his eccentric character.

In talking with Hon. B. F. Graves, on the probable effect of the cholera

upon Battle Creek, should it reach that place, he insisted that it would act as a scavenger and carry off the vile rubbish of the community, and referred to a brace of vagabonds that lived at Verona, called Comstock and Peer, closing his argument with: "It will be as I tell you, if the cholera comes we shall get rid of these vagabonds!" The next morning very early, Judge Graves heard some one coming up stairs to his office, and soon the doctor walked in, very much excited; and with the inevitable pipe in his mouth, and one hand under his coat tail, he strode into the middle of the floor, there stopping abruptly, he ejaculated: "It's of no use—it's of no use, now!" The judge, surprised, asked what was the matter. He replied: "Old Comstock"—the judge hurriedly asked: "Is he dead?" "Lord, no!" exclaimed Balcomb, "it's of no use, I tell you!" "Why not?" queried the judge. "Because the old 'scape-goat' won't die with the cholera now, for I have just entered a judgment against him in favor of Ed. Packer, and his life is insured; I tell you it's of no use, the community has got to endure the eternal pestilence of that old vagabond till that judgment is collected, for *Ed. Packer never loses a judgment!*"

At another time, in trying to convince Hon. E. Hussey of the fallacy of Universalism, or any reform in depending on kindness alone, he said: "Erastus, human nature is so constituted in some, that kindness and forbearance can't reach them; you must take them up and shake them over the bottomless pit before they can be converted, I tell you."

In talking of people's peculiarities, he insisted that at times they were so annoying that they were unbearable; and to give his argument emphasis he added, referring to his wife and her amiability, "now the eternal evenness of that little woman over there *has worn me to skin and bone.*"

To an able and most successful lawyer who practiced before him, when he was Justice of the Peace, he said: "I like you, you know I do; you are smart and I admire your speaking; I can't help but like you, and may God forgive me for it; for, in managing your suits, you are the meanest and most abusive lawyer in Michigan."

A white man and a negro claimed the same pig. They came before Justice Balcomb. He heard their statements and commenced an *amicable* replevin suit; tried the case without lawyer or jury, and found the pig belonged to one of the parties at the value of *twenty shillings*, and entered judgment accordingly by giving the pig to the party. He then took *twenty shillings* from his pocket, gave it to the other party, receipted the cost, and sent the men home.

Dr. Balcomb was born in Attleboro, Massachusetts, and in early life removed to New York. In 1835 he came to Battle Creek, in company with John Conway, cousin of his wife. Besides serving as Justice of the Peace for many years at Battle Creek, he was elected to the Lower House of our State Legislature. He was postmaster for a number of years at Battle Creek. He was an earnest politician and was one of the seven who formed the first Whig convention in Battle Creek. He afterward became a "free soiler," then a republican. He and his family removed to Minnesota some thirty years ago (1852) and he became one of the original proprietors of Winona, owning one quarter of the place. I believe he disposed of most of his interest in that flourishing city at an early day. He died there some years since. His widow resides in Winona most of the time.

The career of St. Andre D. Balcomb, his son, deserves notice in connection with this sketch of his father. He is a man of note and one of the young men of whom Battle Creek will ever be proud. Without fortune or influential friends, he

made his way to the highest post of honor in his adopted State—Minnesota. In politics he is a staunch republican. He was elected member of the Lower House of the Legislature, and made Speaker of that body; was elected State Senator, and a delegate to the constitutional convention, and made its president. He was also Regent of the University. All this before he was twenty-seven years of age. He was Indian agent under Lincoln, which was an honor, and was dismissed under Johnson, which was not a dishonor. He is now at the head of a large news and publishing house, at Omaha, Nebraska. He is a man of noble presence and unblemished character.

PIONEER ANNALS:

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF BATTLE CREEK CITY AND TOWNSHIP, WITH VIVID SKETCHES OF PIONEER LIFE AND PEN PORTRAITS OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

Now-a-days the old, slow-moving, unobtrusive canal-boat, gliding along its narrow, watery way, attracts no attention. But behold, what a sensation that railway train creates, as it flies with the speed of the wind, from city to city, through hamlet and over farmland. The one is an emblem that represents the good old times past. The other is an emblem that represents this fast, stirring, noisy age of ours. There was a charm about that old canal-boat—that migratory home—that took your family and your household goods, boarded and lodged you, and carried you safely and at a very reasonable charge from Albany to Buffalo. That unpretending "old-liner," into which like muskrats, you must dive for ingress, was yet found pleasant and home-like within. The captain was your landlord, and a most companionable gentleman. His wife, or a matron in charge, was your landlady, who understood the rare art of entertaining her guests, and of making them feel at ease and at home. There you were domiciled, and felt as secure and happy as at a wayside inn. Only you were going abroad in it, and secured the delights of travel not to be enjoyed on foot or on wheels. And you had this with none of the dangers that often haunt you in modern railway travel. You had only to take care of yourself and enjoy the society of your fellow passengers, and the panoramic views of the country, that were, in all their varied beauty, long drawn out. This was the mode of travel that gave you the most of the country, the most safety, and the cheapest fare. It was full as safe and as cheap as to stay at home. If tired of riding, you could spring from the boat to the tow-path, where you could hunt, ramble, or ransack in the woods to your heart's content.

Although DeWitt Clinton was at first ridiculed for his efforts in carrying out the Dutch idea of travel in this country, yet, who shall say how much "his ditch" contributed toward settling the great unknown West? It was the only available mode of travel for the emigrant to the West at that time. A strong man could walk, but his family and his household goods, how was he to transport them to this far country? To fit out an emigrant wagon was too expensive, and the way was too long and untried. At this time traveling on the Erie canal boat was found commodious and cheap, and the

emigrants could take all they wanted to start new homes with in the wild regions they were going to. Hence, really, on "Clinton's ditch"—

"Westward the course of empire took its way,"

and soon the log house—then the thriving settlement—the busy village—the crowded city and the great State arose where late there was but an unbroken wilderness. How much Michigan is indebted to the magic potency that laid concealed in those four words, "The old Erie canal," who can tell? Could those "old liners" speak, what histories they could relate! Like the "boat of Æneas," the "May Flower" of the pilgrims, the "Half Moon" of Hendrick Hudson, their mission was to carry adventurers forth to plant colonies in a new land.

My parents, a sister and myself, with the household effects that were deemed essential for our future purposes, on the 1st of October, 1836, left our home at New York Mills, Oneida County, New York, and took passage at Yorkville, one-half mile distant, in the line-boat "Magnet," on the Erie Canal, for Buffalo. As we left, we heard the whistle of the locomotive, at Utica, two miles east. Railway travel in New York was completed to that city at that time. The next time we heard that "whistle" it was in 1846 in the young and picturesque village of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Some weeks' travel on the Erie Canal brought us to Buffalo. Here taking the new and staunch steamer, "United States," we made a speedy trip up the lake to Detroit. The boat was crowded with people, mostly emigrants, from various parts of the east, bound to various points in the west. Each emigrant family had with them all the essential paraphernalia for starting new homes in a new land.

My father and his son-in-law, Edward Dickinson, had the year previous visited Michigan, and after making a purchase of lands, returned. Two of my brothers, Martin and Ephraim, had preceded us, going in the spring of 1836 to erect a log house on the new land for the family who were to come in the fall. That time had now arrived. And as we stepped off the steamer at Detroit, we found Ephriam, who had come in from Milton, the first name of Battle Creek township, Calhoun County, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant, with two yoke of oxen before a lumber wagon, to take the family and their goods to the new home.

In August, 1699, de La Salle and Louis Hennepin, French Jesuits, discovered a large village of the Hurons called Teuchsagronde, covering part of the ground where Detroit now stands. M. de La Mott Cadillac built a fort, a stockade of wooden pickets, in July, 1701, on the same spot. But this was not discovering *Michigan*. The French Jesuits touched at Detroit and Mackinaw a century or more ago, with one eye on the red man, as a means of establishing their religion in the remote West, and the other on his furs or any other commodity he had to offer. Yet it was not till 1824 or 1828 that Michigan was really discovered. Previous to that time, says Judge Holmes of Newark, Ohio, "all back of Detroit was considered a *swamp*. I know, for I was one of the government surveyors, and could not survey it except in the winter on the ice."

These reports, stated by the old surveyors, were caught up and circulated by designing speculators through their agents, stationed at Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit and other points on the lakes where they could reach emigrants going west; their object being to divert the tide of emigration from

Michigan and turn it to Northern Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, or to any point where they had lands, and hence an interest in having a settlement made.

Many of the emigrants, as they arrived at any of the above places, were waylaid by these "tutored barbarians," and being influenced by their wheedling stories took some other route westward and never came to Michigan. Detroit, at that time was the rendezvous for all emigrants who came West by the lakes. Here they stopped to get their outfit, if they had come without it; here they made preparations, got needed supplies, and started out to begin life anew in the woods. There were some half dozen not very imposing brick blocks, and no very grand buildings of any kind in Detroit at that time. There was not much that was very prepossessing about the place; no doubt the muddy condition of the streets discounted largely on the whole town. The streets, although apparently impassable from this mud, were yet full of the stir and turmoil of business, mostly of teams passing and repassing. Conspicuous among these were the emigrant wagons, of various and nondescript kinds, sizes, and construction—some with a rude canvas covering and some were open, some drawn by one yoke of oxen, some by two, and some by three. Occasionally horses were used. These wagons were loaded with boxes filled with household goods, the largest one being placed at the bottom, the next smaller on these, and so on to the smallest at the top. Then the various loose articles of the household paraphernalia were stuck or fastened here and there upon or between the boxes, looking as if they had budded, blossomed and branched out from the load. The sturdy emigrant and his resolute wife were seated in front on the load, and cropping out here and there on the boxes behind there were bonnets and little hoods, caps and curly heads; and occasionly following behind, hitched with a rope to the wagon, was "old crumple horn," while various other cattle, of divers and sundry ages and sizes were driven by some of the older boys, who were attended by "old Bose." Any number of these wagons, thus loaded, with or without their retinue, as described above, could be seen dragging their slow lengths along the streets of Detroit at almost any time of the day, leaving the city on the various roads that diverged into the country. They soon got into the woods, and the road grew less and less a traveled road, till, in many cases, the emigrants were even left in the trackless forest to make their own road over hill and down dale, by marsh and around swamps, fording streams and struggling over impassable places, thus threading their way onward to the point of their destination in the interior or western part of the State. These were emigrant trains with outfits to establish homes in Michigan.

The red men were the original surveyors of the route between Detroit and Chicago. They did not cut down trees, grade it, build culverts, or "cattle guards" or bridges, but following nature's grading, they meandered out their trail, put on their "rolling stock," and shouting *"marchee!"* started westward for Chicago. Mr. "Lo, the poor Indian" had "the right of eminent domain," and understood the lay of the land, and the flow of the water, across the lower peninsula. Often in Detroit his "pony express," with passenger and freight accommodations attached, could be seen starting out, on the accustomed trail, whistling "down breaks" and "switching off" at whatever station or locality they chose, and they halted or *bivouacked* wherever they wished or could find a leafy covert, near some lake or stream. General Lewis Cass, probably the first white man, went by "pony express" from Detroit to Chicago, on this trail, through the unbroken wilderness, ere a

settler's cabin was reared in the lower peninsula. Then followed the pioneer who pushed out with his fortunes along on this trail until he got to the diverging point, and then struck out north or south, as the case might be, following the blazed trees to his lands. And there he pitched his tent and went to work alone in the wilderness to erect a home. He had his rifle, ax, and plough, energy and courage, and a plucky wife to aid him. He had brought with him a meager outfit of household goods, perhaps, but his money was all gone. With these small means the work begun. This was an embryo settlement, and meant not only a log house in the woods, but a clearing—it meant school-houses and churches, machine shops and stores, township and county organizations, villages and cities; it meant to reproduce eastern life in this wooded territory, it meant what Michigan is to-day, a great and glorious State.

We found on leaving Detroit, in 1836, a wagon track which for the first thirty-six miles wound through the heavy timbered lands of Wayne County. It seemed to us the worst road that mortal ever traveled over. Some idea may be had of its condition from the phrases and stories then in vogue about it. It was called "a hard road to travel," "one continuous mud hole," "a road without any bottom." Thus the very hyperbole of extravagance was used in talking about it. The emigrant was supposed to stop two nights at a tavern—the night he reached it, and first night after he left it, as he could not get far enough from it in one day. And the same wonderful stories were told about the tavern being so crowded that the landlord would stow away at night all the beds would hold, and then wait till they were asleep, when he would take them from the bed and stand them up in the corners, and so on until all were put to sleep. The great trouble with this method was, personal identity in the morning. People generally expect to find themselves, when they awake from a sleep, very near where the drowsy god shed his poppies over them. But that was their matter, not *ours*.

FIRST VIEWS.

"So packing up the few indispensable things to a poor man
Into a regular strong-beamed, ark-on-wheels of a wagon,
Canvas-covered, drawn by two yoke of oxen, we started."

And now, the truth concerning the interior of the State had been found out. Bold pioneers, overleaping all difficulties, had pushed on into the territory and had discovered a beautiful, dry, fertile region—not a "dismal swamp"—but a high, undulating surface, clothed with rich forests and most charming scenery, where limpid streams flowed and crystal lakes, stocked with delicious fish, sparkled in the midst of beautiful wooded landscapes. These truths soon spread abroad, and, reaching the east, they aroused the relatives and friends left behind in more uninviting localities, or where lands were dear, or the avenues to wealth and distinction, if not occupied, were more difficult of access; or where

"They lived on the farm with the old folks;
But since the old hive wouldn't grow with the
fresh young life that was buzzing
In and out of its doors, after much consultation,
They had concluded to swarm—go West, and find
a new hive."

It was in 1836, that the young State, just emerging from its territorial nonage, began to tell its own story. This story attracted the attention of all. It

was now found out that besides the magnificent timbered lands, clear lakes and streams, there were rich burr oak plains, delightful oak openings, and matchless prairies in this new land. No wonder the emigrant's step was arrested, no wonder he sought a home in so charming a country. It was at this time that emigration in rapid advancement began to set in and scatter its settlers along the old Chicago and territorial roads, and thus over southern Michigan.

It was a beautiful day in mid October that our party left Detroit. As we got out of sight of the city and its precincts and dodged into the woods, it seemed as if we were bidding good-bye in earnest to all the joys of life we had left in the east, and as we advanced with our slow-paced ox team, we began to feel that we were going *away* from home—not *to* one. The only home we could think of was the hospitality of the wilderness. The Michigan forest, which had some trees beautiful strangers to us in it, was now putting on its early autumnal hues. That exquisite limner, "Jack Frost," in connection with the photographer, "old Sol," had just started on their autumnal tour, and were busy in getting up a succession of panoramic views of endless variety and beauty in the leafy world about us.

Time wore on faster than we did. The day was far advanced when we started. Not many miles from Detroit we passed Hannibal's tavern, the first on the route, and continued our journey till, in the gathering twilight, we halted before a rude log cabin that jutted out from a niche in the woods hard by the roadside. "J. Dow—Entertainment," was marked with some black substance on a piece of board that was nailed to a stake set in the ground in front of the cabin. This was the tavern sign! In answer to our request for supper and lodging for the night, the reply was that we could be accommodated. The tired oxen were unyoked, put into a rough log shed and provided with marsh hay and corn for the night. Our party of four were the only guests. The cabin—save an "attic"—had but one room. But this one room answered for all the various apartments of an amply constructed hotel. It was the smallest compass to which an inn might be reduced. The host and his wife, yet on the sunny side of life, while making betterments here on their wild lands, availed themselves of this way of making money. Our first meal consisted of wheat bread, butter, boiled potatoes, fried pork, pickles, and tea. But our tiresome ride had given us a good appetite.

After supper my father and brother conversed with the settler about the soil here, price of land, crops, and kindred subjects; my mother and sister conversed with the settler's wife about the hardships, trials, and sufferings of life here in the west. Woman is the first to notice and speak of the toil, care, hardships, and sorrows of life, because she is the most patient and resolute in bearing them. While I, a boy, not old enough to be very much interested in either party's conversation, must listen or remain idle, and the latter is what a boy can't do. There were no children for me to talk with. I could see no books, so I interested myself with a large dog—a noble old lurcher that laid in the chimney-corner. In the absence of a playmate or a book, a noble dog came the nearest to a companion for me. So I patted the dog and talked to him. A cat came across the floor from the other corner, as if jealous of my attention to her old housemate, and purring, arched her back, and rubbed her head against my feet. I had company now, and with them I whiled away the evening.

The hour for retiring came. My brother and myself were led by the host up the most rustic of ladders into the loft overhead. Here we found a solitary bed; we were to sleep there. The others were of course to sleep below, on beds improvised according to their resources. By the lighted candle left us we examined the bedstead; it was a marvel of a structure, so little mechanical skill was evinced in its make-up, that, in the words of the memorable Topsy, *I 'spect it growed.* Rough hickory poles for the posts and the rails; hickory withes interwoven from rail to rail for a cord; a cotton tick scantily filled with Roman Catholic hay for a bed, sheets and a quilt or two for covering, and you have the whole thing. A wearying day's journey had fitted us for sleep. It was lucky for ourselves that it was so. It required fatigue to induce sleep on such a bed. Our sleep was troubled and dreamy. We awoke in the morning feeling sore all over. We carried away on our sides and backs a distinct impression of those hickory withes, and held them in long and lasting remembrance. After breakfast, the same in kind as the supper, the bill was paid, fifty cents a meal, twenty-five cents for lodging and fifty cents for the hay and corn for the oxen, and we started on the second day's journey.

Our experience with roads during the day was—if timbered land, roads are proverbially bad, and the *bad* in this road has a deeper meaning than in any road we ever saw before. Did we come to a difficult passage? Did our wagon mire in it? Did we find the task too much for our oxen? Did even the aid of a pole or a rail prove ineffectual, we bided our time till some other emigrant party came along, and, by doubling teams, our wagon was extricated. Adventures of this kind established the truest of friendships. The emigrant, spying the trouble afar off, unasked, came to the relief and rendered timely aid. This kindly spirit manifested itself strikingly on our entire journey, and likewise afterwards we found this same generous spirit extending through all the acts of the settler's life toward his neighbors, friends, and the strangers at his gate.

We found scattered along the road here and there poles and rails, used as levers, broken tongues, pieces of felloes, an old wagon wheel, or an entire old wagon, and sometimes an old abandoned stage coach lay careened and moldering by the road side, each fragment or hulk telling a tale of adventure or mishap—mute reminders of the trials of those emigrants who had gone before. There was no chance to repair; whatever broke or gave out must be used as long as it could be, and then was abandoned.

During the forenoon we passed Ten Eyck's—long famous in the settlement of this part of the State as the brusque, joking landlord; and whose tavern was as noted for its well stored larder and good entertainment, as he was for the stories he told to, and the jokes he played on his guests. Many have heard of his treating a party from Detroit, who called on him one day, to a *wolf steak* for dinner, and of their great amazement when he told them what they had eaten at dinner. And that from the remark of one of the party, "if we have eaten wolf, we must be wolverines." Hence the name wolverines applied to settlers in this State. As we passed this tavern, my father asked a man standing in front of the building, "the distance to the next tavern." The reply was, "this is it, sir." The question was repeated, and the same answer given with more emphasis. My father then saw that the man was purposely making Ten Eyck's tavern out of "to the next tavern;" and that the man he was talking with was the redoubtable old landlord himself. After getting the desired information and laughing over the joke, and passing a few more, we drove on.

The last parting rays of the sun were touching the tree tops with gold as we came in sight of Plymouth. We do not know why, but we imagined as we caught the first views of this picturesque little village that we had seen it before. Could it have been that some slip of a village from the east had strayed away from home—"gone gipsying," and wandering off in the wild woods, had settled here? There was a beautiful open green lawn in its centre. The "decent church" stood on its western border, a tavern on the eastern side. We heard the ring of the blacksmith's anvil, and in the distance "the clack of a mill." The little, quiet hamlet had such a "rustic woodland air" and looked withal so very pretty, that we were decidedly pleased with it. The more so as it was our Mecca of rest at the close of a weary, toilsome journey over bad roads. Mr. Fralick kept the only tavern in Plymouth. Here we met a great many emigrants, and after supper our party had the pleasure of relating our trials and experiences, and talking about our prospects and plans for the future, and listening to others. Acquaintance-making among emigrants was rapid. We soon knew each others' past histories and plans for the future. Settling here in Michigan was the subject, and, with one touch of its potent influence, it made us all akin.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE "OLD TERRITORIAL ROAD" AND ITS TAVERNS.

Somebody has said, few people know how to travel. This may be so, but as there are several kinds of travelers, I presume each one would claim he best knew how to make a journey. Some people travel for business; some merely for the enjoyment of going abroad; and others to observe, learn, and gather the full harvest of pleasure and information. The latter are called the people who know how to travel.

The pioneer was not a traveler in the full sense of the word. He was *emigrating*—removing from one state to another for the purpose of residence. He had to find a way to travel, or make one. It was an earnest business with him, and to its accomplishment things of minor importance must yield. Did he seek for pleasure, it was lost in the sore trials and calamities that befel him by the way. Did he desire to learn by observation, he found himself put to his wits' end, to devise a way to get by an impassable mud-hole, or over a broad marsh cut up into a hotch-potch, by the passage of heavy-loaded wagons over it; or to get around a swamp, or to invent means to extricate his wagon from the mire. And finally, did he seek enjoyment in musing over the charming scenery along his route, it was shaken out of him while riding over a corduroy road. Yet, through all these trials, haps and mishaps that befell him, the emigrant enjoyed journeying through these beautiful regions. The natural picturesqueness of the country, its surface so charmingly diversified with forest land and opening, hill and prairie, marshland, lake and stream; and above all, the hope of soon reaching the spot in this land that he could call his own, buoyed him up and cheered him on in his pilgrimage from day to day.

And having halted for the night, he, in the evening, around the cheerful fireside in the log tavern, delighted in telling over the adventures and mishaps of the day, and in listening to those of others. Or perhaps the

> Stage driver "told his richest stories,
> While the landlord's laugh was ready chorus."

or the teamster sang a song or engaged in jokes and repartees.

This new and attractive region was an interesting study, ever entertaining me as we journeyed westward. It was like finding another volume of "Arabian Nights" that held me enraptured with its wondrous and delightful stories from Detroit to our new home in the interior of the State.

But now, in the year of grace 1875, as I sit at my task and essay to revive the memories of that eventful journey into Michigan, it is like the attempt to recall the recollections of an old volume I had read thirty-nine years ago. Alas how many of those memories have

"Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were."

In the spring of 1825 an emigrant with his family and effects, in a lumber wagon drawn by an ox team, started out from Detroit, and taking the old trail pushed on into the wilderness of Wayne county, and pitched his tent on the present site of Plymouth. This was Erastus Starkweather, whose son William is now living in Battle Creek. Mr. Tibbitts, Roswell Root, John Van Sickler, and others followed him in the same year. These were the founders of Plymouth.

Remembering the kindness of our host, Peter Fralick, and the pretty girl that waited on us at the tavern, whom we years afterward found to be a sister of Mrs. Milton McCamly, of Battle Creek, we commenced our journey. A few items belonging to our previous day's travel we give here. There were two roads from Detroit to Ten Eyck's. The territorial road, ten miles long, and the Springwells road, some longer, south of it. Ten Eyck's tavern was near the present village of Dearborn; while west of it on the Chicago road was Ruff's noted old stand, where Wayne now is, and Sheldon's tavern further towards Ypsilanti. But following the territorital road from Ten Eyck's, the first old tavern was Bucklin's, kept by a "greasy old chap" of that name from Pennsylvania. And here we passed through the Bucklin woods, rendered so memorable by the miry and sunken condition of the road that ran through them. It was to this road that the old hackneyed phrase—"the bottom has fallen out"—was first applied. This was surely the worst road between Detroit and Ann Arbor. There was another tavern kept in these woods, I do not remember by whom. It was on the rise of ground, west side of the bridge that crossed the Rouge. The house was on the east side of the road, and a well on the opposite side. It was said that a man had been murdered here and thrown into this well, which was then filled with stone. Search was afterwards made for the body, but none was found. The next tavern was kept by Gen. Swartz, and the place was called Swartzburg. The General was known as a high-toned gentleman. Beyond this some short distance we came to "Tonguish Plains," named thus after an old Indian chief, but who was always called "old Toga," and the plains Toga's Plains. We shall have something to say of this old chief at another time. Some five miles further brought us to Plymouth. The road had been along the Rouge—that laziest of all streams—most of the way.

Leaving Plymouth, then on the third day's journey, the common phrase that "every mile was an inn," if not verified, was often brought to mind, as we soon came to Crane's tavern, and not far from this was Jackson Freeman's inn, well known in the darly days; and some seven miles from Plymouth was Esquire Pray's tavern, so long and widely known on this road. Five miles further in a south-westerly direction brought us to Dixborough, which was

twelve miles from Plymouth. The founder of this huddle of houses was Captain John Dix, from whom the place received its name. He was from Boston, and had been a West Indian sea captain. He owned a farm here, had built the first grist and saw-mill, and a store, all of which were of untold benefit to the new settlement for many miles around. When the Texas excitement broke out, Captain Dix sold out and went to the Lone Star State.

We stayed at Dixborough all night. The tavern, I think, was a rude frame structure. The landlord's name I have forgotten; but I shall never forget our stopping at his tavern. It was crowded with emigrants. After supper, on going into the bar-room, we found that crowded also. A tub of water was standing in the corner of the room, and a settler who had been fishing during the day, asked any one present to put his hand into the water and "heft" his fish. Some one did as requested, but instantly withdrew his hand with a yell and convulsive jerkings, as if shocked by a galvanic battery. This created much laughter and curiosity as to what caused the man to act thus. But he remained *mum* as to the cause of his strange actions. Another tried it, and another, with the same result. The room became boisterous with laughter and sport, and eager with curiosity. The performance went on till some dozen, as they attempted to "heft the fish," went through with the same Indian yell, and a fandango on the floor. Finally the settler took a pair of tongs, and taking the mysterious thing from the tub, held it up to the crowd. Some one cried out, "*lamper eel!*" It was an *electric eel*, whose great electrifying power is well known.

Dixborough appeared to prosper for a number of years, and was getting along well in the world. It even began to put on "village airs" and talk about "country folks." But the more sagacious saw that its ideas of a large town would soon be dispelled as the "baseless fabric of a dream." For when the Chicago road from Ten Eyck's to Ann Arbor became good, and travel passed over it again, the road by way of Plymouth and Dixborough, which was but an accommodation route, as it was on higher and dryer land, was left deserted by all but neighborhood travel. Then about this time 'tis said that a ghost appeared in the place whose wild babblings frightened the place so that it never grew much after it. People generally remember the "Dixborough ghost," and the sensation it created for a time. 'Twas claimed that a person had been killed there, and this ghost appeared to tell of the murder. Where once stood the rustic village, a smiling farm spreads out its well fenced acres. There is a solitary building, half decayed, that marks the spot where Dixborough once stood. 'Tis the old tavern.

The next morning we resumed our journey. We now and then passed by a log cabin whose smoke gracefully floated off among the forest trees, and about which we saw small unfenced patches of wheat, amid the girdled trees, glowing in the sunshine like green inviting oases in the surrounding wilderness. We found more and better improvements as we neared Ann Arbor, some five miles from Dixborough.

In February 1824, two emigrants with their families might have been seen wending their way through the forest of Washtenaw county, on sleighs drawn by oxen, till they came to an inviting spot on the river Huron, where they halted. Here they decided to tarry. Building an arbor composed of the branches of trees over their sleighs, they lodged therein until they could erect log cabins for permanent dwellings. These were Elisha W. Rumsey and John Allen and their wives, both of whose Christian names were Ann. Deacon

Loren Mills, now of Ann Arbor, met John Allen in Buffalo, N. Y., before he came to Michigan. Allen was over six feet in height, and a noble looking man. He came from Virginia. He met Elisha Walker Rumsey at Cleveland. Rumsey came from Bethany, near Batavia, N. Y. His wife's name was Ann Sprague. Allen's wife's name was also Ann. From the circumstance of their abiding for awhile in these arbors, and in honor of their good wives, who had been accustomed to call the little bowers over their sleighs Ann's arbor, they named the place *Ann Arbor*. Mr. Rumsey is buried in the place he helped to found. His wife died of cholera at Lafayette, Indiana, and John Allen was among the first to go to California, where he died. We passed through the village not yet in its "teens" though quite a large town. We took dinner the fourth day at a tavern a few miles from Ann Arbor. I think it was Pearl's. We were well entertained. Keeping the territorial road, we passed south of Dexter. To this place Sylvester and Nathaniel Noble came, the first settlers, in 1825. Afterward came Samuel Dexter, from whom the place received its name, and who, 'tis said, brought with him from Massachusetts $80,000. Joseph Arnold kept the first tavern at Dexter. Some miles east of Ann Arbor we had left the timbered land and found the road on the oak openings better; but yet it was cut up so much by the heavily loaded wagons that it was a "strong pull and a long pull," from "early morn to dewy eve," for our oxen. The rail was still the Archimedean lever to free our wagon from its miry difficulties, and where that failed, waiting to "double teams" was yet the *dernier resort*.

The rivers and large streams were bridged, and the road over some of the worst marshes was corduroyed. This was true of most of the route. No one rode on the wagons but the ladies, and they walked when we came to difficult places and at all other times when they were tired of riding. Among the names of taverns* this side of Ann Arbor, that were famous in those days, Hurd's is as familiar as household words. It was west of Lima and a little east of the present Chelsea. It was a log structure, situated on a rise of ground in a grove of hickories by the roadside. We remained there over night. Just east of the "short hills" was Davidson's. Whoever has stopped there will not have forgotten the jovial landlord, his amusing stories nor the entertainment they received. I think Dunhan's tavern was in or just west of the short hills. It is, at least, one of the old hotel names that yet live in the memory of the pioneer. We probably halted for dinner and to feed our team at this tavern, then continued our journey till we reached Falkner's at or near Grass lake, where we stayed all night. Here my father found in the landlord, Col. Falkner, a man whom he liked very much. He was an able man, and a fine talker. They soon became acquainted. The Colonel had been a member of the New York Assembly, and they shortly found they had many mutual friends in their native state. We stopped the next night at Jacksonburg, then a small and rather uninviting place. "In the spring of 1831," says Dea. W. Mills of Galesburg, "I saw two men, with a horse and wagon and their axes, start out from Ann Arbor westward. They cut their way through the woods to a point on the Grand river where they stuck their stakes and commenced to make betterments. They were two brothers by the name of Blackman—the Romulus and Remus who founded Jacksonburg." The place soon began to thrive and grow out of the woods, then out of the "burg" and into a large

* "Sloat's tavern" (built in 1828) was first. He was shot by Stoddard but not killed. Stoddard imprisoned 5 years.

town. The old tavern, a frame building, stood in the lower part of the town and was kept by one of the Blackmans. Here we met Dr. King of Augusta, who was taking two of his sons, DeWitt and Chauncey, to Ann Arbor to school. The next day while continuing our journey, my mother fell from the wagon and received some injury. This was some two miles east of Sandstone and near Beck's tavern, where, on account of this accident, we remained till the next morning, when we again started on our route. Mathers kept tavern at Sandstone, I believe. Of this place I have no distinct recollection; there was not much of a place, probably, to recollect. But that long corduroy road over the black marsh this side of Sandstone, who that passed over it could ever forget? This marsh, before it was causewayed, was the "Slough of Despond" in the new pilgrim's progress. For nearly a mile wide it was cut up by the loaded teams passing over it, into one conglomeration of black muck. Horses would sometimes mire in it, and instances are related where they were compelled to roll them over and over till they got them to hard land. Charles P. Lewis kept the tavern at Parma in 1836. Blashfield's tavern was near Parma. This is one of those famous old inns whose mere mention will yet wake a thousand recollections of those days in the minds of the surviving pioneers. The old landlord now lives at Yorkville in Kalamazoo county. This day's travel brought us to Graham's tavern, some three miles east of Albion. And the next to Col. Maynard's well known stand, three miles east of Marshall. I believe we spent a night at each of the inns.

It was a beautiful day as we passed through Marshall. In 1831 Sidney and George Ketchum, two brothers, are said to have struck the first blow to erect their log huts in the then wilderness where Marshall now stands. We found, in 1836, two or three stores here and several houses. Quite an ambitious looking place. Did it pretend to be a village? Did the poet have any allusion to it when he said:

"In every rustic village where
Ten chimney smokes perfume the air
Contiguous to a steeple,
Of gentry folks you'll find a score,
Who won't associate any more,
With common country people."

We could not see a steeple, nor ten chimney smokes, contiguous to it, unless we counted those of the Pottawattomies, who lived in their "country seats" not far off. The poet had no allusion to Marshall.

I think we stayed at Lowell, between Marshall and Battle Creek, the next night. The day following we passed by Polydore Hudson's tavern at the Gulf, just east of Battle Creek. Here we took the old road by way of Jo. Farnsworth's, William Toland's, Warren B. Shepard's, and up the Conway hill to Goguac prairie. The first house west of Conway's was Mott's. Dorance Williams lived on the south side of his farm near the woods. The old road formerly went this side of the prairie. East of him was Daniel Thomas, then Mrs. Peter Michael, in Frederick Peets's log house, Uncle Isaac Thomas, his son Frank, Hiram Orser, and last, John Stewart, were all on the south side of the prairie. On the territorial road west of Mott's, was first Samuel Gregory's log house, and a log building on the northeast corner of his farm, tenantless. Then came Rice's—now W. B. Frink's; Giles Andrus, where his son Henry now lives, was next; then Uncle John Stewart's, in a small frame house where Foster now lives. There was a small log structure just west on the same side

of the road unoccupied, of which we shall have something to say at another time. Dea. Joseph Young lived next in a log house, where his son David now lives; Enoch Stewart had a log house on his "80" opposite. Taylor Stewart's log house was next, and Eberstine lived in the log house on the southeast corner of Andrew Helmer's farm. Mr. Simonds and his son John lived just north of the prairie; and still further north were Betterly, Reese, and Shepard; and west of them were Van Woert, Moyer, and the Tobies. Crossing the prairie and turning at Dea. Young's southwesterly, we drove into the woods some two miles further and—

> "As twilight let her curtain down,
> And pinned it with a star,"

we halted before the new log house, our future home in Michigan. We looked around us for neighbors—nothing but the beautiful oak openings! We were alone in the silent woods.

TERRITORIAL BEGINNINGS.—WHAT WE FOUND HERE.

In 1824 there were but six organized counties in the territory of Michigan. They were Wayne, Monroe, Macomb, Oakland, Mackinaw, and St. Clair. The old land districts with their "land offices," were as follows: The Detroit district, organized in 1804; the Monroe district, in 1823; the Kalamazoo district, in 1831; and that of Grand Rapids in 1836. Up to 1824 but 61,919 acres of land were sold, and this was in the Detroit district, while, in the single year of 1836, 1,475,725 acres were sold, and in the whole Territory at that date 4,000,000 acres of land were sold.

The recognized villages or hamlets in 1824, were Port Lawrence, on the Maumee, Monroe, Frenchtown, Brownstown, Truax's, near Detroit, Mt. Clemens, Palmer, on St. Clair, Tecumseh, Pontiac, and Saginaw. Orange Risdon, of Ypsilanti, made the first map of the surveyed part of Michigan in 1825. In addition to the old, six *new* counties were added on this map. These were Washtenaw and Lenawee, both organized in 1825; Saginaw and Lapeer, in 1835; Shiawassee, in 1837; and Sanilac in 1839. On this map the average village is indicated by four black dots. Detroit had twenty dots; Ann Arbor ten; Woodruff's Grove, eight; Ypsilanti, three; Dexter, two; while Dixborough, with a name as black and much larger than any of them, had not even a *speck*. At the same time the possessions of Benjamin Sutton, the pioneer of 1825, covered two sections of land in Washtenaw county.

The roads at this time, 1824, were the Chicago road, starting from Detroit, with a fork at Ypsilanti, to Tecumseh, and one to Ann Arbor; and a road from Detroit to Pontiac and Saginaw. The most noted of these was the old Chicago road, which was cut through from Detroit to Ypsilanti in 1823. That old pioneer, John Bryan, was the first white emigrant that passed over this road. Soon after it was cut through, he drove an ox team before a wagon, carrying his family and household effects from Detroit to Woodruff's Grove, which place he reached on the night of October 23d, 1823.

In 1835, John Farmer mapped out Michigan with its improvements at that date. I find an old map the most valuable and interesting of histories. Just one decade had elapsed in the new pilgrim's progress, between Orange Risdon's map of 1825 and John Farmer's of 1835. During this time civilization had taken up its line of march, with its emigrant wagons, or with knapsacks and staff on the old Chicago road westward from Ypsilanti, and

all along its route and sound of the ax was heard, breaking "the sleep of the wilderness," while clearings were made and hamlets sprung up at Saline, Clinton, Jonesville, Coldwater, Sturgis, Mottville, and at other places on towards Chicago. The same busy work of progress was going on from Ann Arbor, westward, along the old territorial road, where log cabins arose and villages appeared, as if evoked by magic. For on the map of 1835 we find on this new route west of Ann Arbor, the names of Lima, Grass Lake, Jacksonburg, Sandstone, Marshall, Battle Creek, Comstock, Kalamazoo, and St. Joseph on the lake.

Emigration had also pushed out from Detroit on the Grand River road to Saranac, and on to Grandville. At the same time there were other roads branching out North and South from these main routes, leading to the various improvements over the lower part of the peninsula, and dotting the map here and there, were those heralds of progress—postoffices, saw-mills, and grist mills.

The love of one's native country is strong, and when we leave it we carry its love and its memories with us, as we do those of a dear friend, wherever we go. They go not only with us, but they influence us by suggesting their like, when we are selecting new homes in another country. There is a theory like this: 'Tis said the emigrant from New England was sure to get something of his native hills in his western home. That if he came from the banks of a river or from the banks of a lake, the water view would not be forgotten when he sought a home in another place; and that if he was born on a sixty-nine mile level he would be delighted with our burr oak plains or matchless prairies.

Michigan had a variety of surface and soil, and hence pleased almost all. True, she didn't have the "hanging rock and airy mountain," yet from the rugged hills to the level prairies, she had every variety of surface; and from the dark, rich prairie mould to sandy earth, she had every variety of soil. And the same is true of her woods. From her magnificent forests of heavy timber to her sparsely wooded openings, she had every variety of timber. She had something to suit every one. Her climate was mild, her lakes and streams of pure water; and, although she had the watery marsh, the occasional swamp, the slough or swale, yet where they *were* useless they did not seem to discount very much on the country. Probably very few States had less waste lands.

Taking the State as it was, it went at a premium with the emigrant. We hear much about the *language* of flowers. When this territory was in its full bloom, in all its natural wealth of tree and flower, ere the white man's ax had resounded in its forest, or his plow turned a furrow, I think that Ponce de Leon would have interpreted the language spoken here, as he did further South, in Florida—"the land of flowers." But there was a language of more utility spoken in her immense forests. Here she told of vast fortunes to be made in the lumber trade; but heavy blows and hard labor to be given ere the emigrant could get to farming. In her oak openings she said: "here are lands, almost fitted for the plow; build a house of the wood here, fence into fields, thin out the timber, if in the way, keep the heaviest for woodland, and go to farming." In her prairies she said—"here are your farm lands; build your house, fence off into lots and drive your team a-field." In her marshes she said—"here is your meadow, all ready for the scythe; fence it off

to keep the cattle from spoiling it, and mow in the proper season." In her streams she babbled of mill privileges; of grinding wheat and corn; of turning machinery for shops, and of the manufacturing power to build up villages and cities." In her lakes she said—"here you have the useful and the beautiful; find me out." And she said in more general terms—"I have vast stores of wealth concealed in the earth, find them and they are yours."

In the forest we found the whole family of oaks, of the Michigan family, some twelve different kinds, and among them the burr oak, bearing an acorn good to eat, and on which hogs would fatten. In the timbered lands were the new trees called the whitewood, of which the best of timber for building was made; and the black walnut, more valuable than cherry for cabinet work. It also bore a large and very rich nut, and with it were the whole family of the hickories, all bearing good eatable nuts. Besides these were the butternut, the beechnut, and the hazlenut, all bearing an abundance of their fruit. Throughout the woods we saw the grape-vine hanging from the trees laden with its fruit. We saw vast thickets and long rifts of blackberry bushes lately burdened with their tempting berries. And we were told that the woods and hillsides and openings, in their season, were fairly red with the largest and most delicious strawberries, while the wild plum grew along the small streams, the huckleberry and the cranberry on the marshes, and the aromatic sassafras was found throughout the woods. The annual fires burnt up the underwood, decayed trees, vegetation, and debris, in the oak openings, leaving them clear of obstructions. You could see through the trees in any direction, save where the irregularity of the surface intervened, for miles around you, and you could walk, ride on horse-back, or drive in a wagon wherever you pleased in these woods, as freely as you could in a neat and beautiful park.

But since the white man's ax first resounded in these wild regions, the work of demolishing the noble forest trees has been going on in this State. What large amounts of cherry and black walnut have been burned up or made into rails! In how many instances has a sense of the use and beauty of our forests been unheeded! Michael Angelo was once commissioned to destroy the beautiful villas about Florence. He, an artist, do such work! He tried to save *all*, but could not—the edict of war must be obeyed. The work of destruction went on. He came to a mansion with beautiful frescoed walls; the soul of the artist stayed the hand of the patriot, and in that field of desolation one mansion was left standing alone. In how many instances have we found the settler, not commissioned like Angelo, to *destroy* the beautiful, but vandal like, how often has he *done it*. Yet we have many instances where a sense of use and beauty has said to the soul of the settler—"spare the forest!" and, like the artist, he has done it, leaving beautiful woodlands standing alone amid cultivated fields. We can now say, would that such instances had been multiplied. The wild denizens of the primeval forests in Michigan had beautiful homes.

Among the feathered tribe, the early settler did not find many of his old favorites. The robin, wren, the swallow, and some other birds were not here. But there were a great variety of birds, and some of most gay and beautiful plumage. Among the singers were the western mocking-bird and the whip-poor-will. We found here an old favorite, or enemy, in that mad-cap and free-booter, the blue-jay. He was still the same restless being, tipping, darting, bob-majoring and hazing about from tree to tree.

"The jauntiest robber that ranges the wood,
Nothing will name him but blue Robin Hood."

There were no crows here to pluck the pioneer's corn, nor to "caw from the tree-top through all the live-long day."

Among the four-footed denizens of the forests were the whole family of squirrels—black, red, gray, and flying-squirrels. Here was their smaller brother, the chipmunk, who never goes up a tree, because they have disinherited and driven him from that region, making him a serf to burrow in the ground. And here was his spotted-sided, petite, wolverine cousin, the gopher, that the settler found, at corn-planting, to be appropriately named; for did he not *go for* their corn? It was generally acknowledged that one gopher would steal more corn than half a dozen crows. Beginning at the outside of the field along the fence, they would rob hill after hill, and row after row, digging up every kernel as they went. And here also was that chief among them all—the prince imperial of his tribe—the fox squirrel. He was a magnificent fellow, some four times larger than the red squirrel, of a lithe and graceful form, with a long dashing tail, that he carried superbly as he scampered off. Here were also those other natives of the woods—the woodchuck, coon, opossum, badger, hedgehog, fox, lynx, wolf, old bruin, and the "antlered monarch of the waste,"—the deer.

And lastly, lording it over all the other inhabitants of the forest, were the *Indians*. They lived here, simple children of nature, in no permanent abodes, but in bark lodges or wigwams, which they left when they pleased and roamed to another part of the country, where they in turn tarried as long as they desired. The forest was untouched by them save to build their wigwams, canoes, or fires. The soil was undisturbed by them, save to plant patches of corn for food. They killed nothing in the woods save what game they needed for sustenance. They brought baskets, maple sugar, huckleberries and cranberries to the *che-mo-ko-man's* cabin to "swap." They were always friendly and saluted their pale faced neighbors, with their accustomed *boo shoo!*—a word showing their association with the French, as it is a corruption of *bonjour*, the French "good morning," or "good day." We also find that their *mar-chee*, is from the French *marche*, to march. Many other Indian words could be traced to a French origin.

Another native of the woods was the blood-thirsty savages—the mosquitoes. They were the most troublesome of all the animals that infested the woods.

"They were so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness was shocking to us."

They did not know what danger or fear was. They would light upon your nose and suffer you to kill them; while they died like a martyr at the stake. Their attacks were heralded by a flourish of trumpets or long trombones, when they would come down upon you in squads or hordes, *ad infinitum*. A settler relates his attempt to go through a belt of heavy timbered land, but, ere he had advanced twenty rods, he was so beset by these blood-thirsty imps, that, after giving them battle with a bush for a while, he was compelled to beat a retreat, badly demoralized. We found no rats, mice, or house flies. They came, years later, with an advanced civilization.

STARTING LIFE ANEW IN THE WOODS.

The new home was so entirely secluded in the woods, that we felt, on entering it, like going into hermitage. We do not know the value of a thing until

it is lacked or lost, says the poet. We had lost a home—the old one in New York, and here we realized its full value; for we felt homeless as we went into this rude cabin. Nothing but ourselves and the little household furniture we had brought, to remind us of the old home. If, as before stated, we missed some of our favorite birds in the woods about us, we, on the other hand within doors, were not troubled with the house-fly, the mischievous mouse or the destructive rat. It was a long time before either of them made their appearance among us. After we had been here a year without having seen a person, or a living thing, that we had once known in New York, my mother, one day, on opening a book, found a house-fly that had been caught and preserved between the leaves. She exclaimed—"Here is a fly from York State! Now children, don't touch it—let it remain here in this book, just as it is; *for it is a fly that once lived in our old home.*" We had been here five years before we saw a person whom we had ever known before. Mr. Wood, then living at Battle Creek, came to see us. He had only known of our family in New York, but here he seemed an old-time friend.

Out of doors was beautiful, wild Michigan. Our cattle had a boundless range to feed and roam over, in the oak openings, which were not like the woods of New York, "all a tangle with cut briers and underbrush," but clean and trim, no fences, roads or even a track, save the deer paths and Indian trails that meandered through them. From the door of our log house we could often see long files of Indians, afoot and on ponies, wending their way along on these trails that were, in places, worn down to the depth of two feet. There always appeared to us, to be some strange, romantic history connected with the lives of these wandering children of the forests. The deer also could be seen feeding at leisure, or trooping by the door in droves. And occasionally, in the stilly night, from some leafy covert, we would hear the lone howl of a wolf. The bear went foraging through the cornfields, or snuffing round the betterments for a pig, while the fox paid his nightly devoirs to our hen-roost. The weather remained remarkably fine during the fall. Such Indian summer days used, once in a while, to visit us in New York, but here they seemed to be of the manor born, and we had them by the weekfull.

One day, during the fall, we heard a noise as of some one pounding on timber with a beetle. It was the first indication to us that we had neighbors living nearer than Goguac Prairie. We listened—the sound came from the south. A few days later we ascertained that Thomas Kewney, from the Isle of Man, was erecting a log house, some over a mile from us in that direction. And during the next month we found Jonathan Austin to the southwest, Luther Olds to the west, and Alexander Martin, from "sweet Ireland," to the northwest, all in newly-erected log cabins, and all within two miles of us. About the same distance to the southeast was Deacon Solomon Case, while south of him were Hiram Holcomb, John Crumb, and Willard; and thence to the east were were Dr. John Beach, Joseph Stewart, Laraway, and the Morehouses. To the north was an open glade, then finely wooded openings some two miles to the territorial road. Goguac Prairie was the same distance to the northeast.

Being established in the new home, we began to cast about us for means of subsistance. As was most usual, when the pioneer reached his lands here and erected his cabin, his money was all gone. We were left to our only resource —labor. This was all the capital we had. My brothers had cut hay for the cattle from the marsh near by. But we must have winter stores for the fam-

ily and corn for the cattle, the pigs and hens. The two latter yet to be procured and paid for somehow or other. The settlement on Goguac was about five years old. This was our Egypt for wheat, corn, potatoes, and other necessary supplies. There we found a chance to husk corn and dig potatoes on shares, and by dint of various kinds of labor, we secured some wheat and pork. Many things were not to be had for money or labor. Here the rich and poor were on a level.

Wheat and corn suggested a grist-mill. The nearest one was at Comstock, on the west, or Marshall, on the east; some seventeen miles to either of them.

There was a primitive grist-mill some quarter of a mile from our home, in a small Indian hamlet on the banks of a rush-bordered lake. On several occasions we had noticed the squaws grinding corn at this mill. It was constructed in this manner: A long pole or sapling was pinned to a tree, like a well-sweep; a smaller pole was suspended from the elevated end of the sweep, the lower part of which was pestle-shaped; the top of a stump was hollowed out, to hold the corn. The sweep was then worked up and down by one of the squaws, while another steadied and directed the pestle, which, as it came down, mashed the corn in this crude mortar. We concluded not to take our grist to this mill; and as the Battle Creek mill was not running, we went to the one at Marshall. This, with an ox team, was a two or three days' trip. As wheat was scarce, and corn was more plenty, many settlers were compelled to live on "Johnny-cake."

"How are you getting along, Mr. Olds?" said my mother to our neighbor, as he called at our house. "Oh," he replied, "we ain't getting along, we are only staying; it's mighty hard living on Johnny cake. I shall thank God, if we ever live to see the day when we can have wheat bread in our family the year round; I don't know as we ever shall; it will be a sort of millenium with us, when wheat bread takes its place on our table once more." Neighbor Olds has lived to see that day, and Michigan to be one of the greatest wheat-growing states in the Union.

As there was no wheat raised the first year, this was the discouraging time with the settler. Corn was sooner raised and hence "Johnny cake," for awhile, was the staff of life."

Pork was scarce from the fact that hogs were scarce. The breeds then in vogue were the "wind-splitters," the "blue-racers," and the "third or fourth row-rooters."

Beef was scarce from the simple reason that there were so few cattle in the country. Everything of the cattle kind was used—the cow for milk and butter, and the ox for labor. A cow or stout heifer was sometimes worked by the side of an ox.

In the spring of 1837 provision of every kind was very scarce and very dear. Wheat was over two dollars per bushel, corn and oats very high where they could be bought at all; potatoes were ten shillings per bushel, and it was necessary to go to Prairie Ronde, a round trip of some sixty miles, to get them at that price. We gave thirteen dollars to Frank Thomas, of Goguac, for a shoat of the wind-splitter breed, weighing probably sixty pounds, dressed. It was so lean it would not fry itself. We had to boil it in half a dozen waters, and then it would not pass as "legal tender" with any one who knew what pork was. We would occasionally kill a deer, and then venison would supply our tables with meat.

My father had brought five hundred pounds of codfish from New York. This we exchanged for pork with our neighbors. This exchanging of one thing for another was called "paying in dicker," a word found in old authors, but was not heretofore used in this country. It comes from the Greek *decka-ten*, and from its use as a numeral, it was, in time, used for the things themselves. This "dicker" was all the money we had in circulation, and was of denominations so various that we cannot name them here. Each settler was a banker, and all his movable property—large and small—was his bank stock. This he threw upon the market, as money, and used it as such. He paid for an ox-yoke by giving for it its equivalent in so many pounds of pork. This was the first original start of trade—giving the products of one kind of labor for those of another. Dicker was all the money the settlers had until paper money or specie found its way into the settlement, and then this old banking system was abandoned.

The pioneer did not take the poet's advice—"neither a borrower nor a lender be." During the first decade of his life here he "spelled his way along" with the ax and the plow. Borrowing, sometimes, was the very means that helped him out of difficulty and set his enterprise going again. Everybody borrowed and everybody lent; and by it business was kept prosperous and suffering often avoided. If the thing needed could not be borrowed or paid for in dicker, necessity then took the settler into pupilage, and taught him how to make what he wanted, from an ax-helve or plow to a house and barn. Undergoing common hardships made friends and equals of all.

For developing neighborly traits, for leveling distinctions, and for carrying out the letter and spirit of the scriptural rule—"do as you would wish to be done by"—the settling of a new country is unsurpassed. It was here a man went for what he was worth; not for his station or his wealth; whether American, Scotch, Irish, or what not, the *man* was taken into account—not the *mantle*.

If a settler went to mill he lent of his grist to every one who wished to borrow, at the log cabins he passed, on his road home. Sometimes, on reaching his house, of a large grist he would have but little left.

A shed constructed of logs, covered with marsh hay, answered for shed and barn. The first crop of wheat, cut with the old hand-cradle, was bound, drawn and stacked near the shed. Near the stack a spot of earth was cleared and made smooth and hard for a threshing-floor. On this floor the wheat was threshed, with the old flail. It was then cleaned of chaff by the old hand fan. In process of time, Dickey, of Marshall, made fanning mills, and the threshing machine made its appearance. Then much labor was saved by their use.

During the winter and spring, when fodder became scarce, trees were cut down, and the cattle were driven to the tree-tops to browse on the buds and tender parts of the limbs. By this means, and sometimes only by this, the cattle were carried through the winter and spring.

In a little sunny glade hard by a stream that ran through the farm was an Indian corn-field. The corn hills, with the stubble yet standing in them, marked the spot where the previous year Mr. "Lo" had been engaged in corn planting. The little mounds of earth showed where they had buried their corn. Their favorite camping ground was on the banks of the little lake above mentioned. This lake was made by the beavers. The dam, of their construction, was at its head. But the Indians, years gone by, had captured all the beavers and sold their skins to the French fur traders. The beavers

had been succeeded by those other builders, the muskrats, who in turn took possession of this lake, and, erecting their houses, increased in numbers and flourished for many years.

The Indians, getting their whisky at Angell's distillery, would come to their wigwams, here by the lake, and have their pow-wows. We could hear them yell and whoop, and see them dance and go through with their wild and grotesque antics. They would also engage in sports of the turf. Mounting their ponies they would ride with whip, and yell, and wild halloo, and exulted in genuine Indian style over the pony that came out ahead. We remember no depredations they committed. A cold morning in winter one came to our house. He was tall and savage looking, with painted face, tomahawk and scalping knife in his belt, and gun in his hand. He "boo-shooed" himself into the house, and began in deep, gutteral utterances, and fierce gesticulations, to tell about "che-mo-ko-man's"—pointing to the northwest—getting the deer he had shot. The Indian had shot a deer, and a settler finding it, ere the Indian came up, took it home. The red man tracked the settler to his cabin, where, in the loft overhead, he found his deer secreted, and claimed it. The settler, unheeding his claim, turned him out of doors. This act, and the injustice of taking his deer, made the Indian mad. For a time we all feared there would be a tragical end to this affair. But there was nothing more heard of it.

At another time a squaw came to the house, and seeing a small jug in the corner eagerly took it up, and cried out "whis-kee!" My mother told her it was vinegar; she, shaking the jug, retorted: "you lie—whis-kee!" The broomstick would have hit the squaw's head if she had not dodged and ran out of doors.

My brother was splitting rails alone in the woods one day, when an Indian, coming up behind him, saluted him with a *boo shoo* so unexpectedly, that he turned around to strike, with his beetle, some animal, he supposed, when he was confronted by a tall Pottawattomie; and the next thing he said was, "sam—mock—me—sam—mock!" meaning tobacco. Giving him the only plug of tobacco he had, the Indian took it, bit off a piece, and putting the rest in his pocket, walked away. "That was cool," thought my brother, "and I five miles from another plug of tobacco!"

'Tis said one of the old fur traders was accustomed to weigh the furs he bought of his Indian customers in the following manner: Putting the furs on one side of the scale he would say "little finger weigh so much; two fingers, so much;" one hand so much, two hands so much, and so on, bearing down on the scale with one finger or two, or with the hand, as the case might be.

During the winter of 1836, my brothers went to an evening party on Goguac Prairie. About midway through the woods they met a large bear directly in their path. Seeing that he was not disposed to get out of their way, they advanced toward him swinging their hats and yelling at the top of their voices. He grumblingly moved aside, and they passed on, well satisfied to get on so easily.

CALHOUN AND KALAMAZOO COUNTIES IN 1831.

Calhoun and Kalamazoo counties have each a pioneer citizen who came to the territory of Michigan more than half a century ago. Dea. Simeon Mills, now of Gull Prairie, settled at Ann Arbor in the spring of 1824. Rumsey and Allen, with their families, located there but a few months before he came.

Hon. Erastus Hussey, of Battle Creek, somewhat later in the same year, settled at Plymouth. He was among the first settlers there.

As our reminiscences, in this paper, have much to do with 1831, a year so rich in pioneer experiences in Calhoun and Kalamazoo counties, let us take a passing glance at the settlements in these counties at that time. The one on Prairie Ronde was then but three years old, Judge Basil Harrison with his family, having arrived there Nov. 6, 1828. Abram I. Shaver and others soon followed. The settlement at Kalamazoo was a year younger; Titus Bronson having reared his log shanty, "roofed with rails and covered with grass," on the banks of the gentle, murmuring Arcadia, in June, 1829. The next settler was Wm. Harris. The settlement on Toland Prairie was some three months younger than that at Kalamazoo; as William Toland built his log cabin there in the fall of 1829, Ralph Tuttle, N. Matthews, and Sherman Comings soon followed him. The settlement on Gull Prairie was one year old; Col. Isaac Barnes and family settled there in May, 1830; Wm. Giddings and family, and others, followed in the same year. The settlement at Marshall was a "babe in the woods," at this time, for it was on the 18th of April, 1831, that George Ketchum, N. P. Wisner, S. M. Allen, and some three or four others pitched their tents there. The settlement on Goguac Prairie was a foundling of the same year, for in 1831 Daniel and Jonathan Thomas and John Stewart, Jr., with their families, settled there; Josiah Goddard coming later. While the settlement of Battle Creek, the youngest and spunkiest of them all, first saw the light in October, 1831. At that time the first house was built, which Dr. Foster moved into; then came J. J. Gurnsey, Samuel Convis, and others.

During the early part of the summer of 1831, Simeon Mills, then of Ann Arbor, with two men, and "a breaking team," consisting of two yoke of oxen and a plow, came to Marshall, and broke up land for Sidney Ketchum. This was the first plowing done in the county of Calhoun.* They were compelled to go to Ann Arbor, a distance of 70 miles, to get their plow sharpened. This was done by one of the party who rode on horseback carrying the plowshare in a bag. At this time Geo. Ketchum was erecting the first house in Marshall. In July of the same year, Simeon Mills, with his two brothers, Willard and Sylvester, and part of their families, made the journey in a lumber wagon drawn by horses, through the unbroken wilderness from Ann Arbor to Gull Prairie. They forded the streams; but how they got over the boggy, treacherous, or watery marshes, it would be as difficult to tell as it was to do. Sometimes they carried their load over, piece at a time, and the wagon also in the same way, if the horses or they themselves could not draw it over. This journey was through the oak openings; they did not find one half mile of timbered land on the whole route.

They forded the Battle Creek near its junction with the Kalamazoo, and, ascending the sloping knoll on the west side, encamped there for the night. They were upon the spot where the real founder of Battle Creek, its best friend and benefactor, Judge Sands McCamly, afterwards built his residence. It was Sunday night. They spent the Sabbath here. The pioneers not only brought the rifle, ax and plow with them, but their Bibles also. These did not forget the Sabbath, although they were in the wilderness. They read from the sacred volume, sang hymns, and prayed there in the grove—"God's

* We have since learned that James Simonds (now of Charleston, Kalamazoo county) plowed the fall before (1830) for Isaac Thomas, on Goguac Prairie.

first temple." Sunday night a heavy thunder storm came upon them, and the party, fourteen in all, got under their cloth tents or wagons, and braved it out. The storm cleared away and an evening of quiet beauty settled down upon the lovely valley that lay stretched out before them,

"A vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

All about them was in the quiet state of nature. The sound of the settler's ax had never been heard in this reigon. This was in July, 1831. The party, next day, taking the old road to Gull Prairie, arrived there next before nightfall. They were surprised with the wondrous beauty of this prairie —the first they had ever seen. It was then in all its floral pride and bloom. Simeon exclaimed, as he viewed it: "This is a beautiful region —God willing, I settle here!" It has been his home ever since.

In the month of May, 1831, another company of pioneers were threading their way, with knapsack and staff, through the wilderness of Calhoun county. They had come in the old "mud wagon" from Detroit to Jacksonburg, and were making the rest of their journey afoot. They were going by way of Tuttle's on Toland, to Gull Prairie. The party consisted of Joseph Corey, now of Galesburg, his brother Phillip, Cyrus Lovell, a young lawyer, and Deacons Samuel Brown, Asa Briggs, and Phillip Gray. Ascending the Conway hill, and reaching the eastern border of Goguac Prairie, they discern in the distance, over on the southwest side near the woods, two emigrant wagons. It was now sunset. They direct their steps toward the strangers. On coming up to them they prove to be Daniel and Jonathan Thomas and their families. They had also just reached there; but were sadly disappointed to find the log house which they had erected on a previous visit to this prairie, burned to the ground. 'Twas supposed that the Indians setting fire to the dry grass on the prairie, this fire reaching the house consumed it. The two parties pitched their tents and spent the night there together. As the Thomases had nothing to give them for breakfast next morning, our party started early for Tuttle's, whose hospitable cabin they reached about mid-forenoon, tired and hungry. Here they got their breakfast and rested from their long, tiresome journey. The next day the party, save Lovell, went to Gull Prairie, another addition to the colony already planted there.

It was in June, 1831, that Sherman Comings, while at the land office at White Pigeon, met there Daniel G. Gurnsey, and borrowed of him a certain amount of money to enable him to pay for the lands he had located on Toland Prairie. And it was during the autumn of this year that he and his son, James R. Comings, with two yoke of oxen, went to the wilderness where Battle Creek now is, and built a log house for Daniel G. Gurnsey, which work Mr. Gurnsey took in payment for the money Mr. Comings had borrowed of him. Dr. Foster was the first occupant of this house. He lived there a short time and then went to Otsego. What interest Dr. Foster had at Battle Creek at this time, if he had any, who knows? During this time Henry Little, now of Kalamazoo, and his party, six in number, came with an ox team through this wooded territory, from Detroit to Toland Prairie. He calls it a two weeks work of hard labor. He had often a long day's drive from one log cabin to another, and sometimes the occupant's wife was sick and his wife performed the part of landlady. He found the Blackmans at Jacksonburg, and will probably never forget their kindness, when with two yoke of oxen, chains, and ropes they drew his wagon out of the mire where it had sunk just

before they reached the bridge over the Grand river at that place. In fording Sandstone creek, the water came into the wagon box, and the leading pair of oxen turned down the stream. At this the driver leaped into the stream, seized them by the yoke, and by dexterous management, righted the oxen and drove them to dry land. The great marsh west of Sandstone—the terror and dread of all travelers, was over half a mile across. Each emigrant sought a new place in crossing it, mowing marsh hay and laying it down in swaths for the wheels to run on; and many other devices were used to assist in crossing it. At Marshall this party found Sidney Ketchum and Rev. J. D. Pierce established in their log cabins; no fences, no betterments, nothing but their log houses in the woods. At Battle Creek they found no improvements—nothing but the body of a log cabin—the Foster house. On Goguac Prairie they saw but one house, that of the Thomases, which we have mentioned before. From Goguac to Asa Gunn's, in Charleston, was a wild region. The party took dinner at this old pioneer's hut. He had gone with an ox team to Detroit, a four-weeks trip, and it was made to purchase ten dollars worth of provisions. A man now could go to Europe and back in less time than that. Nothing better illustrates the improvements we have made since those pioneer days, than the difference in traveling of that day and this. But Asa Gunn's hut, or tavern, as all the pioneer cabins were at that day, deserves a description. Mr. Little describes it as a pen, twelve by sixteen feet, three sides inclosed with small logs, the front being entirely open, except three rails for bars to keep the cattle out. The top was covered with rails, and shingled with hay. The lowest side was six feet high. The inmates, Mrs. Gunn and a daughter twelve years of age, they found reposing on bunches of hay that laid on the ground, for there was no floor. Mr. Gunn had but one neighbor, Wm. Harrison, a few miles south of him and the only settler in Climax.

From Gunn's through the unbroken forest to Tuttle's, on Toland's Prairie, the journey was made, and the party rested from a two-weeks pilgrimage through Michigan woods. Tuttle's noted cabin was made of whitewood logs, laid up with the flat side inward, but it was then new and neither "chinked" or "mudded up." At this time there were six log cabins on the prairie—three on the north and three on the south side of the section line or territorial road. Only four were then occupied—but those four families constituted the greatest number of settlers and dwellings in a like extent, this side of Jacksonburg. Before the winter there were seven houses on the prairie, all occupied. These, with four families at Comstock, viz.: Caleb Eldred, Leland Lane, Samuel Percival, and Henry Little, made eleven families in the township of Comstock, in the fall of 1831. Eldred started his saw-mill at Comstock late that fall. The wheat stacks of Prairie Ronde supplied this colony with grain, and Vickers' mill, called the "pepper-mill," from its diminutive size, was the nearest place where they could get grinding done.

It was late in the fall of this eventful year that a party of four emigrants, in a wagon drawn by oxen, made slow progress through some half foot of snow, to a log shanty on the western side of Goguac Prairie. On reaching it, the latch-string was soon pulled, and going in, the settler was asked if he could entertain the party for the night. A quick answer in the affirmative sent the traveler back to the wagon, and the four were soon warming themselves by the rousing fire in the settler's shanty. The recipients of this hospitality were Roswell Ransom of Galesburg, and Cyrus Lovell now of Ionia, with their young wives. And the settler who had proffered them his hospi-

tality was Josiah Goddard, so long and well known in the pioneer life of Calhoun county. Goddard had just erected his log shanty, and with his family was occupying it. Its roof, covered with shakes, was flat, sloping to the south, while the crevices between the logs were yet open. There was only one room in it. Goddard and his family must have numbered seven or eight, and the four guests made eleven in all. Rather a full hive. The supper, which was one of those frugal meals for which the early settler's table was noted, was heartily partaken of by our party. When the hour for retiring came, the most difficult of questions arose. Goddard and his wife conferred together, and each suggested a plan by which their guests could get rest and sleep for the night. One thing was settled—they had no bed for them. But a bed must be improvised on the floor. One bed for the four. The ladies now conferred on the matter, and the following plan was adopted: First, Mrs. Ransom and Mrs. Lovell laid down side by side; then Mr. Ransom laid by the side of his wife, and Mr. Lovell by the side of his wife. In the morning they declared they never slept sounder or sweeter in their lives. After breakfast they pursued their journey to Toland Prairie. On fording the Kalamazoo river, south of where Galesburg now is, the oxen amid the anchor ice of the current became unmanageable, and the party were likely to get soused in the cold stream, when Roswell Ransom leaped into the water up to his arms, and righting matters, drove the cattle safely through to the opposite shore. Walking a mile after this in cold November weather, before he got to a fire, was not a very pleasant task. The party, on arriving at Tuttle's, were happy as pilgrims on reaching their long-desired Mecca. After long weeks of weary travel they had got to their new western home. Ransom and Lovell, in a previous visit, had bought lands on the prairie of Wm. Toland. They now went into the new log house he had built.

PEN PICTURES OF OUR PIONEERS—HEROIC BUT INEFFECTUAL STRUGGLE OF VERONA TO OUTSTRIP BATTLE CREEK.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

GENERAL EZRA CONVIS.

Gen. Ezra Convis, of Silver Creek, Chautauqua county, New York, in company with Nedebiah Angell, visited Michigan some time in 1832. They examined the location at Battle Creek and prospected about the county and returned to their homes well pleased with their new land. Mr. Convis's brother Samuel came the same season and made a permanent location at Battle Creek.

Early in the spring of 1833 his family, together with the families of Nathaniel Barney and Nedebiah Angell, came to Battle Creek, occupying the block-house that Gurnsey had built and which stood near the site of the late Wm. M. Campbell's residence. Gen. Convis himself came in July, 1834.

He at once became interested in the affairs of the young colony, and took an active part in its enterprises. He, in connection with Mr. Barney, his father-in-law, became owner of one-half of what is known as the "Gurnsey purchase," a tract of over eight hundred acres of land lying within the present limits of the city of Battle Creek. Here was a new and inviting field for one of Mr. Convis's active turn of mind, and he began the work in earnest.

He also cast about him to see in what kind of a country he had pitched his tent. In taking views afoot of the region about his new home, he found a desirable location some mile and a half above the mouth of the Battle Creek, which included the rapids in the stream at that point. Here he at once saw that a water-power could be obtained, and also that in this locality there was the making of a town. He consequently selected eight acres of land covering the water-power, and congratulated himself that in this purchase he was buying a prospective village. He bought other lands in the vicinity and in other parts of the territory. He also, with Gov. Ransom, Sands McCamly, and Moses and Tolman W. Hall, purchased a tract of land now covered by the village of Augusta. They afterward dug the canal that constitutes the water-power there, erected mills, and thus really founded the town.

Gen. Convis, in 1835, sold out his one-half interest in the Gurnsey property to Jonathan Hart and his brothers-in-law Abraham, Joseph, and Isaac Merrit, and gave his interest in the water-power at Battle Creek, to Sands McCamly, provided he would improve it.

He now turned his entire attention to building up a town on his former purchase, north of Battle Creek. Under his management he soon began to see the village that he had in contemplation, actually springing up about him.

Let us contrast the busy scene going on there in 1838, under his supervision, with the one going on some mile and a half down the stream at the same time. They had then at Battle Creek, a saw-mill, grist-mill, blacksmith shop, tavern, and two stores; with a doctor, lawyer, and various mechanics. They had very much the same at the rival town, Verona. Dea. David N. Salter was running the saw-mill.; Col. Stewart had built a grist-mill; Wm. Stewart was hammering iron at his forge; Willard Mills and Ashley worked at tailoring; and the mechanics at their trades; David Caldwell kept the tavern, and he and his brother John had a cabinet shop; David H. Daniels, Sylvester Mills, and Jeremiah Teed were selling dry goods; Brown and Brigham were doing the same; Dr. Rhodes was attending the sick; and Felix Duffee and Gillispie did the pettifogging. The above-named persons and their families, with a number of other families constituted the inhabitants of Verona. Battle Creek had the most houses and may have had the most trade.

But for awhile Verona was its rival; and it was thought, that had Gen. Convis lived, he, through his influence in the Legislature, would have secured the railroad for his own town, thus depriving his rival neighbor of that great aid in building up a place. But his death in the winter of 1837–38 changed the course of affairs at Verona. The town never grew much after that. Battle Creek got the railroad and soon became the busy, thriving town, growing rapidly year after year, as the country became more and more settled, till it became a flourishing city. In the meanwhile its old pioneer competitor, Verona, that had started life here in the woods, about the same time, and under circumstances full as favorable, now found herself left behind in the race for wealth and preferment. For it was soon apparent that Battle Creek was the business center of the surrounding country, and the once ambitious Verona lost all hopes of ever being a rival or a large town, and finally gave up the struggle; and gradually falling back, it disappeared from the list of villages. Gen. Convis was elected, in 1835, a member of the lower house of our first Legislature, and was made the first Speaker of that House. He was re-elected a representative for the second term. It was during the winter of

1837–38 while attending the Legislature in Detroit, he, with a number of members was invited by Mr. Ten Eyck, the famous old landlord, to attend the wedding of his daughter, at his well-known tavern, some ten miles from the city. The party went to the wedding in sleighs. It was while on their way back to Detroit that the sleigh upset and Gen. Convis was seriously injured, I think in the side. He was taken to the city, and his wife sent for, but he never recovered. Mrs. Convis stayed with him until he died.

Gen. Convis was a man whose strength lay chiefly in his general ability. He was fond of society, courteous, of gentlemanly bearing, and in regard to business he was energetic and industrious in whatever enterprise he engaged. In person he was some five feet ten, of erect carriage, and was universally pronounced a handsome man. He was widely known; I find, on enquiring among the old settlers, that they generally have a distinct recollection of him. He had a decided turn for politics and enough of the *suaviter in modo* to make himself popular among the people.

The first party in Battle Creek was at Gen. Convis's house, on "New Year's eve," in 1836. He is thus spoken of at this time: "The gentlemanly and courteous host presided at the table, with his accustomed ease and dignity." Gen. Ezra Convis has left a good record, which will ever retain a prominent place in the early history of Battle Creek. He was a most worthy and honorable man. Mrs. John VanArman, his daughter, lives in Chicago, his sons, Albert and Ezra, live in other parts of the country.

NATHANIEL BARNEY.

Of this pioneer tavern-keeper of Battle Creek, the people retain kindly recollections. It would be very difficult to find two words more inseparably connected with the memory of the early days in Battle Creek than those old familiar words, "Barney's Tavern." The old log hostelry, on the hill just west of the Creek, and the kind-hearted old landlord, whose hospitality has been extended to so many emigrants and travelers during the settlement of this part of the State, will be long remembered.

Nathanel Barney with his family came from Chautauqua county, New York, arriving at Battle Creek, March 9th, 1833. He and his son-in-law, Gen. Ezra Convis, were two of the original proprietors of Battle Creek. He was made postmaster of the new town in 1834. He also, at an early day, carried the mail from Marshall, by way of Gull Prairie, to Kalamazoo. After keeping tavern for a number of years in the old log building near the creek, he settled some two miles west, and there was landlord and farmer also. At this home he died many years ago. His sons, Milton and Oliver, yet live near the old homestead.

NEDEBIAH ANGELL.

Nedebiah Angell was born in Vermont, but in his early life removed to Rouse's Point on Lake Champlain, New York. From Rouse's Point he went a pioneer to Hanover, Chautauqua County, in the same State, and from Hanover he, with Nathaniel Barney and their families, and the family of Gen. Ezra Convis, twenty-one in all, started with their own teams from Hanover, in February, 1833, for Battle Creek, Michigan. They came around the lake by way of Erie, Ohio, thence to Maumee, through the Cotton Wood Swamp, thence to Adrian and on to Marshall and Battle Creek, where they arrived on the 9th of March, 1833. They stayed all night at Dea. Michael Spencer's

previous to reaching Battle Creek. They were three weeks on their long and tedious journey. Mr. Angell, as we have said, visited Calhoun county the previous year and was pleased with the appearance of the country about Battle Creek.

His family remained in the Convis house until he built a log house on his place, some miles down the Kalamazoo. Here he improved his lands, set out a good orchard and spent some fifteen years of his life.

He then removed into Battle Creek where he lived until his death, which occurred many years ago. Mr. Angell had served as Justice of the Peace while on his farm and also for a number of years while he lived in town.

He had a practical and legal turn of mind, and we are told that he and Gen. Ezra Convis used to "pettifog suits" before Esquire Polydore Hudson, and that the good sense and sound logic of Esquire Angell's argument in these trials were always worth listening to.

How many of the old settlers yet distinctly remember this genial old gentleman as he was accustomed to sit, during his leisure hours, on pleasant summer days, in front of his office on Main street, his good natured countenance beaming with intelligence, as he bowed to the passers-by. In the make-up of the man there was good natural ability, shrewd hard sense, with a strong social element, and a vigorous humor that was apparent in his love of stories and the jokes he perpetrated. There was so much sunshine about this old townsman, that as he sat in his arm-chair beneath his awning and chatted with you, you felt its influence and went away with pleasant memories of the man. It was this, with his genial humor and love of conversing with his friends that has won so lasting and kindly a remembrance.

His daughters, Mrs. Samuel Gregory and Mrs. Henry Andrus of Goguac, and Mrs. Jacob Clark of Battle Creek, are the only members of Esquire Angell's family now living.

JUDGE SANDS MCCAMLY.

"Some time in June, 1831, Sands McCamly, of Orleans county, N. Y., in company with Geo. Redfield, visited the site on which Battle Creek now stands, and was so favorably impressed with the location that he, who after various vicissitudes, was to be its future proprietor, was already determined to have an interest here.

"It seems that others had visited this locality and thought it a very desirable one for planting a city, for when he arrived at the land office at White Pigeon, during the same month, he found rival contestants for these lands in J. J. Gurnsey, of Cattaraugus County, N. Y., and also Lucius Lyon and Robert Clark, government surveyors, who had made a note of this locality as an excellent one at which to start a town. But they sold their right to bid against the others for $100. J. J. Gurnsey was then to enter eight hundred and thirty-seven and forty-one one-hundredths acres, all lying in the township afterwards called Battle Creek, and covering the needed water-power, but with the understanding that Judge McCamly and Daniel G. Gurnsey were each to share it equally with him upon the payment of their proportion of the cost. They, with their families, were to meet in Detroit the following October, when the original purchaser was to quit claim to the other two, and give them the title to an undivided third of the whole; and it was agreed that they all should come on and begin operations, each placing $2,000 in the bank, as the means for commencing the development of an embryo city at

the mouth of the Battle Creek. McCamly reached Detroit at the appointed time, and so did J. J. Gurnsey and his brother-in-law, Sackett, and their wives; but the latter said they had been to look at the place, and could not live there. So from the failure of the Gurnseys, these first plans fell to the ground. The high contracting parties dispersed—the original patentee to fall into pecuniary embarrassment, and transfer his claim to Phineas P. Sackett and Ezekiel B. Gurnsey, and Sands McCamly and his family to a home on Nottawa Prairie, where he had entered land the previous summer.

"An incident in Judge McCamly's life, while living on Nottawa Prairie, is illustrative of the trials and sufferings of the early settlers in this part of the country. The Judge remembers that one morning in March the mercury in the thermometer stood 19 degrees below zero. He had reason to keep that cold night in remembrance. On his way with Corwin Johnson, from the Nottawa to Marshall, he was obliged to cross Pine Creek on a log. But he missed his footing, and slipped into the stream; yet with his companion he pressed his way onward. His pantaloons soon became stifly frozen. His boots became like ice, and as hard as horn, and after traveling miles, the chafing of his garments can well be imagined. His feet bled, cut by the frozen boots. By evening the two travelers had arrived at Willow Plains, east of Climax. But they had missed the way and were lost. The cold was intense. McCamly could not step without crying out with pain. Both were apprehensive of freezing unless they could have relief immediately. A splintered tree was found, and they were about to attempt to strike a fire with a tinder-box, when a fresh horse track was discovered. They concluded to follow it with all the haste they could, and about ten o'clock that night they were led to the log cabin of Josiah Goddard, on Goguac Prairie, where a large fire of logs shed its genial warmth upon the travelers as they camped on the floor. On the return of McCamly from Marshall, in company with one Kennedy, the way was also missed, and the night was spent somewhere in the south part of Newton or Leroy, on a bed of twigs laid upon the snow, by the side of a huge log fire. This was Michigan traveling forty-three years ago."

In the summer of 1832, Judge McCamly left Nottawa, and settled in Marshall. While here that terrible scourge, the cholera, made its appearance in the little colony. Some were frightened and left the place, others shrank in terror of the disease, from rendering aid to those attacked with it, or even to assist in burying the dead. Rev. J. D. Pierce, Sands McCamly, Isaac E. Crary and some few others, courageously and nobly stood by the afflicted and dying, forgetting every danger in their self-sacrificing devotion to the victims of this dreadful disease. The frightened little colony had previously dispatched Dr. Thompson, an emigrant from South Carolina, to Detroit to learn something of the nature of the disease, and to procure proper medicinal remedies, in case it should break out among them. But no sooner had he returned than the disease seized Mr. Hurd, a proprietor of the town, who had just arrived there, and he died in a few hours. He was staying at the boarding-house of Rev. John D. Pierce, and such was the fright of the boarders that the house was nearly deserted. Sands McCamly, Isaac E. Crary, and a few humane friends came bravely forward and assisted Mr. Pierce in burying the comparative stranger. Dr. Thompson also died with the disease, and so dismayed were his two brothers, who had come there with him, that they left him unburied and fled. Dr. Fake, lately from Detroit, lost his wife and two children by the dreadful scourge. Mrs. McCamly was also taken sick with it

and recovered. While she was sick, Mark, the babe, and the first male child born in the county, was taken by Mrs. Deacon Kimball to her own home, and cared for until his mother got well.

It was during the prevalence of this dire disease in Marshall that Judge McCamly, with the few others who stood by him, evinced a degree of courage that was truly heroic.

In estimating the character of Judge Sands McCamly, the extent, nature and utility of the work he has done should all be considered. What was that work? Let Battle Creek answer. She has. And here it is tersely expressed, in one single historic paragraph, from the pen of Hon. Geo. Willard, in his able sketch of the early history of that city:

"The year 1835 displays to our view, as we look back upon the past, a much busier scene than the incipient city had ever presented before. Judge McCamly having bought an equal and undivided half of the original Gurnsey purchase in Feb., 1834, and having removed here the following winter, was now ready to commence operations. Gen. Convis having control of the other half, the understanding was that Judge McCamly should have control of the whole water power, upon the condition that he would improve it. Of the proposed village they were to be proprietors. *The day was approaching when the people were actually to have* a *town.* A body of twenty-five or thirty men, including many sons of Erin, were engaged in building the long race, which, in its day, and under the circumstances under which all such works were then of necessity completed, *was a monument of noble enterprise.* While that work was advancing, the first saw-mill, standing near the present Hart mill (or rather on the site of the Bradley mill erected by H. J. Cushman) was in progress of erection. In November of that year, the water was let into the race—*the victory was won.* The saw-mill made the frosty woods to echo with its incessant movement, and our worthy friend, Judge McCamly, began to witness in reality what he had seen in imagination in June, 1831, as he stood here with Mr. Redfield, and longed to make the waters of the Kalamazoo provide the forces for establishing at this point one of Michigan's great centers of manufacture and trade."

Judge McCamly might have said to the people, after his most important work was done—"There, your young village is now endowed with the resources to make a large city; go to work and build one up." And had he then left them, his work already accomplished would have been a great one for the town. But he remained with them—one of their public-spirited citizens—identified with all of their important enterprises, their interests were his interests, their prosperity his prosperity; he remained with them, working to build up the town, until it became a flourishing city. And it can truly be said that he did not seek merely to aggrandize himself, but that he sought far greater wealth in striving to aggrandize the city. And for his noble efforts in its behalf, his name will ever live in its history as one of its greatest benefactors and friends.

Judge McCamly, on the admission of Michigan into the Union as a State, was in 1835, elected from this district a State Senator; Gen. Ezra Convis, at the same time, was elected to the Lower House, and Isaac E. Crary was elected representative to Congress.

Sands McCamly was an able man. He possessed a strong and clear intellect, a sound judgment, a resolute purpose, and had the sagacity to see the

right thing to be done to bring about a successful enterprise whether of a public or of an individual character.

He was a good judge of men and things, and was inclined "to take human nature in its most interesting phase—the right side out." He possessed high social qualities, fine conversational powers and was an interesting *raconteur*. He read character well; this faculty, combined with a good memory and an intimate acquaintance with so many prominent men in this State and others, and his ability in discussing the varied topics of the day, always made it a great pleasure to hear his views of men and their measures. From his extensive information on all matters, both State and national, and from his business relations with so many people in this State during the forty years of his life in Michigan, he was well qualified to give his opinions of men and their acts. He had a hearty appreciation of humor and gave and received a joke with equal zest.

He had been a practical surgeon. Was formerly a democrat, but had acted in later years with the republican party. He left, at his death, which occurred a few years ago, five children—three daughters, Mrs. L. H. Stewart and Mrs. D. W. Burnham, of Battle Creek, and Mrs. J. W. Oakly of Chicago; and two sons, George, now in California, and Mark, of Battle Creek.

WARREN B. SHEPHERD, THE PIONEER SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS PUPILS.

Warren B. Shepherd came to Battle Creek in the autumn of 1834. At that time, the traveler, after leaving Lowell's, going west, came to the noted old log tavern at the Gulf, kept by Judge John V. Henry. Judge Henry was a man of decided intellect; spirited, a good talker, an accomplished gentleman and a natural landlord.

The first house west of Henry's was Polydore Hudson's log cabin. You then came to Moses Hall's house, his brother Tolman living in a shanty adjoining it. The main building was the well known Foster house.

Gen. Ezra Convis lived next in a log house, with a frame addition in front. This was on the grounds where Dr. Campbell afterwards built his residence.

Samuel Convis lived then in a log house that stood on the site of Dea. Leggett's residence. Further west, across the river on the hill, was Nathaniel Barney's log tavern, and a mile beyond, down the river, was the log home of Nedebiah Angell. Isaac Toland and Daniel Thomas were in their log cabins near the river, south of what is now Oak Hill Cemetery. The former was really the first settler in the city limits. This was Battle Creek in the fall of 1834, with one exception. There is another building to be added—the first public building erected in the settlement. It was a log structure and stood on the west part of the grounds now occupied by the old Union block. The lumber needed for it was floated down the Battle Creek from Bellevue. Deacon Salter was the builder and received for his labor eighty dollars. This building was the school-house for the embryo village. Besides the settlers above named, there came this same autumn, Dr. Asahel Beach, Zebediah Stiles, Luther Phelps, Jonathan Lamb, Josiah Gilbert, David Howell, Deacon Salter, Joseph Farnsworth, and some others.

The school-house being ready, in casting about for a schoolmaster, Warren B. Shepherd was selected, who in this log building, during the winter of 1834–35 taught the youth of the settlement.

The old school-house long years ago disappeared; the old schoolmaster has also gone; he sleeps near the spot where, over forty years ago, a young man,

he came to this region, and started life anew here in the wilderness, with that brave band of pioneers who, through want and suffering, hardships and discouragements, labored on until homes were established and a secure foundation laid for the future wealth and prosperity of Calhoun county. And when his surviving associates shall gather together at their next annual reunion, they will miss the intelligent and cheerful face, the warm shake of the hand, the rich fund of reminiscences and anecdote, the droll humor, and the enlivening presence of their old pioneer friend, Warren B. Shepherd. And where are his pupils? Many of them too, are gone. We will give, from the old school-roll, the names of the pupils, or those Mr. Shepherd remembered, as he repeated them to us some two years ago. Children came from the following families: Deacon Salter's, Daniel Thomas's, Isaac Toland's, and Nathaniel Barney's. William Kirk came from Goguac. Nedebiah Angell sent his daughters, Hannah and Lucinda, the former, now Mrs. Henry Andrus of Goguac, and the latter Mrs. Jacob Clark of Battle Creek. Moses Hall sent Eliza and Hastings, Judge Sands McCamly sent his daughter Mary, now Mrs. L. H. Stewart of Battle Creek, Gen. Convis sent his sons, Albert and Ezra, and his daughter, now Mrs. John VanArman of Chicago. There were others but their names he could not recall. The text books then in use, were the old English reader, Daboll's arithmetic, Woodbridge's and Olney's geographies, Kirkham's grammar, and the old Columbian spelling-book. The old quill pen was then in vogue and the redoubtable "birch" also. They have long since been superseded, the former by the steel pen, and the latter by moral suasion, except in rare cases when an appeal is made to the sterner arbitrament of the "birch" to settle difficulties. Mr. Shepherd remembered that among the visitors that winter to their school, there were many of their country friends, the Pottawattomies. They were accustomed to drop in upon them and while away an hour or two occasionally. They rather feared schoolmaster Shepherd. They looked upon him as a missionary—some Marquette teaching the pale face children about the Great Spirit. Mr. Shepherd was boarding at Jo. Farnsworth's, at this time. Mr. Farnsworth would let the Indians have whisky. Shepherd, to have sport with them would tell them that they could not have any whisky unless they would promise to go three miles before they drank any. At this they would shrug their shoulders and exclaim: "Ugh! no good white man! Slater," meaning Rev. Mr. Slater, the missionary, "let Injin have whisky and drink 'em fore he go quarter mile." Mr. Shepherd loved a joke and was highly pleased with this trumped-up charge against Slater the missionary.

THE FIRST UNION SCHOOL IN BATTLE CREEK

was organized in 1848, by Dr. Harrison, now of Paw Paw. He taught in the basement of the old Baptist church. For some reason, after a year's experiment, the union school was discontinued, and Dr. H. taught a select school in another part of the village. In 1850 the first union school building was erected on the site where the present new building now stands. A. D. P. Van Buren was the principal. He taught one year and may be said to have really inaugurated the union school in Battle Creek, as from that time on the union school has continued to flourish there.

The Battle Creek high school was first started by Mr. and Mrs. Nichols (the latter the daughter of Dr. Atlee). Miss Cornelia Lapham succeeded Mr. and Mrs. Nichols in this school. Miss Lapham became the wife of Chief Jus-

tice B. F. Graves. Prof. Press Moore followed Miss Lapham in this school, and A. D. P. Van Buren was the last principal of the Battle Creek high school. I think Prof. McKay had taught in this school before Prof. Moore. Mrs. North and Miss Susan Cox each taught a young ladies' school in Battle Creek. This was all before 1852.

David H. Daniels, now of Galesburg, started the first store in Battle Creek, in the frame part of the log house Gen. Convis built. Mr. Daniels was also a member of the first township board. He remembers that Warren B. Shepherd, also one of the board, as they were about to take the oath of office, made a move, "That, as it was a new country, and new business to them, they should *swow in* this time, and do the best they could at that, and *swear in* next year." So they *swowed in* for the first year.

The first man sued in Battle Creek was Asa Langley. The history of the affair was this: The course of lawsuits, like that of true love, seldom runs smooth, and this one was no exception to the rule. Asa Langley owed Nedebiah Angell. His son, Rustin Angell, was a constable in Battle Creek at that time. It was deemed necessary to force the collection of this debt. Rustin was, therefore, armed with the proper papers, and mounting his Indian pony, took the trail through the woods some four miles south of the rustic village, to Langley's cabin. But before reaching Asa's improvements, in attempting to cross a marsh, his pony sank under him into the mire. He dismounted, and tried his best to get his animal out of the mire. He could not. In sheer despair he left his beast where it was, and started on foot for Langley's house. Coming in sight of it, he gave the alarm of distress, and Asa came to his relief. After a long struggle they got the pony out of the mire on dry land. But now came the hardest part of Rustin's duty. How could he sue Asa after he had been so kind in helping him out of difficulty? But he thought of his duty as an officer, and nerving himself up to the task, served the summons on his friend Langley. The latter was taken all aback by it. He became indignant, and told Rustin, in plain English, that unless he withdrew the summons, that he, Asa Langley, would sue him for helping him get his pony out the mire! Rustin was in a quandary. What should he do? Asa was firm and defiant? Finally, after some little parley, the two parties came to a compromise. Rustin withdrew the summons, and they agreed to call it square. And thus the trouble ended. Rustin mounted his pony and rode *around* the marsh home. Thus ended the first attempt at a lawsuit in Battle Creek.

There was sometimes great want of clothing among the early settlers in Calhoun county. The clothing brought in from the east was after awhile all worn out. And where could they get more? There were no stores nearer than Ann Arbor or Detroit. Besides, where was the money to come from, if it were possible to make a three or four weeks' pilgrimage to Detroit? Aranthus Thomas, son of Daniel Thomas, had worn his pantaloons till they were so ragged he was ashamed to go to a neighbor's. Being an intelligent young man, of agreeable manners and much personal pride, he could hardly brook his destitute condition. His father saw this state of affairs, and being unable to get any cloth for a pair of pantaloons for Aranthus, he took his gun, and Crocket-like, went out hunting. He soon brought down a large buck, ripped off his hide, tanned it, and of it made his son a pair of pantaloons.

The following account relates to building the first house in Battle Creek, called the Foster house. As we have stated in a previous article, Sherman Comings, of Toland Prairie, had borrowed money of Daniel G. Gurnsey, whom

he met at White Pigeon in 1831. The account we now present, the writer got of James R. Comings, of Galesburg, son of Sherman Comings; it is copied from the account book of the latter. The Mr. Rich mentioned is Mr. Estes Rich, who, it seems, worked for Mr. Comings, as he charges his labor to Mr. Gurnsey:

Sept. 8.	To 1 day to Mr. Howard's on your business	$1 00
1831.	" 1½ days after nails	1 50
	" 4 days of two hands and two yoke of oxen	12 00
Sept. 23.	To 1 week of two hands and board	12 00
	" hands to raise	3 00
	" Mr. Rich hauling boards	4 00
	" finding Rich	75
	" 8 bu. of wheat at 6s	6 00
	" hauling out	1 00
Oct. 2.	" 5 days, myself and son	10 00
	" paid Mr. Rich for harrowing in wheat, 4½ days	6 75
	" boarding Mr. Rich	2 00

This account fixes the time when the work on the house was begun and when they had the "raising," which was in September. Also, when the building was finished, for the "five days myself and son," being ten days' labor, which, as the account has it, was performed in October. While Mr. Comings and son, and Rich, when with them, were building this house, they boarded with Isaac Toland, who lived south of the river. They forded the Kalamazoo going to and returning from their meals each day. Mr. Toland had been a neighbor of Mr. Comings' on Toland Prairie, where he had located in 1828, Mr. Comings settling there in the fall of 1820. Josiah Goddard moved Sherman Comings and family into Michigan late in the fall of 1829. Mr. Goddard was then living in Detroit. He drove two fine span of horses before a Pennsylvania wagon, traversing the unbroken wilderness along the old Chicago trail from Detroit to Ypsilanti, thence to Jonesville, Sturgis, Bronson's Prairie, Prairie Ronde and Grand Prairie, from which place Mr. Comings came to Toland Prairie.

Mr. Goddard went back by the old territorial route, and was so pleased with Goguac Prairie that he selected it as his future home, made a purchase of lands and moved his family there in the fall of 1831.

MOSES HALL.

In the spring of 1832 Moses Hall left his home among the green hills and vales of Rutland County, Vermont, for a journey westward. About this time rumor was busy in drawing Eldorado pictures of a western territory, lying up among the lakes, called Michigan. These arrested the attention of eastern men who wished to purchase lands for speculation, or for the purpose of securing new homes. The government was offering this land through its land offices, at ten shillings per acre. Our resolute Vermonter traveled by "lineboat" on the Erie canal to Buffalo, and by schooner up the lake to Detroit; and from Detroit, on an Indian pony, through the wilderness to Marshall; and although the cholera had made its appearance at this place, in a most violent form, and although the terror of the Black-Hawk war spread consternation among the settlers throughout the territory, yet he did not turn back, but with characteristic pluck, determined to carry out the object of his visit, went on prospecting about the country. He met, at Marshall, Rev. J. D. Pierce, from whom he purchased one hundred and sixty acres of land, lying just east of the limits of the present city of Battle Creek,

giving him fourteen shillings per acre. There was some improvement on this land. After visiting the new settlement of Battle Creek, he turned his steps homeward, little thinking that he would ever see his western lands again, as he considered the purchase only a speculative venture. Yet having turned to Vermont, the more he compared the two countries the more he was persuaded that the narrow valleys and rugged mountains of his native State were inferior to the beautiful openings and broad fertile plains of Michigan. And although he could say of his native place:

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills."

yet Michigan had fascinated him. He had seen her in all her summer grandeur, when she was arrayed in all her wild beauty of leaf and flower; and these views were impressed upon his mind; and when he thought of still longer abiding in his old home among the hills, he heard a whispering from the far west, "if you seek a home in a beautiful land, behold, it is here!" The new country had won him. The next summer, having procured a fine team of horses, and an emigrant wagon, which he arranged conveniently for the comfort of himself and family, he bade good-bye to his old Vermont home, and started out, on his long journey, for the new home to be secured in the far west. That was a great undertaking, especially in that day, with the roads and modes of travel then in existence. They took up their line of march through New York and Canada; thence to Detroit, and then on the old settlers' track to Battle Creek, which place they reached on the last of September.

Mr. Hall immediately began the work of "rolling up logs" for a shanty, which he roofed with sticks. This served as a temporary shelter for himself, wife, and family of five children, who soon had the *shakes* under the roof. He sometime after purchased the Foster house, which he occupied until 1837. In the meanwhile he had been at work improving his orignal purchase. Of this he eventually made a fine farm.

Moses Hall held various local offices, ever performing their duties with marked ability and efficiency. He was also elected a member of our State Legislature, where he served his country with credit to himself, and satisfaction to his people. He was an acting magistrate at the time of his death, which occurred in 1860.

Moses Hall was a man of commanding figure and noble appearance; of strong intellectual faculty, of clear, outspoken views, and a self poise that was admirable. This was a marked trait in the man. Whether on occasions that required prompt, decided action, or those fraught with difficulty or personal danger, his self control never forsook him; he was the same equitable, judicious man, who moved on to his duty firm and unshaken; and as troubles gathered about him, strong resolution nerved him for the emergency, until he successfully accomplished his task. He was a man of established religious convictions, and fixed moral principles. Here was his strength—in a consciousness of being right. "Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just;" and where duty called him he never turned from battle. Probably Battle Creek has known no man of greater moral courage than Moses Hall. Says one old pioneer, who had known him from youth up, "his moral courage was simply grand." This is true. He was the Arnold Winkelried, on all occasions where unflinching fidelity to duty required a firm stand to be taken for

the public good. At such times, Moses Hall stood at his post, firm, unyielding, ready "to make way" for success in the right, at any needed sacrifice.

Another trait that made him valuable as a public man was his firmness. He did not drift. He was firm in the right. The timid and shrinking had some one to adhere to. He was a good man to hold the cause of religion, morals, and public virtue firm and secure, in times of doubt, shrinking, and danger.

Who shall say how great an influence Moses Hall has exerted in establishing the religious, moral, and educational institutions in the young and growing settlement of Battle Creek, and how much the place is indebted to him for his watchful care and guidance over them in after years.

One of the founders of the Presbyterian church of Battle Creek, he remained one of its most active and influential members to the day of his death.

Socially, Moses Hall was a valuable member of society. A man of noble impulses, of generous feelings, quick to aid the distressed or to espouse the cause of the defenseless or injured. He was a man of interesting presence. His general reading and culture, his close observation of men and things, and his fine colloquial powers made him an agreeable and companionable man. The appreciation of the man was noticeable. What was worth enjoying he got. His cheerfulness was also worthy of note. He was no great laugher but a most appreciative one. Who of his old friends will ever forget that round, hearty laugh of Moses Hall—a laugh that could ever be considered as merited applause to the witty things and good points made in the conversation. Undoubtedly the fullest meed of praise that was ever given to one of old Deacon Cowles's inimitably droll stories was Moses Hall going into convulsive laughter over it.

JOSEPH MERRITT.

In the year 1835 Jonathan Hart and his three brothers-in-law, Abraham, Joseph, and Isaac Merritt, purchased a half interest in the village of Battle Creek of Gen. Convis and Nathaniel Barney. Sands McCamly had platted the village and they became joint owners with him, including an interest in the water-power. Hart came from Washington county, and the Merritts from Saratoga county, New York. They all belonged to the religious order of Friends or Quakers, and were all men of marked ability, sterling integrity, and possessed comprehensive views of men and things. Mr. Hart, Joseph and Isaac Merritt removed here in 1837. They brought with them their liberal and pacific principles, condemning no man who differed with them in religious belief, and were ever found faithful to the observance of their own tenets; always claiming that every one should be allowed the privilege of worshiping God according to the dictates of his own conscience. They were willing to spread the broad mantle of charity over all, judging men more by their works than by their faith. From these men and their co-laborers sprang up the liberality of sentiment, the outspoken freedom of thought and action in religion and politics and every movement for the advancement of right, that has made Battle Creek so conspicuous in all the reforms of the day.

Abraham Merritt never came here to reside, although he often spent months here in attending to his business. His noble, benevolent countenance was an index of the man, and every one greeted "Uncle Abraham" with a peculiar cordiality. He is still living in his home in Maryland.

Joseph Merritt was a worker in the new settlement. He owned a farm within the corporation where his son Charles now resides. Besides the improve-

ment of his farm, he did much for the advancement of the interest of the village and city. He was noted for his hospitality and liberality. Stranger and alien, bond and free, ever received a warm welcome to his fireside and table. The public lecturer found his house a home, and the poor fugitive fleeing from bondage received his marked attention. He was a warm advocate of emancipation and will long be remembered by those who received his sympathy and help. He walked close to what he believed to be his line of duty without fear of giving offense, and in turn was beloved and commended by all. He had interests beside those in Battle Creek. In connection with Jonathan Hart, he built mills in Homer and otherwise contributed to the improvement of the country. He was truly a pioneer in the full sense of the word. Before the railroad was in operation, he could often have been seen mounted on a wagon, loaded with flour, starting out for Detroit, riding over those almost impassable roads and braving the inclemency of the weather for two hundred and forty miles in going to market and returning. A man of slender constitution, but of remarkable energy and perseverance of purpose. The young men of this day can hardly realize what the first settlers endured. It is just such men as Joseph Merritt and his companions who have laid the foundation of the prosperity of Michigan.

He lived to a good old age, and died many years since honored and lamented by all who knew him. His wife was a sister of Jonathan Hart. She was a noble woman, assisting and encouraging her husband in all his good works. She outlived him but a few years, and the name and good deeds of "Aunt Phebe," as she was familiarly called, will long be remembered by all who knew her. They had a large family of children, of whom we can say, they are worthy of their parentage. Six are living: William, the proprietor of the flouring mill at Verona; Charles, who resides on the home farm; Richard, of the firm of Merritt & Kellogg, manufacturers of portable steam engines, who resides in Battle Creek; George lives in Indianapolis; Joseph in Kansas; and Jane, the wife of W. N. Chandler, in Lenawee county of this State.

ISAAC MERRITT.

Isaac Merritt was the youngest of the three brothers. He was a man of active temperament and enlisted into his new life here with prudence and zeal. Ardent and full of hope, he commenced the work in earnest, and, like his brother, contributed largely to the improvement of the town. He had a fine appreciation of the beautiful. Phrenology would have given him a large bump of order. His buildings and grounds gave evidence of his taste in the arrangement, so as to show to the best advantage. The construction of his house and the embellishments of its surroundings attracted the attention of every one, and conveyed the idea that a gentleman of refined taste was the designer of all this. He laid the foundation of his first house here in 1836. It was built so that the veranda, which ran the full length of the front, came out to the street. It occupied the grounds where the old American Tavern now stands. In 1837 he removed his family from New York to this place. Quite a sensation was created in the little hamlet in the woods when his elegant turn-out made its appearance on the street leading to his residence. It was a great display for those by-gone days. There was a span of beautiful white horses and a carriage pronounced splendid, for that time, with a colored coachman. The old settlers will recognize in this coachman the well known Lewis Jackson, whose lively humor, jokes, and witty sayings are yet remem-

bered with the many excellent traits of the man. For several years after, whenever the carriage appeared on the street it was sure to elicit this remark, "that is the establishment of a well-bred gentleman." His house was tastefully fitted up. Esther, his wife, was a plain little Quaker lady, genteel in deportment, and the very pattern of neatness and order, so that everything in the house was in keeping with its surroundings. The house he subsequently sold, and it became widely known as the American Hotel. It was afterwards burned.

In the meantime Mr. Merritt built the first flouring mill in the village, carrying out a two-fold object by attaching a saw-mill under the same roof and giving to the town two of the most material things to promote its growth —flour and building material. Deacon Fayette Cross was the master builder. The mills stood on the present site of the Kellogg red mill, and were a great acquisition to the new town. Isaac Merritt, after selling his first house, built a convenient and beautiful cottage in which he spent the remainder of his days. His excellent wife is also dead.

There were four children: Lucretia, widow of the late Wm. H. Coleman, now lives in Lansing; Joseph, who married Caroline, daughter of G. F. Smith; Lydia L., noted for her beauty and loveliness, was the first wife of Hon. B. F. Graves, and died some two years after her marriage; and Clara, the wife of Joseph Gilman of Battle Creek. Lucretia and Clara are the only ones of the family now living.

THE FIRST SETTLERS IN THE TOWNSHIP OF BATTLE CREEK.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

The pioneer period of which we are writing, has justly been termed "the heroic age." It was the period of great labor, of heroic endurance, privation, and suffering that men must always go through with before such great enterprises can be accomplished. With what ambition the settler struggled on until a house was erected, a little clearing made, a small patch of ground plowed and sown; how patiently he waited for the first crop to grow, when he could harvest his own grain, and how cheerfully he labored, longing for the good time to come when he could live easier, have enough to eat and to wear; have neighbors, school-houses, churches, and all the conveniences and comforts he had once enjoyed in his eastern life.

"And they for want of neighbors were sometimes blue and sad,
For wolves and bears and wild-cats were the nearest ones they had;
And looking ahead to the clearing, they worked with all their might,
Until they were fairly out of the woods and things were going right,
And things looked rather *new* when their first house was built,
And things that blossomed then, would have made other men wilt,
And every other day then, as sure as day would break,
Their neighbor "Ager" came that way, inviting them to shake."

ISAAC THOMAS.

He was a tall, rather spare man, of light complexion, blue eyes, and brown hair, which was now silvered o'er. He was a man of clear intelligence, a good judge of men and things, and was ever ready to discuss the topics of the day with his neighbors and friends. He came from Tioga county, New York, I believe, and settled on Goguac Prairie in 1831. His log house was on the

south side of the prairie, where the old road formerly ran. His four or five sons and their families, with other relatives and attached friends had settled in their log houses near him, making a little colony of themselves. Isaac Thomas had much of the worthiness and simplicity of character that pertained to the patriarchal worthies of Bible memory. His name, wherever it was mentioned was a synonym for good faith, candor, and honesty. He lived here amid his relatives and neighbors on Goguac as the patriarch of the settlement. In fact his commodious log house was a home for all his kith and kin whenever they needed it. This was one reason why he sold out here in 1839 or 1840, and went to Illinois, where lands were cheaper, and where he could give his numerous proteges a portion of land that they might have homes of their own.

During the fall of 1831, the settlers had missed hogs and young calves at different times. They were pretty sure they had been taken by the wolves. John Luckett, brother-in-law of Uncle Isaac, one night as he was returning home from the woods south of the settlement, was chased by a band of these marauders. He barely escaped being captured by them, as they were at his heels as he reached Uncle Isaac's enclosure. They now built a very high log pen, shelving inwards, so that a wolf could get into it but could not get out again. In this pen they put a calf. The next morning they found a large wolf and the calf unharmed in the pen. The former was captured and his brindle hide ripped off while he was alive, and he was taken to the center of the prairie and let go at the mercy of the dogs. It is said he fought them then. This was a revolting scene, and must go for a wild freak of the settlers, exasperated by the ravages of the wolves.

UNCLE JOHN STEWART.

John Stewart, Sr. settled at Ypsilanti in 1824. He with several of his sons and their families came to Goguac some time in 1831 or 1832. Although a small man, he had been active and strong. Was now, 1836, in his ripe old age. He had had two wives, was now living with the third, and was the father of twenty-one children. A native of New York State, he had lived a number of years in Canada, where he became acquainted with the celebrated Mohawk chief, Brandt. Uncle John was social and a good narrator. Many an evening have I listened, by his fireside, to the stories of the revolutionary war, as he had heard them from the lips of Brandt—the man who had been the terror and scourge of the Mohawk valley. The old warrior was silent about some things, but always denied that he had anything to do with the "Cherry Valley Massacre." Our old friend had drank many a glass with him at their accustomed resort—the tavern in Canada. It was here that Brandt one evening, in a drunken brawl, had stabbed one of his own sons, who died in the bar-room. Uncle John's brother Peter and his neighbor Miller were at the massacre of Wyoming. They were among the captives that were marked for death by the tomahawk. With an Indian holding them by each arm they were led out to the arena, while a squaw came forward with a tomahawk to do the work of death. They both, by a signal that they had agreed upon, wrenched their hands from the Indians and escaped. Miller was shot in the shoulder while they were swimming across the Susquehanna. He got well, and lived many years afterwards to tell of his miraculous escape at Wyoming. This worthy old pioneer, Uncle John Stewart, after having lived

a life of usefulness, died full of years at his home in South Battle Creek, some time in the year 1843.

His sons, Joseph, John, and Levi Stewart, well-known townsmen of Battle Creek, and Mrs. Eleanor Carr, and Mrs. J. J. Jenkins are the only children of this family now living in Calhoun county.

JOSIAH GODDARD

reared his log hut on the west side of Goguac, on the spot where David Young's stone house now stands, late in the fall of 1831. I never saw a man whose general appearance evinced so fine a military bearing as Josiah Goddard's. He served in the war of 1812, and must have come from good military stock. At any rate, it did not take the

"Soul-stirring drum and ear-piercing fife"

to arouse the military in him. He thought quick, talked quick, and moved quick. He was a man of commanding personal appearance, stood full six feet, of stature erect; had an intellectual cast of countenance, was highly social, and addicted to no bad habits. While living in their log house, his wife's friends from Detroit visited them. Their fare at this time reminds one of Gen. Marion's entertaining the British officers, which was simply on *roasted potatoes*. But it was given with a cheer that made their city friends enjoy so frugal a meal. That was all they had to offer them—at breakfast, dinner, and supper—it was roasted potatoes—"merely that and nothing more."

In the fall of 1835, Mr. Goddard told David H. Daniels, then in trade at Battle Creek, that he could have all the potatoes he wanted at one shilling a bushel, he picking them up. Mr. Daniels did not accept the offer. The next spring Goddard sold those potatoes at one dollar a bushel. "But," says he to Mr. Daniels, "I cannot look a man in the face and ask that price; I turn my head around and say—one dollar."

The writer remembers hearing Mr. Goddard relate the following instance of amusement among some of the early settlers in Battle Creek. He chanced to step into the old Battle Creek House, one evening, and saw bottles of champagne placed in rows across one end of the long dining-room table; at the other end stood a group of citizens, one of them having a hammer in his hand. The man with the hammer raised it deliberately, and hurled it with force among the champagne bottles. It went crashing its way through the row, knocking to pieces several of the bottles, and spilling the wine on the floor. The game was to see who could break the most bottles with the hammer. After witnessing one or two exhibitions of this kind, Goddard left. The next day a bill was presented to him for his part of expenses incurred in the amusing game the previous evening. Goddard, surprised, indignantly replied: "Let those that dance pay the fiddler; I did not dance with you last night, and you know it." The bill was no further pressed.

Mr. Goddard sold his prairie farm to Dea. Joseph Young and built a house on his lands on the east side of Goguac Lake, which property he sold to Mr. Jennings, and removed to Southern Wisconsin. His daughter, Mrs. Wm. Reese, now a resident of Battle Creek, is the only one now living in this part of the country.

DORRANCE WILLIAMS.

Dorrance Williams came to Goguac Prairie late in the fall of 1831, from

Ohio, and settled upon what is now the Foster farm. He built his log house on the south border of the prairie near the woods. He owned in all some four hundred acres of land, a part of it lying between Battle Creek and Goguac. Mr. Williams lived and died a bachelor. By those who knew him best he was called a good man. Yet he was a peculiar man. He considered himself a gentleman even in the chivalrous sense of that term, held the highest opinion of his honor, and his word no man must gainsay. Here we undoubtedly get a clue to the real difficulties that attended him through life. His nice sense of honor, justice and right did not square with human nature, which he found in his dealings with mankind a pretty crooked stick at the best. Dorrance Williams was naturally of a suspicious nature, and was afraid every man he dealt with was striving to cheat him. This kept him at feud with somebody most of his lifetime. Probably his memory comes down to more people through a lawsuit than by any other channel.

The following nice distinction we have never heard equaled in any court room: The complainant in a lawsuit, in which Dorrance was plaintiff, was testifying, as the latter thought, *falsely*; this he could not brook, and rebuked him with "*you lie, sir!*" Whereupon, the court censured Dorrance, saying it could not allow such language to be used. This put the chivalric bachelor on his dignity, and he thus explained: "Your Honor, had I said to this man—*you lie!* I ought to have been fined for contempt of court. But I said, you lie, *sir!* which last word 'sir' raised the expression from any *vulgar* meaning, and instead of slandering the man I *honored* him by its use." The court, no doubt, astonished at this profound distinction, waived all censure, and proceeded with the trial.

At one time Dorrance attempted to satisfy his curiosity concerning the Indian mound on his farm, by digging into it. The Indians observing him at work on the mound with his spade, threatened him to such a degree that he was afraid to remain in this part of the country. He was gone something over a year before he came back. The red men were the only people that Dorrance Williams had trouble with that he did not *sue*. He died at his home on the prairie some twenty-five years ago.

ANDREW REES.

He was born in West Stockbridge, Mass., on the 4th of February, 1790. At an early age he removed to Broome county, N. Y., and subsequently lived in Victor and Perrington in the same State. In 1835 he came to Michigan, bringing with him a wife and nine children, all of whom are still living. For forty years he has lived on the farm which he then selected for a home, and which he made beautiful and productive by his energy and intelligent industry.

Some men's lives read well, taking them, chapter after chapter, in their unwritten acts; there is enough of stirring event to break a monotony and render them interesting. Then there are others who by their living by the side of a neighbor, born on a sixty-nine mile level, have a contrast that shows every ripple on the surface of their own lives. Uncle Rees did not need such a contrast to bring out the incidents in his life. He would have made his mark in any community, because industry and thrift will always push ahead and make a good record anywhere. At mention of the name—Uncle Rees—what thoughts, freighted with reminiscences of other days, arise! One thinks of an energetic pioneer, in the busy scenes of 1836, in Calhoun

county; of an incorrigible old whig—the straightest of this sect brought up at the feet of its Gamaliel of Ashland; of a staunch Universalist; of a cheery neighbor and townsman; of a snug and thrifty farmer who has reared a large family of boys and girls who have done much toward the improvement of the township of Battle Creek.

Andrew Rees located on his lands a few miles west of Battle Creek sometime in 1836, as I am informed. A man who converts a portion of the wilderness into a good farm has performed a useful deed. He has established one of the surest, best and most reliable sources of wealth for the country. And that man is the best farmer whose culture brings out, in the crop, all the farm can produce. He is contributing towards developing the full agricultural resources of the country. In this Uncle Rees has done his part. He began right. He set an early and good example to the settlers. First a neat log house was erected. Then as fast as the land was broken up it was fenced off into lots and put into wheat. His fences would always do to pattern after. They were called the prettiest fences in the country. The rails were usually eleven feet long; his were ten, and the corners were laid up true and even. The settlers would often, in going to Battle Creek, drive out of their way to go by Uncle Rees's to see his fine fences.

He planted orchards of fruit trees early, and hence had fruit long before many of his neighbors, as the market in Battle Creek at that time will attest. Inside the house things must have been well arranged, for the affairs of the entire family prospered. Our pioneer women did their full share of the work in planting homes here in this new country. And just as much credit is due them as to their husbands and brothers for what was accomplished in this early period. Many of them, after the work in the house was done, would go out and help pick up brush and clear off the piece of land for wheat in the fall, and sometimes they would drive the ox team to harrow in the crop. And as regards perseverance, fortitude, and a cheerful spirit amid the trials and sufferings of that day, our pioneer women deserve the fullest meed of praise.

One such a farmer as Uncle Rees, in a neighborhood, was worth much as an example to others. Mankind would soon begin to retrograde, if we did not have some one to push ahead with something new and better as an improvement on the old. Much of what we do in one period is pushed aside by those who come after us. In 1836 the ox team was used to plow, to go to mill, to town, and to church. Our worthy old pioneer used to take his family to church on Sundays in Battle Creek, with his ox team. What a contrast to the costly turnouts that some of our farmers drive to church now-a-days.

We give a leaf from Uncle Rees's life during the palmy days of the old Whig party.

In the spring of 1841 the Whigs of Battle Creek, for the first time, carried the town; electing Dr. Orlando Moffatt Supervisor. This was a great victory for the Whigs over their time honored old foe—the Democrats. And they celebrated it with all the pomp and circumstance of parade they could muster, in a grand jubilee meeting at the "Old American," then kept by Uncle John Rogers. At this meeting, Andrew Rees was made chairman. He presided in the happiest of spirits on this glorious occasion. The opening formalities over, the speeches were made, the refreshments were partaken of, and toasts, rich, piquant, and pithy, followed. These, some dozen in all, were introduced by "Uncle Stark," who stepped forward, and flourishing a bottle of cham-

pagne in each hand, cried out, "Here are the instruments we beat our enemies with!" Uncle Rees responded, "the Chair is of the same opinion. Three cheers for that toast!" Many Democrats were present. The Chairman, in his exuberance of feeling, called on Judge Sands McCamly, an old Hickory Democrat, to give a toast. He, not wishing to mar the happiness of the occasion, gave the following—"The Whigs and the Democrats, may they prosper in all their laudable undertakings!" Quick as thought Uncle Rees jumped up and swinging his hat, cried out—"three cheers for the *laudable* undertakings of the Democrats!" This was too much for the risibles of that meeting, it upset everything with a roar of laughter and applause. Uncle Jack Kewney's toast is worthy of the occasion and the man. Here it is—"Sands McCamly and Sid Sweet, small potatoes and few in a hill!" Uncle Rees cried out—"The chair of the same opinion; three cheers for that toast!" He thus endorsed every toast. Dr. Edward Cox, from whom we get these items, was present at this meeting, and has a vivid recollection of this jubilee, where a Whig victory and a free use of champagne made so many happy.

There were some stout Whigs in Battle Creek in those days, and party spirit was very strong. Among them was Leonard Starkweather, or "Old Stark," as he was called, who, to express his dislike of Democracy, at one time said—"Sooner than vote the loco foco ticket, I would crawl from Battle Creek to Detroit, over a desert of gunpowder and be struck with lightning every rod."

Uncle Rees used to say that Martin VanBuren, in his political career, was like a squirrel going up a tree. You raised your gun to shoot, but your squirrel dodged around and up the other side of the tree; you went around to that side, and your squirrel dodged to the other side again, and kept going up the tree at every move he made, until he got to its top and out of harm's way. So it was with Martin VanBuren; we tried to head him off, but he kept dodging out of our way and up into office, until he reached the Presidential chair. Uncle Rees lives with his son John on the old farm where he first began life in Calhoun county, some forty years ago.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

He was born in Vermont, removed to Orleans county, New York, in 1833; from thence, in July, 1836, he came to Michigan, and settled upon his lands in the southwest part of Newton. In the composition of this man there was something of the sterner material combined with a great deal of natural goodness of heart. He talked well upon the topics of the day, was liberal in his views, but sharp in controversy with an opponent. He was zealous and active on all questions of a public interest; he gave his opinions without stint, and you knew from the manner in which they were announced that there was no budging from his positions, and that he would defend them with unflinching nerve. He was as orthodox in democracy as old Hickory himself. In politics he was the opposite of his pioneer associate and long-time friend, Uncle Rees. As a Democrat he just balanced the stout old Whig; that Roland of the Whig camp found an Oliver in Steve Graham of the Democratic camp. Although of different politics, they were both members of the Universalist church, were both thrifty farmers and good citizens.

Honest toil and true worth always met cheer and encouragement from Stephen Graham. It did him more good to shake hands with a rail-splitter who was toiling to clear up his farm, and improve the country, than with a state

dignitary or a president. "Why, Greeley," said he to the philosopher of Chappaqua, whom he met at Battle Creek on his first visit to that place, "I expected to see you in your old drab coat and white hat, and looking altogether more seedy than you do." "Well, Friend Graham," replied Greeley, "Battle Creek is an enterprising town and I thought I would sleek up a little when I came here. As to the old drab coat, it did finally wear out. I have one somewhat like it, but probably not as good, as the old one was an exceedingly good coat."

It made no difference with plain-spoken Stephen Graham to whom he was talking, he treated all alike; whether of high or low position, he had the same frank, direct manner in addressing everybody. He heartily despised sham, fraud, or a cheat. As illustrative of this, I give an incident that Mr. Graham once related to me: In the days when he drank ardent spirits rather freely, being in town one day, he had taken a jug of whisky home with him, and not wishing his family and friends to know anything about the matter, he hid the jug in his barn, "and then," says he, "when I wanted a drink I would go out on the sly and steal a swig from myself! I did this till I saw I was a cheat and a thief, and I hated myself until I broke that jug of whisky and swore off drinking ardent spirits. And since that day I have been honest to myself and let alcoholic drinks alone."

Meeting some of his old associates at Battle Creek, some time after he had made this resolve, they urged him to drink with them. He refused. They as usual, coaxed him to take a glass; but it was of no avail. Whereupon one of them called him a coward, and said he dare not drink with them. Graham turned around to them, and giving the man one of his piercing looks, replied: "You have guessed it the first time; I dare not do it; if I drink one glass I am gone." They did not urge him any more. They saw that that look, and those earnest words meant temperance with their old friend Graham. He ever kept that pledge, and in so doing he gave to his old pioneer associates and friends one of the brightest examples of moral courage, one of the noblest resolves of true manhood.

Seeing a crowd one day, gathered in the streets of Battle Creek, about a new agricultural machine, he elbowed his way through a knot of well-dressed citizens, saying: "Here, you stand aside, and let some of these men of toil who made way for the use of this machine, let them come up and see it." He afterwards remarked: "When I see those men of fine clothes who have come here to reap what those hard-working settlers have sown, passing them by without even a notice, I feel indignant. I think they can afford to give them a good hearty greeting, instead of cold indifference."

The farm house of one of his old pioneer friends burned down, and when Steve Graham heard of it he cried like a child. "I tell you," said he to the writer, "when I heard of my old friend's misfortune, I thought of all his hard work, how long he had toiled, how many hard blows he had given, to accumulate what property he has, and then to see his house burn down in one hour, I could not keep from crying." He gave generously to help build a new house for his old friend. One day while some one was asking a wealthy citizen of Battle Creek to aid in this charitable work, he was met with a refusal. Steve Graham stood by, and his eyes moistened as he turned to the man and said,—"Can't you help that honest, hard-working man build a new house in the place of the one just burned down?" The citizen shook his head. Graham made one more appeal, which proved ineffectual. He then

said—"Are you heard-hearted enough to refuse to give in so deserving a cause? If you are, I will leave you to your own reflections." And as he walked away his heart swelled with indignation at so clear a case of cold indifference to other's wants.

Stephen Graham died at his house in 1868. Mrs. Graham lives with her son Daniel on the old farm in Newton.

REV. JOHN HARRIS—DEA. SOLOMON CASE—DR. JOHN BEACH.

Rev. John Harris came from Saratoga county, New York, in the fall of 1835, and purchased a new home in South Battle Creek, then called Milton. In May, 1836, he came with his family, and settled on the land he had before purchased. Three weeks were consumed in the journey, and eleven days of these were taken up with a tedious march through the mud from Detroit.

Mr. Harris was born in Nassau, Renssalaer county, New York, on the 16th of September, 1790. When a young man of twenty-two we find him serving his country in the army of the frontier of Northern New York, during the summer and fall of 1812.

Mr. Harris was converted in 1815, was ordained a minister of the Baptist church in 1816, and soon thereafter began his labors as pastor of the church in Nassau, his native town. He derived early and great benefit from one of the best of schools for ministerial training—the famous old Shaftsbury Association. Here he came in contact with eminent clergymen, men whose lives shed luster on their church and their profession. Here in the discussions and controversies of this Association, he was often brought into sharp encounters with men of opposite views. It was here, participating in these discussions, that he arrived at those just and clear conceptions on all scriptural questions, that so distinguished him as a preacher. Here too, among these learned, theological disputants, the independent thinker, able logician and lucid reasoner were developed.

His pastorate of ten years in Nassau, and nine years at Burnt Hills (South Ballston), Saratoga county, was blest with frequent revivals, a spiritual growth of the churches and large additions of membership.

On coming to Michigan, Mr. Harris began as a pioneer in more senses than one,—first to erect a house and make betterments, and then he began the work of founding churches here in the wilderness. "It was meet that the Gospel keep pace with the plow—that the Rose of Sharon be planted where only the wild flowers had yet bloomed." His early ministerial labors were for several years with the churches in Battle Creek, South Battle Creek, and Climax Prairie; giving to each a Sabbath once in three weeks. Subsequently he served each of these churches exclusively as its pastor. With the exception of three years with the church at Orangeville, Barry county, his labors for the twenty-eight years of his life in Michigan, were given to one or the other of the three churches above mentioned. The two latter he organized, I think, in 1837.

We owe a debt of gratitude to those early settlers of our State, who, after having built their log houses, then erected the log school-house, which they used for school, for church, and for township organization. From that rude structure has emanated those institutions that have so distinguished our State —our common schools, our churches, and our legislative power. How fortunate, at this formative period of society and state making, that we had good and true men to do the rudimentary work so ably and so well. The two

counties, Calhoun and Kalamazoo, were fortunate in having so able a minister as Elder John Harris to plant the first churches here in the wilderness. It is, with the preacher as with the teacher, very important that he should be an able instructor, for his task is to develop the highest style of man—the Christian. Our worthy old friend had not mistaken his calling. He was doing *his* duty in the pulpit. My father had heard him deliver a discourse, when he was a young man, in Columbia county, New York, and remarked to a friend when he was told that Elder John Harris was located in South Battle Creek, "*You have a minister that knows how to preach.*"

Mr. Valentine of Goguac, now deceased, was accustomed to say that Elder Harris was the most clear, forcible, and close reasoner he had ever heard. Elder Harris, in the winter of 1837 and 1838, held a revival on Climax Prairie, in the school-house south of the corners. Many were converted at these meetings. The glowing fervor and the persuasive logic with which he urged upon the unconverted the duty of immediate repentance may be said to have been *effectual* whenever he preached. From his first pastorate at Nassau, New York, to his last one at his dear old home among his cherished old friends in South Battle Creek, frequent revivals and spiritual prosperity ever blessed his labors.

As an instance of his ability to preach without preparation, we give the following: He and Deacon Solomon Case attended, in 1843, the Baptist State Convention, held in the eastern part of the State. They had gone with their own conveyance. As they drove into town, Elder Harris was informed that the clergyman who was to preach the introductory sermon had failed to come, and that *he* was appointed in his place. At this, Deacon Case advised the Elder not to undertake so great a task unprepared; to decline. The latter, taking his Bible out of his coat pocket, said to the Deacon, "take care of your team;" and finding a seat on the grass beneath the shade of a tree near by, selected his text, went into the convention, and preached an able and powerful discourse.

As a speaker, Elder Harris was clear, forcible, and convincing. He was never misunderstood; he always interested and inspired his hearers. His diction, like the pure Saxon words that he used, was strong and vigorous. Says a writer who knew him well: "He seldom wrote, yet his language was plain, strong, terse, concise, and often impassioned. Rejecting ornament, and not often seeking for illustration, his force consisted in the clearness of his propositions, the strength of his logic, and the earnestness of his manner. Though not a graduate of a college, he was an educated man. Few had ampler knowledge of men and books, of facts and principles, and few were more ready in the application. His mind had been enriched by extensive reading, by original and independent reflection. Though mostly self-educated, he was the warm friend and patron of colleges and theological schools."

At mention of his name, the old settlers who yet survive recall to mind the pioneer clergyman whose voice they first heard proclaiming the truths of the gospel from the rude desk of the old log school-house in the woods; and they remember him, when the wilderness was subdued, and better homes, school-houses, and churches were established, as the same faithful, efficient, and devoted pastor. And when his work on earth was done, when his long life of labor and usefulness was closed, they sighed as they consigned his earthly remains to the grave, for a truly good man, and an eminently serviceable Christian minister had departed.

DEACON SOLOMON CASE.

Deacon Case came from Pennfield, Monroe county, New York, in the year 1835, and purchased his lands in South Battle Creek. He had heard much about Battle Creek in New York; and, having arrived here, while looking about to find the village, he asked a boy where it was. He replied: "You are right in it, sir." The deacon was surprised to find a few log houses scattered along the emigrant's wagon track, scarcely four of which were in sight of each other, dignified with the name of *village*. He came here with his family in the spring of 1836, and settled on his lands, lying two miles south of Goguac Prairie. Solomon Case was an intelligent, enterprising and thrifty farmer, and one of the best of neighbors. He was one of the most zealous and influential men in the organization of the Baptist church in South Battle Creek, and was made one of its first deacons. The first preaching we had was in 1836, in the log school-house in his neighborhood. Rev. Levi Vedder, son-in-law of Elder John Harris, preached there while on a visit to relatives in Michigan.

Deacon Case had served in the war of 1812, and was wounded and drew a pension. He was a man of social worth, an active and exemplary Christian. He took a prominent part in matters that promote the public interests, whether it was for the school, the church, or in the general duties of the citizen. He was a successful farmer, as everything about his premises, his well-tilled and well-fenced fields, evinced. He had brought a span of horses with him into the country. They were much better than the slow ox team for the road, and various other work. A man who owned a span of horses in those days was "looked up to" as much as a member of the legislature is now. Deacon Case lived to see the township of Battle Creek reclaimed from the wilderness he had found it, into well cultivated farms. And it is due to him to say that he has done his part, and done it well, in making South Battle Creek what it is to-day. He died in 1853, as he had lived—a true Christian man.

Mrs. Case now lives with her son Thurlow, in Battle Creek, and Mrs. Morgan Beach, of South Battle Creek, are the only members of that family now living in Calhoun county.

DR. JOHN BEACH.

Dr. John Beach settled in South Battle Creek in 1836, I believe, on the lands now owned by his sons Morgan and Darwin. He was a man of fine intellect, of literary culture, highly social, and a well-read physician. By his practice in our settlement he proved himself to be one of the best of physicians. He was a brother of Dr. Ashael Beach, of Battle Creek.

The physicians of that day, here in the woods, after having used what little medicines they may have brought with them, were compelled to fall back on the Thompsonian or the Botanical system, as they found it in the Michigan woods. Dr. Beach's office or repository for certain drugs and medicines, was in the forest about him. As he rode his favorite mare, Doll, through the openings, he would alight, hitch her to a tree, and hunt some herb or root, that he would use in "doctoring" his patients. Another time he would send some one out to dig up some root, or to get some herb or weed that he wished to use as a medicine. I have gone out in the woods many a time for him, when he has been called to my father's house, and dug "Culver root," a weed growing in the openings. The roots of this weed he would order boiled in

water till a syrup was made about half as thick as molasses. It was the worst medicine I ever tasted; and you had to drink about a pint of it at a dose ere the proper effect was produced. Didn't we dislike to get sick? The remedy was worse than the disease.

Buggies or light wagons were a thing unknown here, hence traveling was either done afoot or on horseback, or with the ox team. The doctor's favorite horse, Doll, carried him through the woods to see his patients. She was a spirited animal, well muscled and a fine mover. He had brought her from New York. She, he said, in winter, when harnessed to a cutter, would grasp the bit in her mouth, and, scudding away over the fine snow track, had drawn him hundreds of miles by the lines, without straightening a tug. Before he died he gave Doll to Addison Cowles, who was to keep her and give one-half of the colts to his family. The colts were also highly valued. I think his son Darwin has some of this stock yet.

Dr. Beach had read many books, was an interesting conversationist, and I, although he came as a physician, always hailed with delight his visits to our house. The lack of society here in the woods made life lonely, and when he came he would talk about schools, education, books, and other subjects in which my parents and myself were interested. It was necessary sometimes for him to prolong the visit to his patient; he then, turning the chair down on the floor and placing a pillow on its back, would lie down, and interest us for hours with conversation and varied narrations from his rich store of knowledge. And the writer remembers the good advice, in regard to securing a thorough education, that he, then a boy, received from his kind-hearted physician and genial friend, Dr. John Beach. Dr. Beach died while abroad in the east in 1841, or 1842, for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. Beach and her sons, Morgan and Darwin, yet reside on the old farm. Mrs. Simmons, the only daughter living, I believe, resides in the west.

DEACONS CROSS, BETTERLY, AND GRODEVANT.

Among the sterling men who came to Michigan, in these early times, were men who brought their Bibles and religion with them into the wilderness—men of prayer and true Christian devotion, who wielded the ax and held the plow and did their part where arduous labor was to be performed and hard blows given. And they were the men who first established religious meetings and aided in establishing churches in this new country.

Deacon Fayette Cross came to Battle Creek in July, 1836. He was an active, zealous, working Christian, a prominent member and a deacon of the Presbyterian church. He was a carpenter and millwright by trade. He died some few years ago at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Chadwick, of Battle Creek.

Deacon William Betterly came from western New York, and settled north of Goguac Prairie, sometime in 1836, I think, where he improved a farm and spent the most of his life in Michigan. During the latter part of his life he lived in Battle Creek, and died there on the 10th day of July, 1870. Deacon Betterly was a man of decided ability, and has left an example of a noble Christian character. He was deacon and influential member of the Baptist church. He was originally a Democrat, but became a Republican on the formation of that party.

Deacon John Grodevant came to Michigan a few years later, settling on his land, some ten miles south of Battle Creek, where he did his part of the pio-

neer work in clearing up his lands and making a fine farm. He sold his farm and removed to Battle Creek, where he died some few years ago. Deacon Grodevant was a most worthy man, and we can say of him, as of Deacons Cross and Betterly, they have made the world better by their having lived in it, and dying they have left a valuable record in their noble Christian lives.

HARVEY B. LEWIS.

Harvey B. Lewis was born in Hardscrabble, Chittenden county, Vermont. He made a visit to Michigan in 1833, prospected about Calhoun county, and I think extended his tour to a trip down the Mississippi. He settled on his lands in South Battle Creek, in 1835. He seemed not to have forgotten the green hills of his native state, for he selected a portion of Battle Creek tumbled up with knolls, which many would have passed by as of little value. Yet he made a fine productive farm of it. He was a man of varied information; he had gathered, from close observation in travel, much knowledge of the parts of the country he had visited, and could impart it in an interesting manner to others. He was a natural geologist, and had obtained much knowledge of that science, not from printed books, but from the open volume of the country wherever he traveled. He had assisted Douglass Houghton in his early geological surveys in Calhoun county, and rendered valuable aid to that eminent geologist whom we lost when he was the most useful to us.

Mr. Lewis lived many years to enjoy the fruits of his early labors in clearing up his farm. He was a Whig in politics and a worthy member of the Baptist church. He died some ten years ago.

ALLEN WILLARD

was born in Hartland, Windsor County, Vermont. He was educated at Dartmouth College, and was a fellow-student at this famous seat of learning with Rufus Choate. His son, George Willard, informs me that his father predicted Choate's distinguished career long before he was known to the American public, as its most eminent lawyer and brilliant orator. While at college Mr. Willard says Choate evinced the fine linguist. It was ever a delight for his class to hear him render his lesson in Virgil or Cicero into English. He was the best writer and scholar in college.

Allen Willard removed from Vermont to Michigan in the summer of 1836. He first settled in Battle Creek township a little south of where he now lives; selling this land, he located in the Dr. Beach neighborhood, where he improved a farm; this he sold and bought the Hermes Sweet place on the east side of Goguac Lake, where he at present resides. He is now 81 years old. Mr. Willard is a man of clear intelligence and sterling character. He has not sought prominence in public affairs, but rather to enjoy the society of his family and friends, his books and the cultivation of his farm.

He has educated his two sons, George and Charles; giving the former, who early evinced a great desire for learning, the advantage of a well-stored library, and affording him full opportunity for improving it. Charles Willard has the management of the farm, and his father, in his beautiful home on the east bank of Goguac Lake, is enjoying the evening of his life.

HEMAN COWLES.

In giving a sketch of Dea. Heman Cowles, I have but to record the opinion of all who knew him, and draw the picture of a good man. Essential good-

ness of heart gives really the true value to character. Had you asked for the person who was most regular in his attendance at the prayer-meeting or at church, or who was the most exemplary and devoted Christian in the community where he lived, the answer would have been, Deacon Cowles. His old esteemed friend, Elder John Harris, when he usually announced at the close of his sermon—"will some one improve on my remarks?" almost invariably heard a response from Dea. Cowles, in a few fervent and appropriate words. Although a Free-will Baptist, he was at home in any Christian meeting, and loved to labor with Christians anywhere. He was, it may be said, the founder of his own church in South Battle Creek, and one of its main supports. Dea. Cowles was formerly a Democrat, but became a Republican in later years. He settled upon his farm in South Battle Creek in 1837. He died some ten years ago, in the 80th year of his age.

JOSHUA ROBINSON.

Joshua Robinson was a native of Massachusetts, and settled upon his lands, just over the line in Leroy, some time in 1836. He was another of those excellent men whose characters we can refer to as examples of honesty, sobriety, virtue, and industry. In religious belief he was an Universalist, in politics a Whig till he became a Republican. He had, in 1843 or 1844, been won over to Fourierism as it was put to practice in the Alphadelphian system on Toland Prairie. He, putting in his farm, joined this society. After two years' experience he became heartily sick of this new school and its teachers. He left it. But it was by some considerable sacrifice of property that he got his old farm back again. He was accustomed, afterwards, when this subject was mentioned, to call it "the two years he went to school among the Alphadelphians."

Mr. Robinson combined strong intelligence and good hard sense in his character. He was an excellent farmer, neighbor, and townsman. I saw him one day at his home painting an agricultural implement, and asked him why he painted the under side of the timbers. He replied, "I don't paint merely for show, but for the good of the thing. *The paint preserves the bottom as well as the top.*" Many years ago he was "gathered to his fathers," leaving a memory that is a rich inheritance to his children. Mrs. Robinson lives with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Mason, near their old home. Mr. Alonzo J. Robinson, the oldest son, lives on his farm adjoining the old place. He has beautiful buildings, fine orchards, and is one of the most successful farmers. The other three sons are in different parts of the State.

AARON MOREHOUSE

came from Saratoga, New York, in the year 1835 and located on his lands in South Battle Creek, which he converted into a fine farm. In later years he built a commodious brick residence on the site of the old house. He was a worthy townsman and thrifty farmer. In politics he was originally a democrat. He was a prominent member of the Methodist church. He died in 1871. His son-in-law, Mr. Nichols, owns the old farm now. Bradley Morehouse, a brother of Aaron, located on lands just east, where he lived till his death, a number of years since.

HENRY THIERS

settled in South Battle Creek in 1836. He was one of the early justices of the

peace there. He died some twenty-five years ago. His three sons, Chauncy, William, and Isaac, are dead. His daughters, Mrs. M. Adams, and Mrs. Samuel Adams, live in Battle Creek. Mrs. Thiers is now Mrs. Isaac Mason of Galesburg.

DEA. ISAAC MASON

came to Battle Creek in 1839. He settled in the Dr. John Beach neighborhood; he lived there a number of years, then removed to Climax, then went to take charge of the "county farm," just east of Galesburg. He is now a resident of Galesburg. Dea. Mason is one of the original nine abolitionists who, in 1841, cast the first votes in Battle Creek for Jabez S. Fitz, the free soil candidate for Governor.

THOMAS KEWNEY.

Thomas Kewney settled upon his land, which was some three miles southwest of Goguac Prairie, in 1836. He was our nearest neighbor on the south. Any man's life would be interesting if truthfully written, as the portrait of any man is admired which is truthfully painted. Could I sketch Thomas Kewney as the people of this part of the country knew him, I should present an interesting character to the readers of these memoirs. But as it is, I can only give an imperfect sketch—a glimpse here and there of his life and character. No public act, nothing in private life, has Thomas Kewney done, any more than hundreds of others, that is worthy of record. He has left little behind him; yet many men have left more, and will not be remembered so long. We forget the plain man in his ordinary routine of life, when we retain a distinct recollection of the droll and peculiar man. Thomas Kewney had marked traits of character which have traced themselves upon the memory of those who knew him, and will be retained because of the eccentric and interestingly droll individual they call to recollection. His character was an odd piece of mosaic.

"Scratch a Prussian and you will find a Tartar."

Had you scratched neighbor Kewney you would have found your opposite; a negative to your affirmative, an affirmative to your negative—a man who seemed naturally to take the opposite side of any position you took, or views you advanced. He did not like to agree with anybody. Some one has unkindly said, "he wouldn't do as he was a mind to when he was alone." This was one trait of the man. Another was his inquisitiveness. No acrid, prying Yankee could beat him in this. He was a moving interrogation point, that always felt like business. He invaribly closed his questions with the ejaculation—"hoonk?" As, "now ar'ye—hoonk?" "Are you going to town—hoonk?"

Another trait was his love of *arguing*. And here, like Goldsmith's school master, "although vanquished he could argue still." No young, rustic Demosthenes ever stepped on the boards of debate in a country school-house with more eagerness for the contest, than did Kewney to engage in argument with a neighbor or with any friend he chanced to meet. In politics he was an old line democrat. In the matter of religion he had no established views. Occasionally you would see him at church on Sunday, in the log school-house, a quiet listener. He was well versed in Scripture, and loved to descant on the sermon with his friends.

One of the settlers whom he disliked he called "Peel Garlick." Sitting behind him at church one Sabbath, and smelling the perfumed oil on his hair, he said to a neighbor after service, "Peel Garlick smells so much like a *musk* rat, he is enough to break up a meeting; I believe the cuss ates 'em."

Usually in discussing a subject, whatever loose facts and truths he found lying about, he would turn to his own use, always improving and embellishing them to suit his views. Thus stories, facts, and incidents came mended from old Kewney's tongue. He was highly social and loved to saunter out from his log house through the woods to a neighbor's, and, pulling the latch-string, go in, and taking a seat by the fireside, while away an hour or two in announcing the items of news, discussing the neighborhood topics and expatiating on public affairs and things generally. He was a man of much more than average natural ability and had gathered a great deal of knowledge from men and other sources. Sometimes he seemed to delight in playing the Munchausen, when he would tell the most wonderful stories and remarkable incidents. He would do this with such imperturbable coolness that his fictions staggered the unsuspecting with all the force of startling truths.

Thomas Kewney was born on the Isle of Man; he was a genuine descendant of the ancient Briton, and the only one we ever knew in this part of the country. He spoke the true Gælic. His ancestors were instructed in religion, morals, and law by the Druids, who preached to and taught the Britons under their native oaks. He would most readily render English sentences into Gælic. He was ever proud of his birthplace. He would exultingly exclaim: "There is no such island in the world as the Isle of Man; it is gooverned entirely by itself—it is gooverned by the Arl of Darby!" It was always a puzzle to his friends to tell by his accent or brogue to what nation he belonged; whether Irish, English, or Scotch. He usually set all such queries right by this assertion: "I am a Manx, sir; I was born on the Isle of Man." Douglas said Vermont was a good State to be born in, if you emigrated early. It mattered not what State or country might have claimed old Kewney's birthplace, or how early or late he emigrated; he would have made his mark in life wherever his lot was cast. Nothing delighted him more than to meet with some person who was considered a scholar or learned in any branch of knowledge. No sharp lawyer ever gloated more over the cross-examination of a witness than he did in quizzing and befogging such a person. If he asked them a question that they could not answer, he would tauntingly remark: "Oh, I thought you were a schol-ar!"

Of all the critical quizzing with which he at times has endeavored to hedge me in, there was one on the higher mathematics that I shall never forget. He had an old English work, I have forgotten the name, embracing the circle of mathematics from common arithmetic, including algebra, surveying, geometry, trigonometry, navigation, up to the calculus. He had studied here and there in this formidable volume, and had the answers to some of its difficult questions at his tongue's end. Meeting him at a "logging bee" one day, he laid siege to me as usual. He first attacked me in arithmetic, and following up his sharp questions, he pushed me out of that study into algebra, where my little barge ran against a snag. This he chuckled over. Crowding me on further, he urged me into surveying, where my slender craft had never ventured; and where he upset it in deep water. This was huge gratification to him. Although I had informed him that arithmetic and a smattering of algebra then comprised my knowledge of mathematics, still he very coolly remarked:

"Oh, I thought you knew *something* about mathematics, but I see you don't." For a long time after that, whenever I saw old Kewney approaching me *mathematically*, like Martin Scott's coon, I cried out: "Hold on, neighbor Kewney, don't shoot, I'll come down."

He had much of the cynic in him, and when giving his views of men and their measures, he did ample justice to the cynic, but not always to the men and the measures. But despite all his eccentricities, he had a kind heart as a man and a neighbor. What settler ever came to old Kewney's cabin and asked for anything he had and could lend, who was not accommodated? Not one. In those days when the "Michigan appetite" set in, and people could not get enough to eat, nor eat enough to satisfy them, if they could get it, in such times of adversity true kindness and neighborly traits were found out—they were ever found in old Kewney's log cabin.

The family left the old farm many years ago. The old gentleman and his wife are dead.

In the east and southeast part of Battle Creek we find the following named settlers in 1836, some few may have come a little later. Calling the old roll of this pioneer class who did the brave work in settling the town, we find the names of Hermes Sweet, Aranthus Thomas, Robert Mason, Peter Dubois, Fisher Cummings, Wm. McCollum, and his brother Jacob, Isaac Perrine, Thomas Dunton, Vedder Carr, Lyman Godfrey, and Lorenzo Sprague. In the west and southwest part of the township were Mr. Crane, father of Stephen Crane, who sold his farm to Mr. Hart, which his son Isaac now owns. Further south was Whiteman, who killed his wife and died in State prison. Mr. Thornton, his son-in-law, Dr. Orlando Moffatt, Edward Berger, Sidney and Gilbert Sweet, Anson Mapes, his brothers John and Alonzo came later; Alexander Martin, Luther Olds, Jonathan Austin, Arthur Cascaden, Ephraim T. Van Buren, Mr. Cain, near the Lake, Thomas Kenney, Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Annis, Mr. Beadle, Isaac Hiscock, just over the line in LeRoy, Hiram Holcomb and John Crumb, Joseph Stewart who came earlier than 1836, I believe; Mr. Laraway, Charles Allen, who died a few years after he came here, Jonathan Payne, who married Mrs. Allen; Lloyd Porter came some years later. There may be others whose names I have forgotten, but these were the principal settlers in Battle Creek at that period.

I get the following incident from Dea. Isaac Mason. While he was living on the Lloyd Porter farm in Deacon Case's neighborhood; one Sunday morning, as he was harnessing his horses to the wagon, to drive to church, Leonard Starkweather junior, called out to him from the road—"Dea. Mason, get your gun and come along with me; I am on track of a bear, he has just killed a hog for me, and I'm going to kill him. Come on!" The Deacon replied, "I have no gun." Starkweather went on. The Deacon in a short time heard the report of a rifle. He soon learned that "Len." had killed the bear. He then borrowed Dea. Case's oxen and drew his game home on a sled. There was a light snow on the ground. Dea. Mason the next morning visited the spot where Starkweather shot the animal. It appears that the bear had laid down under a tree top on the dry leaves, and from where Starkweather stood when he fired he could just see his head. A little thing was the means of his killing the bear. The bullet hit a small twig that was between him and the bear; this turned it just enough from its course to hit the animal in the head. Had it not been for the twig the ball would have missed its mark.

A few years later, while at the funeral of Edwin Dickinson, on Goguac

Prairie, as the relatives and friends were at the grave, and as the coffin was lowered into the grave, a large black bear passed by and so near as to frighten the horses. Just as he was opposite the grave he stopped, looked at the group a moment, and then walked on perfectly unconcerned. Henry Hinman and Martin Metcalf of Battle Creek, and several others in the city, yet distinctly remember this incident.

MRS. DR. JOHN BEACH.

Harriet Van Tuyle was born in Grantville, Washington county, New York, March 25, 1800. She was married to Mr. John Beach on the 1st of May, 1823. Her husband, some thirteen years later, visited the far west, and selected a portion of wild land in the south part of the township of Milton, now Battle Creek, and erected a log house thereon. Mrs. Beach the same year, 1836, with her youngest child, then a babe (now Mrs. D. P. Simmons), started for what was then termed far-off Michigan. The boat on which she embarked at Buffalo was five days in crossing Lake Erie, but without any serious accident she joined her dear family in their rude western home. And here, during the pioneer period, which has truthfully been called "the heroic age," she managed the affairs of her household, and by her prudence, cheerfulness, fortitude, and untiring efforts, greatly aided her husband in converting his wild lands into clearings, which, after his death, she by her wise management still further assisted to make one of the best cultivated farms in Calhoun county. A large part of the time for the first four years of their life in the new settlement in South Battle Creek, she was sole manager of the affairs on the farm, as Dr. Beach was called away from home so often to attend the sick in the settlements about them. So much was his aid sought as a physician by the settlers during the "sickly seasons," that at times he was not at home three nights in a month. Thus this excellent man, this kind-hearted, able, and skillful physician literally wore himself out attending to the sick and suffering settlers during that period. At one time he was taken ill away from his home, and was found lying unconscious by the roadside, his faithful horse, "Doll," standing by his side patiently waiting. Dr. Beach died in 1840.

If at first the old log house was so well known for the medical aid, kindness, and hospitality ever found beneath its roof, every settler felt that the spirit of neatness, womanly energy, and thrift also pervaded that household. Christian fortitude was a marked feature of her character. Amid all the hardships of the early settlement, the sorrow, the sickness, and death of her loved husband, and that of her lovely daughter just budding into womanhood, she was the patient, resolute mother sustaining herself and her children with true Christian solace, and turning to her labor with such a courageous and inspiring duty that she seemed the impersonation of the Spartan mother. It was here that the bright qualities of her character were brought out in such perfection as to render her life beautiful ever after. It was admirable to see this loving, patient, resolute mother, teaching by example, her children how to suffer and be strong. The best, noblest, and most effectual teachers the world has, are the examples of such mothers or such persons. Society is suffering from a lack of this kind of instruction. We want more people like our lamented friend, whose *lives* and not merely their *creed* attest their religion. Highly intelligent and social, she was valuable to her young friends for the excellent counsel she gave, and the interest she took in their plans for the

future, and the influence for good she exerted over their lives. Many of the young ladies and young men who, during her life had formed her acquaintance, can attest the truth of this statement. By all who knew her, both old and young, her acquaintance and friendship were greatly esteemed, and her society was highly valued. And among the memories of the pioneer women of Battle Creek township, that of Mrs. Dr. John Beach will ever remain bright. It is about time the historian began to tell the *whole* story, and give to woman full credit for the part she performs in this life. Man fills most of the space in history, when very often more than half of that space belongs to *woman*. Mrs. Dr. John Beach, with hundreds of her brave sisters, has done her full part in making Calhoun county what it is to-day. How truthfully the following passages from the sacred writer apply to her in her past life:

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

She died at her son Darwin's residence in South Battle Creek, of cancer in the stomach, on the 18th inst. She leaves three children, Morgan G. Beach, of Battle Creek city, Erasmus Darwin, and Mrs. D. P. Simmons, of Homer, Michigan.

REV. ASA PHELPS.

*From the Battle Creek Journal.

Rev. Asa Phelps was born on the 31st day of March, A. D. 1792, in the town of Blandford, Hampshire county, Mass. Nurtured amid the green hills and rugged mountains, and under the benign institutions of his native state, there was early developed in his character the traits of courage, strong self-reliance, and an intense love of country and of mankind, which have rendered New England's sons so preëminent throughout our land. Thrown upon his own resources at the immature age of thirteen years, his early youth was a time of severe discipline, which the better prepared him for the still sterner duties of after life.

When the war of 1812 broke out between the United States and Great Britain, he was among the first to enroll himself among his country's defenders. At the end of his term of service, having no taste for a military life as a profession, he mingled again with his fellow citizens, and took up his residence in the town of Russell, St. Lawrence county, New York. While living in Russell, in 1817, he married his first wife, Miss Maria Stiles, formerly of Westfield, in his own county. Having purchased, with the earnings of many a hard day's work, a tract of land in the unbroken wilderness, with no capital but an ax and a strong arm, and no companionship except that of his young and hopeful wife, he undertook to carve out of the forest, for himself and loved ones, a home and a competency. For a time fortune smiled upon him. Children were born unto him; his lands brought forth plentifully; there was an abundance in his barn and in his dwelling. But a day of reverse came, and all was swept away; with his wife and four children he was turned out to begin life anew. After struggling for several years, to regain what he had lost, with little success beyond bare livelihood, he determined to emigrate to

*These notices, like the preceding, relative to Mrs. John Beach, were furnished for the compiler by slips cut from the paper, with no clew to their date or authorship.

Michigan, which he did in 1834, settling at Bellevue, Eaton county. Here he was called to part with the companion of his youth, who died on the 3d of December, A. D. 1835. In February, 1836, he left Bellevue and located in the township of Emmett, Calhoun county, which was the place of his residence until his decease. In the autumn of 1836 he contracted a second marriage, being united to Miss Rachel Shaw, of the town of Edwards, St. Lawrence county, New York, who nobly shared his sorrows as well as his joys during the remainder of his life. He was the father of thirteen children, of whom nine survived, two died in infancy, one in early youth, and one for his country in her sore need.

Mr. Phelps's religious life dates from the year 1820, when he was converted and joined the M. E. church. He was soon after licensed as an exhorter, and entered with zeal upon the duties imposed upon him, often filling with acceptance, the place of more experienced laborers. In 1834 he received ordination at the hand of Bishop Elijah Harding. On his arrival in Michigan, he did not hide his commission or talents, but was instant, in season and out of season, searching for the stray lambs of his Master's flock; warning and exhorting others. He preached the first sermon preached by a Methodist minister in Battle Creek. He also formed the first Methodist society in that place, which consisted of seven members, namely: Daniel Clark and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hickman, himself, and two others, whose names are not recalled. He preached for the little church which he had thus gathered until it was taken, much augmented, under the fostering care of the Michigan conference. At the same time he maintained an appointment in South Battle Creek, and in after years at various other places, wherever he could find an open door. In short he was abundant in labors until age disqualified him from active service. His manner of preaching was earnest and incisive; he shunned not to declare "the whole council of God" as he understood it. In 1843, being dissatisfied with the position assumed by the M. E. church with reference to slavery, he severed his connection with that church, and joined the Wesleyan church, of which he was an honored member at the time of his decease. As a pioneer, he did his full share in subduing the wilderness and moulding the discordant elements of a new country into orderly and harmonious communities. He was acquainted with, and a colaborer of, those worthy men so ably sketched by Mr. Van Buren, in his "reminiscences." Several of them were his intimate friends. Politically he was an Abolitionist. He fought earnestly the battle of liberty when it cost something to be the friend of the slave. His sympathies went out toward the suffering and oppressed of all lands. He felt with the poet that his

> "Country was the wide, wide world,
> His countrymen, mankind."

In his intercourse with others he was social and genial. He is remembered as a faithful husband, a loving father, an obliging neighbor and a good man. While we speak thus of his virtues, we can but feel that his best eulogy is the life he lived among men. By his works, he being dead, yet speaketh.

On the morning of the day of his death he rose from his bed, feeling unusually well and cheerful; remarked to the family that he had not had so sweet a night's rest for a long time. During the forenoon he was singing at times favorite hymns. About three o'clock p. m., after amusing himself with his little grandchild, he went to his own room, took a large Bible, seated

himself in his favorite arm-chair, placed the book upon his knees, and was last seen reading. It would seem that a feeling of faintness or weariness came over him; that he laid the Bible on the stand beside him, composed himself into an attitude of repose, clasped his hands before him, and entered into rest as calmly as an infant falls to slumber.

PETER DUBOIS.

Another of the old pioneer settlers has passed from among us. Peter Dubois, whose death occurred on the 30th ult., came to South Battle Creek from Greenfield, Saratoga county, in May, 1836, and settled on the fine lands which he has since cultivated. He was born on the 5th of May, 1800, and at the time of his death was 75 years 3 months and 25 days old. Mr. Dubois was universally respected as a citizen and neighbor; as a man of sober and industrious habits, who conscientiously and faithfully discharged the duties growing out of the various relations of life. Some years ago he united with the Congregational Church in this city, and he continued a member until his death. In February, 1869, he was called to part with the wife of his youth, and about a year subsequently he was married to Mrs. Van Tuyl, who still survives. Besides her he leaves two sons and a daughter to revere his memory. His funeral was attended on the first inst. at South Battle Creek, a large gathering of his friends being present. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. James Verney, of Leroy.

ANSON MAPES

died at his residence, in the township of Battle Creek, on the 31st of March, 1875, in the 65th year of his age.

The subject of this notice was born in the township of Hoosac, Rensselaer county, New York, on the 5th day of May, 1810. The following year his parents moved to Spafford, Onondaga county, N. Y., where he resided until 1828 or '29. His father's death, in 1825, left Anson, then but 15 years old, to manage the farm and to a great extent provide for the family, which he did with that industry, ability and fidelity, for which he was ever after distinguished.

In 1829 he entered the service of Hon. Nathanial Garrow, then Representative in Congress from the Auburn District, and for six years had charge of his farm. Having accumulated a good sum of money, he in 1835 located the land upon which he lived for forty years, and commenced the improvement of the same. In March, 1847, he married Mrs. Maria Fulton, who, with four sons, two of whom are married, and two daughters, survive him.

Mr. Mapes was a quiet, unassuming man, respected by all and very often consulted by his neighbors in business affairs. He had held many positions of trust in his township, and always to the satisfaction of the people. He was a good citizen and neighbor, a kind husband and parent, and the fine estate he has accumulated, and the excellent family he has left show that his life was a success, and well worthy of imitation.

BATTLE CREEK IN 1836—INDIAN LEGEND.

In the spring of 1836 Erastus Hussey and Moses Allen, both of Plymouth, having been attacked with an epidemic, widely spread at that time, and commonly known as the "land fever," started westward to find relief in travel. And after traversing the Grand River country and finding their disease diverted,

if not somewhat abated, by change of scenery and beauty of country, they turned their steps to the southeast, and traveling some forty-five miles through a dense wilderness, they came to the rude little hamlet of Bellevue. Pausing here awhile they took up their line of march towards the southwest, not "as the crow flies," but as the red man's trail wound its way along the tortuous course of the Battle creek; single file, staff in hand, they threaded their way along the deep worn path until they reached the embryo village of Verona, founded by General Ezra Convis, in 1835. Hastening on one mile still southwest, they came to the beautiful valley where, in the language of the poet:

"Towards Michigan's waters so broad and so blue,
Flowed the bright bubbling river—the Kalamazoo."

The practical eye of our worthy friend Hussey saw at once that nature had marked the site of a city here, at the junction of the Battle creek and the Kalamazoo. Across this point of land a race was dug, conducting the waters of the Kalamazoo into the Battle creek. There was the water-power. At this time a wild forest covered the region, a log house or shanty was scattered here and there in it. There were but two or three frame buildings. Cephas A. Smith, the lawyer of the new town, had built a small office near what is now the North Park. John Marvin had a blacksmith shop where Nichols & Shepard's old foundry stood. A bridge of poles spanned the Battle creek just above its junction with the Kalamazoo. The old traveled road followed the banks of the creek. Mr. Hussey was interested in the new town. It had already become famous abroad, as a place where fortunes were supposed to lie concealed ready for the lucky person who should discover them. He little thought then it would be his future home, although he was highly pleased with its prospective advantages.

Right here occurs a little episode in Mr. Hussey's experience, which I give in his own words. It is a pleasant talk about our streams, the origin of their names and their legendary history, and begins thus: "I love Indian names; they are not gotten from fancy, as most of the names in the civilized world.

"In those early times I had the rare fortune to meet with an old Indian chief who spoke intelligible English. He informed me that Kalamazoo, or Ke Kalamazoo, as he called it, signified 'the bright sparkling or bubbling water.' This is beautiful, poetically reminding one of a chime of silver bells. We have dropped the 'Ke,' but the music is mostly retained. On my enquiring what Battle Creek meant in Indian, he promptly answered, 'Waupakisco,' and that it meant 'the river or water of battles.' A very curious coincidence, both names originating at different times, and meaning the same thing. Ours from a little skirmish between the surveyors and the Indians, and theirs in commemoration of a great battle fought by two tribes of their people. His legend was this: Many years ago when there were no she-mo-ko-men in the country, and the red men were plenty and strong, two tribes of his people were at enmity, and many braves, from different tribes, were on the war path. Here, at the junction of these streams, and extending up and along the Battle creek and the adjacent country, a mighty battle was fought, and many braves were sent to the happy hunting grounds; for the stream was filled with the dead and its waters were colored with their blood. Hence the name Waupakisco—river of battles or water of blood." Such is a synopsis of the old Indian legend.

"But," continues our friend, "I love the *Indian* name of our stream; it commemorates the great event, and it should have been retained. We, in later years, when our city charter was obtained, tried to give the place its expressive

Indian name. The committee who drafted the charter recommended it. But on a vote of citizens we lost it, only sixty voting for it. I think it was a great mistake; there is a grandeur and euphony that is pleasant in Waupakisko. But we lost it to our shame and sorrow, and must, henceforth and forever, rest under the appellation of 'ites." Battle Creek*ites* reminding one continually of the rejected races—the Hittites, the Jebusites, the Perizzites, and the Amlekites, driven from the promised land.

"Had we of the poetic order prevailed we should have been *Waupakiscans*. There is music in that; sound it well and then regret, with us sixty, for the lost cause that placed us under the ban of 'ites' forever."

I took my first meal in Battle Creek with Stephen W. Leggett, in his old log house, near where his present residence now stands; it was a good old Yankee dish of pudding and milk.

WHAT THE PIONEERS ATE AND HOW THEY FARED.—MICHIGAN FOOD AND COOKERY IN THE EARLY DAYS.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

THE "MICHIGAN APPETITE."

The log house of the pioneer with its plain furnishings and its old-fashioned fireplace was a comfortable and cheerful abode. I am sorry that the old fireplace has gone out of use. It contributed much to the health and happiness of the old settler's home, much more than the modern stove does to our modern homes. The settler, after a hard day's work, seated with his family around his glowing ingle, with an abundance of wood in the corner, enjoyed the luxury of his magnificent fires. There is an art in building a good fire; it was cultivated to a great degree of perfection in the olden time. It appears to be one of the lost arts now, as the dull and cheerless stove has banished it from the household. It belonged to the old fireside, where it was kept in constant practice in laying down aright the backlog and fore-stick, and building thereon, with small wood, in so secure and artful a manner, that with a little kindling the fire could be started and give out the most heat and light to the household. As we are writing, distance still lends enchantment to the memory of those by-gone scenes around the old pioneer's fireside.

For lights in the evening, if the fire was too dull, some fat was put in a saucer, a piece of pork sometimes was fried for that purpose, a rag was twisted for a wick and then coiled about in the grease, one end being left out on the edge of the saucer. This was lighted. Sometimes a button was tied up in a rag, the top part of which was twisted into a wick, and was put into the grease in the saucer and the end lighted. This was our evening taper. But beef and pork were often scarce, and tallow or grease of any kind could not be had. There were no pine trees in this region, hence pine knots could not be found. But in their stead we gathered the bark from the shagbark walnut tree, and when we needed light, pieces of this bark were thrown on the fire. This created a bright blaze that was nearly equal, and full as lasting, as that from the pine knots.

The old iron crane, tricked off with its various sized pot-hooks and links of

chain, swung from the jams at the will of the housewife, who hung on it the kettles containing the meal to be cooked for the family, and pushed it back over the fire where the kettles hung till the meal was prepared for the table. Pigs, chickens, and spare-ribs were roasted splendidly by suspending them by a wire before the fire. The baking was mostly done in the old brick oven that was built in one side of the chimney, with a door opening into the room. The old iron covered bake kettle sat in the corner under the cupboard, and was used for the various baking purposes. Many will remember the much used "tin reflector" that was placed before the fire to bake bread and cakes, and how finely it baked the Pink-eye and Meshanic potatoes.

The settler's daily fare, from a lack of abundance and variety in his larder, was necessarily frugal. The provision in store was wheat, corn, pork, and potatoes. There was no fruit save the wild plums and the various berries that grew in the woods and lowlands. The bill of fare for the table was bread, pork, and potatoes. Pork as we have said, was often very scarce, families often going without meat, save the wild game they killed, for a whole season at a time. Salt was also often very scarce; at one time it was twenty-one dollars per barrel. Thomas Kewney's family went without a particle in their house for six months. We were told when we first came to this State that we would get the "Michigan appetite" after we had lived here a short time. We found this to be true. And when it did come, which was during the first year, it was *ravenous*. With this appetite pork and potatoes were dainties. We relished them, as such, for a good square meal; and when we got through with that, we had only to reverse the order, and eat potatoes and pork, for the richest dessert—such was the keenness and relishing power of our appetites. It seemed that all we labored for was—to get enough to eat. Fruitless toil, for we were hungry all the time.

Mrs. Thomas Kewney and her daughter Ann, afterward Mrs. Stevenson, came to visit us one afternoon. My mother was really puzzled to know what to get for supper, for we had no bread in the house, nor anything of which to make it; but like a good housewife she was fruitful in expedients. Looking over her stores she found about two quarts of wheat, which she requested me to grind in the pepper-mill. This I did. She then took the unbolted flour, and of it made a shortcake for her company. We had an amusing time at table over our frugal repast, which consisted principally of this Grahamitish cake.

Tea, coffee, sugar, and butter were rarely seen on the settler's table. An herb called the tea-weed, a kind of wild Bohea that grew in the woods, was used by some of the settlers. The leaves were steeped like our imported teas and the decoction was drank. But it was soon abandoned when the green or black teas could be had again. Crust coffee, or a coffee made from wheat or other grains browned, was in common use for drink at table. Our pioneer mothers and their daughters found many occasions when they could not enjoy the accustomed tete-a-tete with their lady visitors over cups of fragrant Young Hyson or Bohea. But their tea-table chats were had over their flowing cups of crust coffee, and there was many a wish, from the young ladies, for the good time coming when they could once more "turn up their tea-cups" and have their "fortunes told." Tea-pots were ransacked and old tea-grounds were saved by the girls for the purpose of having their fortunes told by some of the older matrons, who knew something of the gipsy art of divination. The usual meal consisted of a platter of boiled potatoes, piled up steaming

hot and placed on the center of the table; bread or Johnny cake; perhaps some meat boiled or fried; and an article largely partaken of was a bowl of flour gravy, looking like starch and made something like it, of flour and water, with a little salt, and sometimes it was enriched by a little gravy from a piece of fried meat. This was the meal; and it was eaten and relished more than the sumptuous meals on many of our tables now-a-days. The table was, at any rate, swept of all the edibles on it. Nothing but the dishes was left after a meal. The dog, the pigs, and the chickens fared slim. "Tell me what a people eat and I will tell you their morals." The old pioneer bill of fare was simple and wholesome, its morals can easily be deduced. What shall we say of the modern bill of fare? There have been various reasons adduced as to the cause of this appetite. To me there has ever been but one good cause, that is—hunger. We seldom got enough to eat, and hence were always hungry and ready to eat. "Quit eating while you are hungry," the health reformers say. We carried out the letter and spirit of this rule, and will vouch for its producing a splendid appetite. It was called the Michigan appetite, as though it was aboriginal and belonged to this State. Perhaps it did, and originated with the Indians. The first settlers may be said to have fared like the Indians for the first year or two after they pitched their tents here, and hence got their appetites and a little more; for, as the rude phrase had it, the pioneers were usually hungry enough to eat a "biled Indian." We had no cases of dyspepsia—our digestion was as sound as our sleep. The dyspepsia was with the rich and dainty dishes east.

One Sabbath morning I was at home alone. The rest of the family had gone to hear Rev. Levi Vedder preach in the log school-house by Dea. Case's. Always hungry, as soon as I found myself alone I bethought me of getting something to eat. Luckily I found some flour, lard, and salt. I was delighted, and went to work to make a short-cake. I had seen my mother and sister make this cake often enough to have learned, as I thought, to make one myself. So, rolling up my sleeves, I went to work. I mixed up the flour and water awhile, then put in the "shortening" and added a little salt, and then kneaded and kneaded it with my fists till I considered it ready for the spider. But had you seen my hands! Didn't the dough

Stick—stick—stick,
To fingers and knuckles and palm;
Stick—stick—stick,
To palm and knuckles and fingers?

It hung in strings from my hands, and just as I rolled out my cake and put it in the spider and placed that over some live coals to have the bottom bake, I heard a rap at the door. Frightened, and with the dough stringing from my hands, I opened the door, when Uriah Herson—a settler's son—presented himself with the accustomed "good morning," and offered me his gloved hand. I did not accept it, but rather confusedly excused myself by saying my hands were too *doughy*, as I had been mixing up feed for the chickens. He smiled and said he had come to see the young folks. I informed him they had all gone to attend meeting in the Dea. Case school-house. I, during this time, tried to fill up the gap in the door, that he might not see within. But just then I heard the yelp—yelp—yelp! of a chicken. Looking around I saw a two-thirds grown rooster with both feet stuck fast in the middle of my short-cake in the spider; the dough had softened by the heat and let his feet down to the bottom of the spider, and there he stood with extended wings, bill full

of sticky dough, yelping away like murder. Uri glanced in at the fire-place and took in the whole situation. As I heard the first yelp, I told him the folks had just gone and he could soon overtake them. He said he guessed he would go to meeting also, and went off laughing—at my chicken pie. He gone, I hastily turned to the spider, seized that chicken by his neck, and jerked him out of my short-cake, the middle part of it coming up with his feet. I pushed this down with one hand and pulling him out, ran to the door, and, wringing him by the neck by way of revenge, threw him to the ground and went back to my poor short-cake. I took a case-knife and cut out the middle part that was spoiled, smoothed the rest into shape, and put it to baking again. As I went to the door to throw out the rejected dough, there was another act in this drama going on. The entire brood of hens and chickens were crowding around and over that rooster, picking the dough off his feet and legs. They had nearly gobbled him up. I drove them away in sheer pity for the poor thing. His feet and legs were bleeding, and as he got up to walk he hobbled awfully on his clumsy, half-baked feet. As I returned to the house the greedy, hungry brood immediately ran to him again, and chased him about the door-yard, picking at his legs and feet.

Once more by the fireside, I watched the baking of the cake. The bottom done, I set up the spider for the top to bake. This done, I made a square meal on that short-cake. Appetite always keen, but now heightened as stolen apples are sweetest, I relished the cake exceedingly. There was none of it left to turn evidence against me. This adventure remained a secret for a long time. It finally got out. Uri, no doubt, found it too good to keep, and related it to some friend. I then gave to our family, my entire transactions that Sunday morning—*mixing up feed for the chickens.*

"RAISINGS" AND "BEES" AMONG THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

"The Hoosiers and the Suckers, and Wolverine farmers all know the right way to carry up the corners."

Raisings, logging-bees, husking-bees, quilting-bees, and the many other occasions in which the word bee was used to indicate the gathering of the settlers to render gratuitous aids to some neighbor in need, originated in, and was confined to new settlements. It was merely the voluntary union of the individual aid and strength of an entire community, to assist a settler in doing what he was unable to accomplish alone.

Hence by bees the pioneers raised their houses and barns, did their logging, husked their corn, quilted their bed coverings, and enjoyed themselves in frolic and song with the girls in the evening.

It was no slight task, in those days when log cabins were few and far between, especially when they were from three to twenty miles apart, to go the rounds through the woods, to invite the neighbors to your raising or bee. It was a weary, foot-sore tramp, and often at the lone hour of midnight the latch-string would be pulled and the occupant informed that his aid would be needed the next day, at a raising—a weary tramp. But the cheering response you got at every cabin, "I'll be there to help you," sent you on your way rejoicing. Each settler was a minute man, and was ready at a moment's

warning, to yoke up his oxen, shoulder his ax, and start to assist his brother neighbor in need.

At that early day people who lived twenty miles apart, lived nearer together than many people do now who live in sight of each other. There are no distances like the unsocial and unneighborly distances. I think people of that time carried out the true Scriptural idea of "loving your neighbor as yourself." A man might have gone from "Jerusalem to Jericho" in our settlements and not have fallen among thieves; but if he had met with an accident and needed help, no one would have "passed by on the other side," but every settler would have acted the good Samaritan. Twenty miles to a neighbor? Yes, any one of the human race, any one that needed our help, or to whom we had an opportunity of doing good was our neighbor. That is the neighbor spoken of in the tenth chapter of Luke. There was much more importance attached to Bible living, forty years ago, and less noise made about Bible believing than now.

Many of the first log houses were roofed with hay or grass. Then came the period of oak shakes for roofs; then oak shingles; and finally the present whitewood and pine shingle roofs. The logs were first laid up by notching in, leaving the rough ends sticking out at the corners, and when raised to the required height, they were laid in by degrees until they came to a peak at the top. This was called "cobbing up," because it was of the style of a child's cob house. Shakes were put down in layers over these logs for a roof, and were held in their places by long poles laid across each layer and fastened by a peg or a withe at each end. This was the primitive style of log house architecture. Then followed the log with square corners, and rafters for laying down the roof. The floors were at first small-sized oak logs split in two, the flat side being hewed smooth, the pieces were laid round side down, and if necessary pinned at each end with oak pins. These floors were used until saw-mills were erected and lumber could be procured. A stick chimney was laid up with a mixture of clay and sand for mortar, at one end of the house. This answered until brick could be obtained. The old brick fire-place was in use until the stove superseded it.

The log house stood with the side to the road; a door on wooden hinges and with a wooden latch, was in the center, with a window of two six-lighted, seven-by-nine sashes, close by it, and a window of the same size in the opposite side of the house. Not a nail or particle of iron was in use in any part of the building, nor any sawed lumber. The glass was held in the sash by small wooden pegs.

The logs had been cut eighteen by twenty-two feet for a common sized house and hauled to the spot; a neighbor may have assisted in the hauling. Pottawattomies, the settler's country cousins, may be said to have been the main help in raising the first log houses in this part of the State. I know of an instance where but two white men were present at the raising, the rest being Indians. They lifted cheerfully and lustily in rolling up the logs. They also assisted much at raising in after years. Only let them know that—"Chemo-ko-man raise wigwam, like Indian come help him," and you could count on their aid. In our settlement we depended on Goguac and Climax prairies and the intermediate region for aid at raisings.

The hands being all on the ground and everything ready, the settler superintended his own raising, or requested some one else to do it. In either

case the one who commanded the men was called the "boss." He was implicitly obeyed in all things. He gave the word and the work begun. The two side logs were laid securely in their places, and the two end logs were fitted to theirs. Four good ax-men—men who "knew how to carry up the corners"—were then selected and one placed at each of the four corners of the building to be erected. Their duty was to block off the tenons and fit their end of the log for its place. The logs were rolled up on two long skids by the united strength of the party, who pushed with hands and shoulders as long as they could, and when the log got too high for them to reach, they took stout poles with a crotch in one end, that were called "mooleys" and putting the crotches against the log they pushed it with many a "heave-o-heave" to its place on the building. Thus log after log was rolled up, and all the corners carried up true and secure, until the top log was in its place, the plates put on, the rafters erected, and the house was raised. Then some adventurous settler climbed to the top of the building taking a bottle of whisky from his pocket, took a good "swig," swung the bottle around his head three times, threw it to the ground and named the building. Three cheers were given by the party and the raising was over. The old brown jug of whisky was passed about freely at the raisings and the bees, to all who wished to drink. Much care was necessary in regard to offering whisky to the Indians; they were inclined to drink too much. I saw old "Sam-o-kay," at a logging bee, drink until he became dead drunk before he stopped.

Sidney Sweet was the first man in our settlement who attempted to raise a building without the aid of whisky. He had two trials and failed. Some of the jolly settlers had declared he should not raise his barn without whisky. But he gave an extended invitation the third time, and appealed to the lovers of temperance throughout the entire region, including all Climax. It was the largest gathering I ever attended of the kind; the best men on Climax and the district east of it were there. The building went up with a will. Mr. Sweet treated his help each time to hot coffee, biscuit, and doughnuts. This was a victory over the bad habit of having whisky at raisings, and Sidney Sweet deserves praise for this first move in the cause of temperance among the early settlers. It gave encouragement to others, and soon it was as easy to raise a building without whisky, as it had been with it.

LOGGING-BEES.

What an incalculable amount of valuable timber in this country has been cut down, logged up and burned to ashes! There appeared to be no help for it. It must be cleared off and room made for the plow. They could only save for their immediate use what saw-logs, rail-cuts, and fire-wood they wanted; they "logged up" and burnt the rest. A settler would now and then remark—"'Tis a pity to burn up so much valuable timber." And perhaps he would hear in reply—"Oh, pshaw! there is timber enough in Calhoun county to last two hundred years. Let the people after *that* look out for themselves." Many began to do this long ago. Such views were expressed by men who thought there were no other clearings, no other logging-bees, but *that* one, in the country. They did not think they were scattered all over the country then, and the work of burning up the timber was going on in all of them. In the timbered lands were found the largest trees

and most of them, and there the hardest blows were given in making a clearing.

A logging-bee was a good place to study the difference there is in men's knowing how to do work, and to drive oxen. There was your man who never hitched to a log that his cattle could not draw, and he hitched to it in such a way that they could draw it to the best advantage. While another was continually hitching to the wrong log or to the wrong end of the log. Then there was the man, who, whether he drove an old or young yoke of cattle, always drove a *steer team.* I saw such a one fail repeatedly to make his cattle start a log, when upon Jonathan Austin's taking the whip in his hand, the cattle sprang at the word "go," and fairly ran with the log to the heap. That was a little victory, and Austin got the cheers for it. There were good ox-drivers in those days, and there were those who never could learn to drive them well.

SPLITTING RAILS.

Rail-splitting was connected with clearing up land, and came in for its share of hand labor. A beetle, iron wedges, gluts, and an ax were the implements used in this work. Rail-splitting was a regular employment for a certain class of men in our early settlements. Pioneers and presidents have split rails. The business has no more honor for that. There used to be some merit though, in the number of rails one could split in a day. To cut and split one hundred rails in a day was a day's work for a common hand; and two hundred for a good hand. The wages were one dollar a hundred, and board yourself; one-half dollar, and be boarded. The rail was mostly made from oak timber, and was eleven feet long. Conrad Eberstein was accustomed to say that he and Martin and Ephraim Van Buren had cut and split rails enough in Battle Creek township, to fence off Calhoun county. They split in the winter of 1837, fifteen thousand rails for Noah Crittenden, and eight thousand for Edward Smith, who then lived where Henry D. Court now does. Remnants of some of the old rail fences of that day can yet be seen in some parts of the county, though dilapidated and fast going to decay.

"BREAKING UP."

Many settlers followed breaking up as a regular vocation, during the season, as threshers follow theirs now. The turf on the prairies and plains was the toughest, and hence there was the hardest breaking. That on the oak openings yielded much more easily to the plow. The thicker the timber the softer the soil. Three yoke of cattle for the openings and four for the prairies and plains, was the team required in breaking up. Many of the first settlers broke up their lands with two yoke of oxen because they could get no more. After the underwood grew up in the openings, on account of the annual fires not burning it down, the "breaking-up team" consisted of six or seven yoke of oxen, according to the size and thickness of the "grubs" in the land to be plowed. The first plow used by some, was the old "bull plow." This was all wood, save the share and coulter. Then came the large "Livingston county plow," imported from the east. Five dollars an acre was the old price for breaking-up. Long distances were traveled after the day's work was done, to carry the share and coulter to the blacksmith's shop to get them sharpened. Many went six, seven, and sometimes ten miles, to a blacksmith's

shop. The old breaking-up plow was an institution in its day, and required a strong arm "to hold it." A man might be able to

"Govern men and guide the State."

who would make a "poor fist of it" in holding a breaking-up plow behind seven or eight yoke of oxen, moving on in all their united strength, among grubs and stones; and around stumps and trees. The driver had a task to do in managing his team and keeping the leaves, grass and debris from clogging up before the coulter. He moved back and forward along the whole line of his team, keeping each ox in its place, while with his long beech whip he touches up the laggard ox, or tips the haunches of the off wheel ox and the head of the nigh one to "haw them in" while passing by a stump or tree. Then he cracks his whip over their heads, and the long team straighten out and bend down to their work, while the bows creaked in the yokes, the connecting chains tighten with a metallic ring, the gauged wheel rumbles and groans at the end of the plow-beam, the sharp projecting coulter cuts open the turf the proper depth, the broad share cleaves the bottom, and the furrow thus loosened, rises against the smooth, flaring mould-board that turns it over with a whirling, rippling sound. Thus the work goes on.

"The glittering plow-share cleaves the ground
With many a slow, decreasing round.
With lifted whip and gee-whoa-haw,
He guides his oxen as they draw."

HUSKING-BEES.

Husking-bees with the pioneers were not of the old "down east" kind, where the boys and girls both attended them. The settlers and their sons only attended these. They were occasions of rare enjoyment besides being of value to the parties giving them. Sometimes the heap of corn would be divided into two parts or marked off into two parts, and parties chosen to husk against each other. This gave occasion to much strife and many a well contested race. Then again the time would be enlivened by some one singing a song. Those were the days of songs and of song-singing. I am sorry that those songs have gone out of vogue. Another source of enjoyment at husking-bees was story-telling. This was a good occasion for cultivating the faculty of narration, and of imparting pleasure and information to others. As we had few books to read, we related over what we had read, and thus became books to each other.

THE FEVER AND AGUE.—"MICHIGAN RASH."—MOSQUITOES—THE OLD PIONEERS' FOES.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

"And on every day there, as sure as day would break,
Their neighbor 'Ager' came that way, inviting them to shake."

We could always tell when the ague was coming on, by the premonitory symptoms—the yawnings and stretchings; and if the person understood the complaint, he would look at his finger nails to see if they were turning blue. No disease foretold its coming by such unerring signs as the "fever'n ager." The adept could detect its approach before it got within ten rods of him. At

first the yawns and the stretchings stole upon you so naturally, that for a time you felt good in giving way to them; but they were soon followed by cold sensations, that crept over your system in streaks, faster and faster, and grew colder and colder as in successive undulations they coursed down your back, till you felt like "a harp of a thousand strings," played upon by the icy fingers of old Hiems, who increased the cold chills until his victim shook like an aspen leaf, and his teeth chattered in his jaws. There you laid shaking in the frigid ague region for an hour or so until you gradually stole back to a temperate zone. Then commenced the warm flashes over your system, which increased with heat as the former did with cold, until you reached the torrid region, where you lay in burning heat, racked with pain in your head and along your back, for an hour or so, when you began by degrees to feel less heat and pain, until your hands grew moist, and you were relieved by a copious perspiration all over your body, and you got to your natural feeling again. Getting back to your normal condition, you felt relieved and happy, and as you went out doors everything about you was pleasant and smiling, and you seemed to be walking in a brighter and happier world. This disease delighted in extremes; it reveled in antithesis—in torturing its victim with intensest cold, then with burning heat. Among the various reasons adduced as the cause of this complaint, was this: we got it during the miasmatic period, which began with our first attempt to subdue this wild region, and lasted until cultivation did away with the miasma.

The ague was supposed to be the first disease to attack a man in a new country. At any rate the early settlers found it lying about idle, like the Indians. The latter, 'twas said, never had it; it seemed to have a penchant for a white man.* I have often thought I would like to see an Indian have a genuine, old settler's shake of the ague. If anything would tame him it would be that. It would shake all the *whoop*, if not all the Indian, out of him. The first question asked a settler, after he had been here a short time was: "Have you had the ague yet?" If answered in the negative, the reply would be, "Well, you will have it; everybody has it before they've been here long." As if the "fever'n ager" was the initiatory process to citizenship in this State. Anson Mapes and my brother Martin were the last ones in our settlement who had the fever and ague. They had escaped it so long that they began to boast that they would not have it at all. But they counted without their host. If it delayed it was to come with greater severity; for when they did have it, it almost shook them to death. When Martin was attacked he shook so that the dishes rattled on the shelves against the log wall. No one was ever supposed to die with the ague. It was not considered a sickness, but a sort of preface or prelude to a disease.† "He ain't sick, he's only got the ager," was a common expression among the settlers. With many it renovated the system; they had better health after it. The doctors could not ward it off or cure it. There was no quinine here then; in fact there was no remedy known—it was

"A disease no hellebore could cure."

The prevailing opinion was, that we must have it until we *wore it out*; and

*Since writing this, Mrs. Dr. L. W. Lovell, of Climax, informs me that she has seen an Indian have the ague, which shook him as it did the white man. Stephen Eldred (Mrs. L.'s brother) assured me that he had seen one *Indian dog shake with the ague.*

† It is a fact worth recording that, for a large part of the first pioneer decade, the *fever and ague* was almost the only disease or sickness that afflicted the settlers. There was what was called the shaking ague, the dumb ague (the ague and fever without the *shake*), and the chill fever that came *later*. These were all the dangerous complaints in the early settlements. The other more dangerous diseases came in later years.

most of us did. There were various remedies tried, but none cured you. Some were simple, some whimsical and funny. Some would say, "when you feel a shake coming on, start and run; and thus run away from it." This remedy was tried; the ague always beat in such a race. Others would work right through the "shake," fever and all;* but the next day "the shoe was on the other foot," they had all the work they wanted in attending to an extra shake and fever. I remember I once tried the following remedy, which was said to be a sure cure: I was to pare all my finger and toe nails, wrap the parings in tissue paper, then bore a hole in a maple tree, put in the nails and plug up the hole. I did this and distinctly remember that *afterwards*, I was put through the entire gamut of this disease—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
To India's burning strand,"

for four or five successive seasons. A decoction of "culver root" was used as a kind of *cholagogue* by many, but it did not cure the disease. The complaint had several phases. Some had it every day, some every other day. As it began with you, so it continued. It opened the account with you at such an hour on such a day, and then put in its appearance a little later every day or every other day, until your morning shake was changed to one at sunset or midnight. The cold sensation or shake increased in severity until it culminated in shaking the life nearly out of you; then by degrees the cold chills waxed and waned perceptibly less, until they left you. The "fits" came so regular that the settler made his calculations by them. His calendar was divided into well days and ague days. The minister made his appointments to preach so as to accommodate his "shakes."† The Justice of the Peace entered the suit on his docket to avoid the sick day of the party, or his own. The constable watched the well day of the witness to get him into court; and the lawyer adjourned his case to avoid his ague day. The housewife regulated her affairs by it; she would do up her work, and sit and wait for the ague, as for a visitor to come. And the pioneer gallant went sparking on his well night, and then he sometimes found his dulcina sitting up with the "fever'n ager." It would seem that this complaint was about worn out or broken up by the old settlers, for the ague of to-day is no more like that of the olden time, than the old, broken down man is like the one in robust manhood.

THE "MICHIGAN RASH."

Among the troublesome enemies to the settler there was one that in the parlance of the day was called the Michigan rash. It was thus named because it was supposed to be indigenous to this part of the country. Some observing philanthropist has said that all the comfort a poor man took in this life, was to scratch himself when he itched. According to that statement there was a happy period in the early settlement of this State, for the pioneers did a great deal of scratching. Perhaps I ought to put on the "silken gloves of sentiment," by way of caution, in treating this subject. The settlers used much modesty in referring to this cutaneous disease, calling it a "breaking out," an "impurity of the blood," a "rash," and so on, while perhaps the person giving it those mild names, was really putting into practice the old, peculiar manner of scratching that used to belong to something worse than a "rash"

* I knew one man who, when he felt the "symptoms," seized his gun and put for the woods and did thus often "break the chill."—COMPILER.

† I have known of a minister preaching while burning with fever.—COMPILER.

or "breaking out." An amusing incident came under the writer's observation during this period of unpleasantness in our pioneer life. A gentleman from New York was visiting some friends in our settlement, and noticing the children scratching a great deal, asked the lady of the house the cause of it. She replied: "They have a breaking out that is called the Michigan rash." To which he answered: "Oh, you call it the Michigan rash out here; but I see the children go through with the old motions as natural as life. Don't you think, madame, that brimstone and lard would cure it?" This fair hit amused the settler's wife, while it awoke her to the real gist of the matter—that they were really enjoying the full benefit of the "seven year itch," under the modest title of Michigan rash. Whole families, yes, whole neighborhoods, would have it at the same time. It was no respector of person, party, sex, or creed; it served everybody alike. It would break out in a school and go like mischief, from pupil to pupil, and from pupil to teacher. The small scholars would "dig it out" on the spot, while the larger ones would grin and bear it, till some convenient opportunity occurred. Young men and young ladies, when in company, like whist players, avoided showing their hands. Most people had this disease as they did the ague, until they wore it out. A lack of fruit and vegetables in our diet was supposed to have something to do with the cause of the "Michigan rash."

MOSQUITOES.

"Now, by two-headed Janus! Nature
Hath formed strange fellows in her time."

Mosquitoes, like the subject we have just treated, are a cutaneous disease. They, with the ague, the "Michigan appetite," the "Michigan rash," and the *Nilehenobbies*, were found indigenous to this territory. It has been claimed by some authorities that the mosquitoes were created as pests, and sent here for the purpose of compelling the settler to drain and improve the swamps, lowlands, and marshes. It is most certain that nothing has been formed in vain; and as we know of no other use for mosquitoes, this must be their mission among us here. They certainly were the most numerous and pestilent in the heavy timbered lands, dense swamps and thickets, where they remained in their leafy coverts during the day. But when "twilight let her curtain down," these little recluse imps would sally out from their fastnesses, and with a flourish of trumpets, call their vast hordes together; when ruthless as the Huns and Goths, they would bear down in a furious attack upon the nearest log fortress. Having learned their mode of warfare, the nature and time of their attacks, we were accustomed to fill old tin pans with chips, or some light material, and kindle a fire in them, both in front and rear of the house, or wherever there was a door or opening. These fires were kept smothered so as to produce the greatest volume of smoke. This was our only defense. Mosquito bars had not been invented then. Yet our enemies would frequently, in some bold onset, break through this wall of smoke and attack us in our cabins. The smudge was then removed into the house, where we would sit enveloped in its dense clouds, with eyes suffused with tears, patiently suffering anything that would rid us of these tormentors. I have seen the log house all quiet at the close of day, not a mosquito about; but as soon as we started the smudge, that was the signal for their attacks; they "smelt the battle afar off, and shouted among their trumpeters, ha—ha!" Some of the settlers would not

use the smudge on that account, alleging that you discovered yourself to them by it, and hence invited their attacks.

I have often gone into reflection on the subject (in their absence) of this annoyance, musing over what discontent and unhappiness these pestiferous imps could create! Coleridge says:

"Beneath the rose lurks many a thorn,
That breeds disastrous woe;
And so dost thou, remorseless corn,
On Angelina's toe."

Now here was a thorn, or a nettle, that not only lurked beneath the rose, but beneath every tree, bush, and covert around us; and it was a thorn that felt like business, and went about "breeding disastrous woe." "Don't mind them," says some novice, who had never made their acquaintance; "go to sleep and let them sing!" Don't *mind* them? *They* like that. Go to *sleep?* What odds to them? Couldn't they murder sleep? Did they mind your slaps? Despite your blows they would light on your face, nose, ears, or neck, ta me as a spot of mud. Supposing you killed one. A hundred others rushed on over the dead body of their fallen comrade to avenge his death. So small a thing to create so much trouble and misery! How often, in the evening, after the smudge had been made, would we sit and fight these little tormentors, till tired, victimized and

"Weary of life, we would fly to our couch,
And fling it away in battle with these Turks."

THE FROLICS OF FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

SOME OF THE SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

Labor is the price we pay for whatever is good in this life. The only true luxury we have is that which is produced by the result of needful toil. And that class who are endeavoring to find true pleasure and happiness in this world without labor, are following a will-o-the-wisp that will cheat them at last. Labor regulates life, promotes health, secures happiness, makes men honest and virtuous and keeps them so. The thefts, crimes, and villainies of life are committed mostly by men who avoid work. All men labored in our new settlements in Calhoun county. Hence we had so few bad men. The rule was, those who came here must work to support themselves. Few could, and none wished to, support any one in idleness.

The first real cheat was the man who shirked labor, for as he did not work for a living, he must needs get it by stealing the products of somebody else's labor. There is no truer saying in our language than that, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." And our language contains no truer saying than the converse of this—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Work is only half of the question. Rest and amusement is the other half. And this brings us to our subject—Amusement among the early settlers.

That mankind must have recreation of some kind, is conceded. It seems to come as naturally as relaxation after labor, and you might as well attempt

to argue away relaxation as a desire for amusements. It will come, you may put it off for awhile, but it will eventually steal in, "like dozes in sermon time."

There were no members of the early settlement who felt too indifferent or too dignified to attend the social parties that were held in the settlers' log houses. But what were these parties, you ask. I will tell you. In the first place, there was the quilting frolic; the girls attending in the afternoon, the boys coming in the evening. Then there was the frolic without the quilting, which the girls and boys attended in the evening. The sport in both of these parties was usually begun by the play of "snap and catch 'em," or some rhyming catch, as

"Come Philander, let's be a marching,
Every one his true love searching;"

with other plays following; the programme being varied to suit the company. These parties were often called "bussing bees," because the kiss so often stole in during the various acts of the play, while every play was sure to end with a kiss. The music in these frolics was all vocal, consisting of marches, songs, catches, or rhymes improvised for the occasion. Besides these, there was the frolic that *began* with the play and ended with the *fiddle's*

"Putting life and mettle in their heels."

As a usual thing all in the house were participants in these amusements. The old folks, or perhaps the dignified maiden aunt, would now and then be "snapped up," or judged to kiss, or be kissed by some young man or young lady, as the case might be. "Snapping up" meant the snapping of the fingers, by a frolicker, at some one of the company, and was a challenge for the person to chase and catch him or her. This brought out the swift-footed Mercuries or Atlantas to the arena, where one chased the other around a group standing in the center of the room. This often resulted in a well contested race, which was varied by all manner of subterfuge and art, in dodging and eluding the pursuer. The young lady, whether the capturer or captured, was always kissed. Sometimes an old settler "snapped up" his wife, or was "snapped up" by her, when we would have a race of an unusually amusing character.

We said that all participated in these recreations. Those who lived in the village of Battle Creek knew but little of these frolics, unless they chanced to be at a settler's house on one of these occasions. There were also families who had no children, or none old enough to go into young company, and there were some who did not object to the *plays*, but did not like the *dancing*. They could tolerate Paginini, but not with his *fiddle*. We remember instances where the *plays* had gone on until the parents retired for the night, and then the fiddler, who had "smuggled" in his "cremona," opened his magical box and took out the "little wizard." Instantly a sensation of Terpsichorean delight seizes the frolickers. A few passes of the bow across the strings call out couple after couple to the floor, who bow gracefully to each other, as they take their position in two opposite lines across the room. In the meanwhile—

"In shirt of check and tallowed hair,
The fiddler sits in his bullrush chair
Like Moses' basket standing there
On the brink of the Father Nile.

"He feels his fiddle's slender neck,
Picks out the notes with thumb and check,
And times the tune with nod and beck,
And thinks it a weary while.

"All ready! Now he gives the call,
Cries, 'Honor to the ladies!' all,
The jolly tides of laughter fall
And ebb in a happy smile.

"'Begin!' D-o-w-n goes the bow on every string,
'First couple join right hands and swing!'
As light as any blue-bird's wing,
'Swing once and half way round.'

"Whirls Mary Martin, all in blue—
Calico gown and stockings new,
And tinted eyes that tell you true,
Dance all to the dancing sound.

"She flits about big Moses Brown,
Who holds her hands to keep her down,
And thinks her hair a golden crown,
And his heart turns over once!

"His cheeks with Mary's breath are wet,
It gives a second somerset,
He means to win the maiden yet;
Alas for the awkward dunce!

"Now the first pair dance apart,
Then 'Forward six!' advance, retreat,
Like midgets gay in Sun-beam street,
'Tis Money Musk in busy feet,
And the Money Musk by heart!

"'Three quarters 'round your partner swing,'
'Across the set!' the rafters ring,
And boys and girls have taken wing,
And have brought their roses out.

"'Tis 'Forward six!' with rustic grace,
Ah, rarer fun than 'swing to place!'
Than golden clouds of old point lace,
They bring the dance about.

"Then clasping hands all—'Right and left!'
All swiftly weave the measure deft
Across the room in loving weft,
And the Money Musk is done.

"Oh, dancers of the rustling busk,
Good-night, sweethearts, 'tis growin' dusk,
Good-night for aye to Money Musk,
For the heavy march begun."

The ox team, that was dignified with the name of "horned horses," carried the merry loads through the woods to the house of the settler who gave the party. We can recall instances where a prayer meeting was held in a log house one evening, and on the next evening a party was given in the same house. The same ones who composed the choir and sang "Old Hundred," "Come ye sinners, poor and needy," or, "Awake my soul to joyful lays," at the prayer meeting, led the next night at the party in—

"Come Philander, let's be a-marching."

Looking back upon these scenes from to-day's stand-point, we might feel inclined to be censorious and call them frivolous, silly recreations, if not morally wrong. Well, it does look like nonsense now. Distance don't lend any enchantment to them. But we can look back upon the past and find a good many things, done forty years ago, that appear like nonsense to us now which were not so to the people of that day. They were harmless recreations, and under like circumstances would be so to-day. After the customary conversation and chitchat were over, the programme for an evening party sometimes began in this way,—A young man would ask a young lady to take his arm, and they would begin marching around the room; another couple, and another followed, till a full set were promenading two and two about the floor, each chiming in the catch which the first couple commenced singing as they took the floor:

"We're all a marching to Quebec;
The drums are loudly beating,
The Americans have gained the day,
And the British are retreating;
The wars are o'er, and we'll turn back
To the place from whence we started;
So open the ring and choose a couple in
To relieve the broken hearted."

Round and round the room they marched singing, till they came to

"Open the ring and choose a couple in,"

when they took hold of each others' hands, fell back and formed a circle around the entire room. Some one was then deputed to go into the ring and choose a partner from among those of the circle, at which all chimed in,

"Green grow the rushes, O!
Kiss her quick and let her go!
But don't you muss her ruffle, O!"

When the marching was over and the company felt inclined to change the play, they would take hold of hands and form a circle about the room. Then, by request, a young lady would step into the middle of the ring, when the company would sing:

"There's a rose in the garden
For you, young man, (repeat.)
Now pluck up courage and
Pick it if you can."

She then selects a partner from the circle, who walks into the ring with her, and all sing:

"Green grow the rushes, O,
Kiss her quick and let her go," etc.

He obeys and she goes out of the ring leaving him in alone. Then perhaps the rest would sing:

"There he stands, that great big booby,
Who he is I do not know,
Who will take him for his beauty,
Let her answer, yes or no."

He then selects a young lady from the circle, they chant:

"Green grow the rushes, O," etc.,

He kisses her and goes out. Thus the play goes on until all of the girls are kissed out of the ring. At another time the frolickers marched two by two

around the room, a young man standing in the center of the floor, while they promenaded about him and sang:

"The miller he lived close by the mill,
And the wheel went round without his will;
With a hand in the hopper and one in the bag,
As the wheel goes round he cries out, grab."

At the word "grab" the young man in the ring seized hold of a young lady's arm, while her partner caught the arm of the young lady ahead of him, and *her* partner seized the arm of the young lady still ahead of him; thus they caught or stole each others' girls while hurriedly marching about the room, making a very lively and amusing confusion. When the change was made, perhaps some two or three times over, there was still an odd one left, who went into the ring, and the play began again, and was repeated as often as they desired.

When the party wished something still livelier, "hurly-burly" never failed to awaken and amuse the dullest. In this, two went around and gave each one, secretly, something to do. For instance, this girl was to pull some young man's hair; another was to pull a nose or tweak an ear, or trip some one; such a young man was to measure off so many yards of tape, or make "a double-and-twisted lordy-massy" with some young lady, and so on to the end of the chapter. When all had been told what to do, the master of ceremonies cried out, "hurly-burly!" Every one sprang to the floor and hastened to do as they had been instructed. This created a scene of a mixed and ludicrous character and was most properly named "hurly-burly."

It would seem rather odd to find such recreations among the young people in the country about Battle Creek to-day; because the young people of to-day have so many *other* sources of amusement which those of the olden times did not have, and for a lack of something better they enjoyed the best they had. Many of those young people are old gray-headed men and women now, and probably look back upon these recreations with a sigh for those they loved in the day when they went pioneering fifty years ago.

As we have said, the drones stayed east. None but the working bees came to this new hive of industry in the west. Hence the class of young men and young ladies were first in point of worth and industry. Among them we now have some of the best citizens in this part of the State. While some have died, and others have removed to different parts of the country; and some have married the girls with whom they "played the beau," or made "double-and-twisted lordy-massy," in the frolics of the olden time, and are now living on the old farm where they first started life in Michigan.

The following incident at a party at my father's, one evening, will be remembered by many. A company of young folks from Goguac Prairie and our own neighborhood, were present at this time. While the party were promenading, two by two, around the room and singing a lively march, just as they sang:

"Love, fare you well, darling fare you well," a young couple who had at that moment stepped on the trap-door before the fire place, instantly sank down into the cellar, to the astonishment of the whole party. The company immediately gathered about the hole made by the disappearance of the door, and called to those below: "Are you hurt?" The response came back: "No." The trap-door had worked loose by the repeated tramping of feet on it, and had finally given way. They came up out of the cellar unharmed, and were the hero and heroine of the party the rest of the evening. William Michael,

of Goguac Prairie, was the song-singer, wit, and delineator of character on these occasions. His bonmots and witty sayings were always sure to enliven the company. He, some years later (near 1842), went to Illinois with the Thomases.

Old Gran'ther Morehouse, father to Aaron and Bradley Morehouse, was sometimes the musician at these parties when the violin was called into requisition. He was a fine old gentleman of the school of the first half of this century—tall and dignified in person, yet so affable and genial in manner that everybody liked him and felt at home in his presence. He was an old man then; his gray locks and wrinkled face indicated the grandfather; yet when he took the violin, there was all the graceful ease and skill in handling the bow, for which he was celebrated in his younger days. He could yet evoke weird strains from his favorite instrument. 'Tis said he purchased his violin at Montreal in 1800; that its trade mark was 1600, and that it was made at Innspruck in the Tyrol, by Jacob Steiner, who learned his trade at Cremona in Italy. This instrument is now owned by Wm. Neale of Battle Creek. We knew nothing of the history of this violin then, but we knew that Gran'ther Morehouse could give "Zip Coon," "Monnie Musk," and all the favorite tunes of that day to the delight of everybody, on the instrument that he handled. Daniel Angell also "handled the fiddle and the bow" at these frolics. He is long since dead. The Halladay boys—both "Mat." and "Cal."—were also much in vogue as fiddlers, on these occasions. They are yet living in Battle Creek, and often revert to these frolics as their palmy days with the fiddle.

These parties were not only a source of amusement, but afforded an occasion for the young folks to get acquainted with each other. They were really a kind of social school to the young people in the settlement. We had no churches, and no preaching, save an occasional sermon in a settler's house, by some wandering minister; there were no newspapers, few books, no public lectures, or any public meetings for entertainment or instruction. There was a dearth of social and intellectual culture. These parties were the first phase of social entertainment and improvement. They were for that period highly enjoyable. All were neighbors and true friends—a community of first brotherhood or genuine Alphadelphians. There were no purse-proud families. They all lived in log houses and were bound to each other by bonds made strong by continued acts of neighborly kindness. Pride of dress was in its healthy, normal state. The "ten dollar boots" and the "hundred dollar bonnets," had not got into the new settlement; neither had "Mrs. Lofty, with her carriage, and dapple grays to draw it." Neither had Mrs. Grundy pulled the latch string at the door of a single log cabin in the settlement. She with all her kith and kin were east. Neither had the "fashions" got in among us. It was fashionable then to live within your means, and the best suit of clothes you could afford to wear was the fashionable one. People lived by the maxim: "Earn what you get and pay as you go." All classes worked for a living and thrived. Wealth and its handmaid, leisure, were not here to create distinctions. Aristocracy, which is said to be the offspring of wealth, was not in these regions. Yet in the true sense, every settler was an aristocrat—one of the true nobility, who had earned his title by useful toil in the noble school of labor.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCHES IN BATTLE CREEK.

COLLECTED BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The disciples of John Wesley are usually found amond the *avant-couriers* in the proclamation of the gospel message, their system of itineracy being well adapted to the equipment and support of men for pioneer work, in remote and sparsely peopled settlements. As early as the spring of 1833 a Methodist class was formed in Battle Creek, in the house of Daniel Thomas, on the ground now occupied by Cornelius Fonda, by the pond. It consisted of five members: Daniel Thomas and wife; their son Aranthus who was class-leader; their daughter Parthena, and Jonathan Thomas, cousin to the latter, and son of Isaac Thomas. This class is not to be identified with the one out of which grew the present Methodist church in Battle Creek. It existed between one and two years, and held frequent meetings, but, in consequence of the death of Daniel Thomas in 1834, and the return of Aranthus and others of the family to the East, it was disbanded.

As early as 1834 a class was organized on Goguac Prairie by a Rev. Mr. Wylie. At the time Mr. Samuel Gregory and wife settled there, March, 1835, it enjoyed occasional preaching by Rev. Joseph Davison, and a Mr. Howell, who afterwards became a Universalist, officiated as class-leader.

In February 1836, Rev. Asa Phelps moved from Bellevue to Emmett, two miles east of Battle Creek, and at once set himself to the work of organizing a new class. This organization took effect in the spring of 1836. It consisted of himself, Daniel Clark and wife, Thomas Hickman and wife, Theodosia Clark, afterwards Mrs. Cranston, and Mrs. Wentz. Thomas Hickman was chosen class-leader. Mrs. S. Gregory thinks it was in the fall of the same year that the present church was organized, upon which the members on Goguac Prairie became incorporated with the new body here. The names of those transferred from the Prairie were Mrs. Samuel Gregory, Mrs. Jonathan Thomas, Mrs. Lewis (afterwards Mrs. Luckitt), and Miss Spink, niece of Mr. Gregory.

Mr. Silas Phelps says that his father preached the first sermon ever preached by a Methodist in Battle Creek. He does not give the date nor state the occasion on which it was preached, and we are without present means of verifying the fact. Rust's Directory ascribes the honor to Rev. Randall Hobart, but as that authority also says the Methodist church here was organized in 1832, which is evidently a mistake, it may also be at fault in the other particular. It is certain that Mr. Phelps preached here before and for a long time after the organization of his class in the spring of 1836, and until it was taken under the fostering care of the Conference. His labors were abundant here and hereabouts, and he was for many years one of the very few ministers in the vicinity to whom application was made for funeral occasions.

The first Presiding Elder whose visits are remembered here was Rev. E. H. Pilcher. He was "blazing" his way through the forests of Michigan as early as 1833, if not a year earlier, for it was in 1833 that he made a journey between here and Coldwater, marking the trees as he went, to enable himself to find his way back.

Addison Clark is remembered as an early, if not the first, class-leader, after the organization in 1836. Rev. E. H. Crane rode the circuit that year and a year or two following. Early records are wanting to make good the chain of succession, but falling back on the memory of Milton Barney and others, we learn that among the ministers who succeeded Mr. Crane on the circuit, were Revs. L. B. Gurley, John Sabin, Peter Sabin, J. F. Davison, Roswell Parker, Rev. Mr. Gerring, and Rev. Mr. Hitchcock.

The first house of worship in Battle Creek, a small frame building on the corner of Marshall and Division streets, was built by the Methodist church. This was completed in 1842, although Rev. Mr. Hobart had a series of meetings in it in 1841, before it was lathed and plastered. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees in August, 1848, at which were present J. A. Jacobs, A. W. Clark, John Caldwell, and Wm. Griswold, it was resolved that measures be taken to add 24 feet in length to the church building. It was proposed to raise the necessary funds by subscription, giving subscribers the privilege of making their subscriptions applicable to the rental of seats. A. W. Clark, Wm. Griswold and John Caldwell were appointed building committee, and Josiah Fisher was appointed to superintend the work, make collections and put the building in complete order. The work seems to have been carried on with commendable dispatch, for in November, 1849, the trustees were not only settling claims for work on the addition, but the Union School district and Miss Brown had become debtors to the church for the use of the house for a school room. Mr. Ogden Green had already won a good degree as sexton, his account for services as such for the year ending April 1849 being allowed. For a few months subsequent to this, however, the duties of the sextonship were performed by D. W. C. Olcott, on such terms as were mutually satisfactory to him and the trustees.

In 1851 the meetings of the Board of Trustees were favored with the attendance of the preacher in charge, who was Rev. J. F. Davidson. The church debts were the subject of business consideration, and good progress seems to have been made in the matter of liquidation. In the latter part of the year 1851 Rev. M. B. Camburn was preacher in charge, and the names of the Trustees, as reported at the meetings, were Stephen Valentine, J. Caldwell, M. Gill, A. Cantine, John Cranston, and D. P. Onderdonk. From November 11, 1851, to January 10, 1857, there is a hiatus in the minutes of the Board of Trustees which we have been unable to supply.

At the meeting in January, 1857, the trustees present were Charles Parker, John Smith, and Lyman Pittee, at which time the church debts were considered and measures taken to settle with the sexton and others for work done in 1855 and 1856, while Mr. Green's services for 1857 were re-engaged for $105. The rental of the slips in 1858—ranging from three to four dollars each—amounted to $146. To obtain a deed of the church lot, the duplicate having been lost or mislaid, Trustees Parker, Smith, and M. K. Gregory, on the 12th of January, 1858, met at Squire Lotheridge's office and executed the requisite certificate. John J. Jenkins was also elected a trustee to fill a vacancy.

And now it began to be said that the first built of the meeting houses in Battle Creek was waxing old and must vanish away to make room for something better. At a meeting of the trustees on Tuesday evening, January 26, 1858, it was resolved that G. F. Smith, Lyman Pittee, J. W. Smith, Emmet Beach, and F. M. Sanderson be made a Building Committee, while Elder Joseph Jennings, Rev. H. Holstock, F. M. Sanderson, and David Coy, were

made a Soliciting Committee, to assist the trustees in building a new M. E. Church in Battle Creek. A trade was made with Mr. Macard, for the present church site, for which the church gave the old parsonage house and lot and $550. The old church lot and house were ordered sold to the highest bidder and were struck off to the village trustees for $1,500, who were to have possession on the 1st of January, 1860. The work on the new house was pushed forward with vigor, and in October, 1859, it was voted to "borrow $3,000 to pay up present liabilities and finish up the audience room." At a meeting of the trustees, May 13th, 1860, it was ascertained that the cost of the new edifice —aside from the expense of finishing the basement, furnishing carpets, lamps, bell, clock, etc., amounted to about $12,000, and one week from the succeeding Saturday was fixed upon for the sale of the slips.

In 1863–4, N. Fasset was the preacher in charge. At a meeting in February, 1864, it was voted to sell the parsonage, and James Reasoner was appointed agent to negotiate the sale. A proposition from M. K. Gregory, to pay $515 over his claim of $600, and let the church have the use of it at $2.50 a week until April 1st ensuing, was accepted. The sale of the parsonage was prompted by financial pressure, and, as a temporary expedient, H. Henson's house was rented for a parsonage the remainder of the Conference year.

In 1865–6, Rev. T. H. Jacokes was preacher in charge. The Trustees were still battling with the church debt, and the pastor was associated with one of their number in efforts to help liquidate it, by selling unsold seats and collecting assets.

In 1867–8, Rev. L. W. Earl was pastor in charge. The trustees for this term were M. K. Gregory, J. W. Smith, L. Peters, J. R. Main, G. F. Smith, P. L. Conine, and Geo. I. Brown. At their meeting in November, 1867, the building of a new parsonage was under advisement, and E. W. Pendell, G. F. Smith, M. K. Gregory, G, I. Brown, and J. W. Smith were appointed a building committee on parsonage. A soliciting committee and treasurer for the same purpose were appointed. It was arranged with L. Pittee to put up a new parsonage for $2,500.

In January, 1869, a contract was made with N. P. Miller, to remove the old plaster from the audience room of the church and put on new for $600. On its completion there seems to have been some hesitation about accepting the job, as not done in strict accordance with contract. The building committee and contractor finally submitted the contract made for the new work and for the ornamentation overhead, to a committee of arbitration consisting of S. H. Morely, H. B. Hoagland and P. L. Conine, whose decision and word should be final.

In 1869–70, the Rev. J. I. Buell was preacher in charge. At a meeting of the Trustees in March, 1870, it was resolved to start a subscription as soon as expedient for the purpose of erecting a spire for the church, painting the exterior, and building a transept for the organ, as well as to pay off the existing church and parsonage debt. In May following a building committee of five were appointed with reference to this work, consisting of J. I. Beach, P. H. Green, L. Pittee, M. K. Gregory, and E. B. Morey. The work was to proceed when the subscription reached $3,000. The work went forward with energy and on the 4th of December ensuing, the improved edifice was opened with appropriate religious ceremonies. It was found that the cost of all the improvements, including spire, organ room, organ, frescoing, painting, uphol-

stery and furniture, was $8,828.45. The total of payments made, and the remaining assets, were $4,670, leaving an unpaid balance of $4,161.45.

At a meeting of the church and congregation in November, 1871, Rev. D. D. Gillett, being the pastor in charge, and T. C. Sherwood, acting as Secretary, a resolution was introduced by G. I. Brown having for its object the funding of the church debt. By this resolution, which was adopted, the church was authorized to loan $3,000 and secure the payment of the same by a note of the Trustees. In 1876 the membership, including probationers, was 164; and the value of the church property was $27,800.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

The facts relating to the early history of the Baptist church in Battle Creek are not easy of acquisition, because of the loss of its early records. Such of them as are presented in this sketch are gathered from the recollection of the early membership, now rapidly disappearing from our sight. We were fortunate enough, however, to find one of the original or constituent members—Deacon Wm. Carter, now residing in Kalamazoo, to whom we are indebted for facts of essential importance regarding the constitution of the church. Whether any others of the original members linger on the shores of time, we know not, but we ascribe it to Mr. Carter that we are enabled to perpetuate the knowledge of some particulars of early chuch history which would soon have slumbered in "the receptacle of things lost on earth."

Among the early settlers in Battle Creek and Emmett were a considerable number of Baptists. As early as 1834, Wm. Carter and Michael Spencer were located in Emmett, near what was then called the "Gardner settlement," the former having come from Ohio in February of that year, although a native of East Haddam, Conn. He had not only the true grit of the pioneer, but the steadfast and persevering faith of the Christian and of the denomination to which he belonged. While a resident of Ohio, he one year went on horseback 70 miles, as a delegate, to attend a meeting of the Ashtabula Association. Both before and for years after the organization of the Baptist church in Battle Creek, meetings were held here and at Gardner's, at each place half the time; but whether they were at each place on the same day or at each place on alternate Sundays, Mr. Carter seldom failed to be at the meeting in Battle Creek, though living five miles off, and usually obliged to go on foot. Previous to 1834, however, preaching both here and at the settlement had been only occasional. Rev. Wm. Taylor, the pioneer Baptist minister of Schoolcraft, is credited with having preached the first sermon in Battle Creek, and previous to the organization here a Rev. Mr. Flanders had frequently preached at the Gardner settlement.

The constitution of the Baptist church in Battle Creek took place, Mr. Carter thinks, in the month of April, 1834. The exercises were in the log school-house, the first, and at that time, the only one in the place, which stood near where the store of Metcalf Bros. now is, corner of Main and Canal streets. The sermon for the occasion was preached by Rev. Hubbell J. Loomis, previously of Lyme, Conn. He was an itinerant missionary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, who preached for some time in Detroit, and also rendered efficient help to the few scattered, feeble, and destitute churches in southwestern Michigan, in 1833, and for some years onward. He is described as "the man who always went on foot, but went

further than most men could ride, and who never had an 'incumbrance' to his missionary work."

The constituent members of the church were Michael Spencer and wife (the parents of Dr. J. V. Spencer, Mrs. Stephen Eldred, and Mrs. E. T. Lovell), Nedebiah Angell and wife; D. N. Salter and wife; Mr. Carter and wife; Horace Mott and wife, with their two sons, Nelson and Elter, and their two daughters, Ann and Sallie, and Sophia Southworth, sister of Mr. Carter—fifteen in all. These constituted the nucleus of what soon grew to be a much larger body. The tide of immigration was pouring in, and at the very next covenant meeting a considerable addition was made to the membership.

From this time the supply of preaching was not regular, but occasional, until the spring of 1835, when the Rev. Robert Adams, father of Samuel Adams, of this place, removed here and settled on the land now owned by Mr. Benton, on the high ground this side of Jeremiah Brown's. Mr. Adams was a native of England, and came to this country when eight years old. He had served in the ministry in Greene, Otsego, and Chenango counties, in New York, and was well qualified, both by native gifts and ripe experience, to exercise a spiritual oversight of the church. His preaching was sound, plain, practical, and he exercised a long and useful ministry here and hereabouts until his death, which occurred in 1845. For some fifteen years the labor of supplying the Baptist brotherhood in Battle Creek, South Battle Creek, Emmett, and Climax seems to have been shared between Mr. Adams and Rev. J. Harris, who came to Michigan one year after Mr. Adams. From the following, found among Mr. Carter's papers, it appears that Emmett, after the organization of the church here, shared only one-quarter of the time in the ministrations of the pastor:

"We, the subscribers, feeling desirous of supporting preaching in the vicinity of School District No. 1, Milton township, Calhoun county, Michigan, do for this purpose agree to pay the several sums affixed to our names to obtain Elder Robert Adams to preach here for one-fourth of the time for one year from the first of June next.

"Milton, May 9th, 1836."

To this were subscribed the names of Michael Spencer, $10, paid; Jeremiah Gardner, $3, paid; Wm. Carter, $3, paid. Whether any further support was pledged at the "Gardner Settlement," we can only conjecture.

In 1846 Rev. G. V. Tenbrook, a graduate of Madison University, became the pastor of the church. His pastorate continued some three years, closing in 1849, and was characterized by a self-sacrificing effort both on his part and that of the membership, to build a house of worship. This was the building which was taken down a few years ago to give place to the fine edifice now occupied by the church. Mr. Tenbrook was a man of well cultivated mind, of exemplary piety and zeal, and of self-sacrificing devotion. From here he went to Centreville, where he shortly died, leaving a fragrant memory.

In 1850 the church was supplied mostly by Elders Taylor and Green.

In 1851 Dr. Joseph Belcher, then just arrived from England, was the pastor.

In 1852 Rev. John Harris was the pastoral supply.

In 1853 Rev. N. Fillio was pastor, resigning at the end of the year. The membership reported this year was 156.

In 1854 Rev. Otis Wing was pastor.

In the summer of 1855 the church was supplied by Prof. S. Graves, of Kalamazoo College.

In November, 1855, Rev. Daniel Harrington and wife were received as members of the church from Batavia, New York, and Mr. Harrington's labors as pastor began. He served the church until 1862, the last year in the character of a supply.

At a meeting in July, 1863, Rev. J. Moxom, from DeKalb, Illinois, was invited as a supply for three months, at the end of which he was called as pastor, on a salary of $700 a year. The next year his salary was raised to $800. The membership reported in 1865 was 209. At a special meeting of the church, July 2, 1866, it was resolved, as the sense of the meeting, "that we need a new house of worship, and we hereby pledge ourselves to subscribe all in our ability to do for that purpose." In 1867 the letter to the Association reported 267 members. Mr. Moxom's resignation, as pastor, bore date July first of that year.

In 1868 Rev. B. F. Garfield was the pastor of the church.

Negotiations for a pastor during 1869 failed, but in February, 1870, Rev. E. W. Lounsberry accepted the pastoral call. Considerable accessions were made to the church during the first and second years of his ministry. Under date of June 17, 1870, we find this note in the clerk's minutes: "Brother Edward Packer was called away from this world by death on the 14th day of June, 1870;" and under date of July 21, 1870, this: "Deacon William Betterly departed this life on the 10th day of July, 1870, in the triumph of faith." On the 9th of December following it was voted to raise the pastor's salary to $1,200. Mr. Lounsberry's resignation was tendered July 27, 1872. The last year of his pastorate was signalized by the erection of the present fine and spacious house of worship—the corner stone having been laid in June, 1871, and the dedication taking place about one year thereafter.

The Rev. C. H. James, pastor for the last two years, and who has just closed his labors here, completes the chain of pastorate succession, so far as it can be supplied by existing records, or the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

It may be proper to add that until the organization of the Kalamazoo River Association, dating from 1841, the church in Battle Creek, and all the Baptist churches in Southwestern Michigan, belonged to the LaGrange, or St. Joseph River Association. William Carter was a delegate to this body, which met at White Pigeon in 1835.

THE UNITED CONGREGATIONAL AND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The history of the United Congregational and Presbyterian church of Battle Creek begins with March, 1836. We learn from the well-preserved minutes of the first clerk of the church, Tolman W. Hall, Esq., that on the 26th day of that month, "the inhabitants of the village of Battle Creek and vicinity, holding the faith" of these bodies, "assembled at the usual place of holding public worship (the log school-house, corner of Main and Canal streets) for the purpose of considering the subject of forming a church at that place." There were present, also, the Rev. Silas Woodbury, of Kalamazoo, and Rev. Mr. Jones from Allegan. Mr. Woodbury was chosen moderator, and T. W. Hall secretary of the meeting. After due consideration and discussion of the subject, it was resolved, unanimously, "to form a church on the plan recommended by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church and the Association of the Congregational church of Connecticut in 1801."

This plan seems to have been a very equitable one for the occasion, for of those who presented letters on which they were received into the new organ-

ization, just half were Presbyterians and one-half Congregationalists. The four Congregationalists were Moses Hall and Mary, his wife, Tolman W. Hall and Lois, his wife, from Vermont; the four Presbyterians were David H. Daniels and Mary, his wife, and John S. Van Brunt and Betsy, his wife, from New York. On the Sunday following, March 27th, the above were duly constituted into a church, and the following officers were chosen: Moses Hall and David H. Daniels, committee, Tolman W. Hall, clerk; John S. Van Brunt, deacon.

The work thus auspiciously commenced, gradually went on, strengthened by monthly additions. In June of the same year, Elijah M. Morey presented his letter. In July, Joseph Young and his wife Elizabeth, Jacob V. W., David and Maria Elizabeth Young, Fayette Cross and his wife Sophia, and Electa Cross were received on their certificates. In November David Bouton and his wife Bulaetta, came. In December Jacob Van Antwerp, and Sophia Stillson were received as members, and in April, 1837, Stephen W. Leggett presented a letter from the Congregational church in Marshall. David H. Daniels was the delegate to the presbytery in Marshall, in February, 1837. In July, 1838, the total membership was twenty-eight—fourteen males and fourteen females.

The veteran missionary, Calvin Clark, appears on the scene as moderator of a church meeting, in February 11, 1837. He seems to have been the chief supply, as preacher, for the first year or two after the organization, although the Rev. J. D. Pierce alternated with him on occasions.

In 1838–9 Rev. John Marsh labored on this ground, and is remembered by the writer of this sketch as the minister who officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Mary Hall, in August, 1838. At this time the church held its meetings in the first frame school-house erected in Battle Creek, which stood about where Upton & Brown's office now stands.

In January, 1840, Fayette Cross was chosen deacon. During that and the succeeding year, we find the names of Rev. Stephen Mason, of Rev. M. Knappen, and Rev. H. Hyde among those who officiated as moderators at the church meetings, from which we infer that the same men, during that same period, dispensed the word of life to hungry souls in Battle Creek. In November, 1842, the society voted "no longer to employ Rev. Mr. Weeks as minister," but the trustees were instructed to "raise a sufficient salary and employ Rev. R. B. Bement as minister half the time from the first of December to the first of May ensuing, and then the whole of the time to the first of January next."

On the 12th of January, 1842, Fayette Cross and G. F. Smith were made a committee "to superintend the building of a meeting-house." Joseph Young, Platt Gilbert, G. F. Smith, S. W. Leggett and Moses Hall were elected first trustees, and authorized to purchase the lots now occupied as a church site, at an expense of not more than $400.

There was quickened interest under the labors of Mr. Bement, and the work of building went forward with alacrity and zeal. Money was not plenty; but "dicker" was a convenient expedient. Gilbert & Hall, merchants, advanced $1,000 in goods at one time, to aid the work, certain parties giving their joint obligation for the payment of the same at a future day. The house was so far completed in the fall of 1843 that meetings began to be held in the basement. The sale of slips took place November 30th of that yaer.

In April, 1844, a call was extended to Rev. Alexander Trotter to become

pastor of the church. Mr. Trotter served acceptably in this relation about two years, closing his labors in 1846. It would seem that certain prominent members of the church participated in the election excitement of 1844, to a degree which carried them beyond their proper Christian bearings. Under date of November 21st of that year appears a confession signed by six of the prominent members (we withhold their names out of considerate regard for the feelings of such as are yet living) expressing penitential regret for "having been engaged in betting on the election," as "inconsistent with the spirit and principles of the Christian religion, a species of gambling pernicious in its influence on society, to be frowned upon and discountenanced by all good men, and Christians especially," etc. The confession was in the frankest terms, and the pledge unqualified not to sin in this way any more.

At the close of 1846 the membership was 138. In August of that year a call was extended to Rev. Joel Byington to become pastor. His ministry was beset with a "fiery trial," almost at the beginning, for it was in the month of November after his settlement, that the house of worship, erected three years before, was burned. It occurred one Sabbath evening. There had been services in the house during the day, but how the fire originated (it caught in the rear of the building) was not certainly known. During the remainder of Mr. Byington's term, and part of his successor's, the church held its meetings in Union block.

In March following, it was voted that prompt measures be taken for the erection of a new house of worship, and general building and business committees were appointed with reference to this work, as follows: Samuel Flagler, T. W. Hall, Joseph Young, W. H. Coleman, S. W. Leggett, James Hutchinson, Charles Root, W. Brewster, W. Brock, Miles Seymour, H. Cantine, A. Whitcomb, E. L. Stillson, G. F. Smith, Charles Vail, Charles Bartlett, and Moses Hall were elected to appoint a committee of five whose business it should be to collect the funds and superintend the erection of a house of worship. W. H. Coleman, Miles Seymour, and Charles Vail were appointed the committee to raise funds for the erection of a new house.

The Rev. S. D. Pitkin's pastorate began about the first of 1849. The number of members reported by the presbytery in May of that year was 165. Mr. Pitkin's labors seemed to have been crowned with encouraging results. Numerous additions began to be made. In April, 1850, forty-five persons were received into the church on their religious experience, and ten by letter. The number reported to the presbytery in May of this year was 227—the largest number reported during his ministry here. In May of this year the new house of worship was dedicated. Under date of January 26th, 1858, we find this in the clerk's minutes: "Rev. S. D. Pitkin was installed by the presbytery of Marshall pastor of the church and society, having labored with them in the gospel ministry four and one-third years." Why the installation was so long delayed, is not explained. His pastorate continued down to June, 1857, when he presented a request for his dismissal. His memory is warmly cherished by the people with whom he so acceptably labored.

In December, 1858, we find Rev. C. Jones in the exercise of the pastorate, the society voting to raise the sum of $800 as his salary.

In December, 1859, the society voted to call Rev. E. L. Davies as pastor until January 1, 1861, at a salary of $800. In October 1860, it was voted to extend the call for one year from the first of January, 1861, at a salary of $1,000, the same salary to date also from September 1, 1860. The salary of

Mr. Davis fluctuated, but, on the whole, had a gratifying upward tendency. In 1862 the society voted him $800; in 1863 it was $850; in 1864 it was not to exceed $1,000; in 1865 it was at first voted not to be in excess of $1,100, but subsequently it was fixed at $1,200. The same salary was paid in 1866. In December, 1864, Mr. Davies reported to a meeting of the society that the amount necessary to be raised to preserve the deed of the church from the parties who purchased it at sheriff's sale was $1,736.67, and that the amount of subscriptions raised and applicable to the extinguishment of the debt was $1,530.

Mr. Davies tendered his resignation as pastor in September, 1866, to take effect October 7th ensuing. From this time for some months efforts at negotiation for a pastor failed. A call was extended to Rev. Mr. Atterberry, on a salary of $2,000, which was declined. The church was supplied, in part, by Rev. Mr. Ford and Rev. Mr. Pierson, both of whom had their friends in the church and society. During this interim in the pastoral service, or in August, 1868, the work of enlarging and beautifying the house of worship, in the form in which it now appears, was begun, and on the 9th of April, 1869, the house was again consecrated to the worship of God.

At a society meeting in September following, the trustees were instructed to employ Rev. S. E. Wishard, on a salary not to exceed $1,600, although in December of the same year it was voted to raise $300 more by subscription, to apply on the salary of 1869.

In March, 1870, a call was extended to Rev. W. C. Dickinson, on a salary of $2,500 a year. Mr. Dickinson served as pastor and preacher acceptably for two years, resigning in March, 1872.

At a meeting December 30, 1872, a committee was appointed to confer with the pastor and people of the Reformed Church of this city, with a view to calling Rev. W. W. Halloway to the pastorate. A favorable report was made, and at a meeting January 6, 1873, the trustees were instructed to employ Mr. Halloway on a salary of $2,000. In December, 1873, the call was renewed for another year.

Talmon W. Hall served as clerk of the church from its organization up to September 6, 1841; Stephen W. Leggett from this time on to October 3, 1845; Wm. Brooks thence to May, 1853; S. W. Leggett thence to the end of 1855. The minutes of the society records, from January, 1842, are in the handwriting of John S. Van Brunt, two years; of Charles Vail for 1844–5; of S. S. Nichols for 1866–7; of I. C. Mott for the years 1858–1870 inclusive; and of H. A. Hatch from 1871 onward; while Garret S. Decker, J. G. Sheffield, N. E. Sherman, and H. T. Hinman have done occasional, or *pro tem.* service in this way.

A church, of course, needs a treasurer—one to whom it can go for money in time of need; and the fact that Wm. H. Skinner has been continued in this office so many years, shows that, in its estimate, he is the right man in the right place. The church has been fortunate, also, in having such men as T. B. Skinner, B. F. and H. T. Hinman, and others, to serve on its financial committees, boards of trustees, etc., to settle with its treasurer and building committees, and do such other work as has been necessary in its trying experiences.

The question of changing the name of the church, in pursuance with a recommendation of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, has agitated this body from time to time, and particularly the last year. The

proposition to change the organization to a Presbyterian church, when subjected to a test, received about 42 votes for, to 13 against it. The question is still in abeyance, committees having under advisement what steps are necessary in order to make the contemplated change legal.

ST. THOMAS CHURCH—EPISCOPAL.

From the Parish Register and other records of St. Thomas church, kindly furnished us by the clerk, Mr. Gleason, we learn that the first Episcopal service held in Battle Creek was by the Rev. F. H. Cummings, probably in the year 1839. We judge of the date of the first service simply from the statement that it was nearly two years previous to a certain visit from Rev. M. Schuyler, which was in August, 1841. Mr. Cummings recognized in his first congregation a lady who was among the early fruits of his ministry in another field—Mrs. Andrus (Mrs. Giles Andrus, from Binghamton, N. Y., of Goguac Prairie), whose joy at meeting and hearing him once more, in this new country, and at the first service of her church which she had been permitted to attend, found expression in tears of gratitude. Mrs. A. lived to enjoy the ministrations of only one other preacher of her faith, the Rev. Samuel Buell, who preached here on two Sundays, and who was kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. McCamly and Mrs. Barton, "who were then the only Episcopalians in the place." The Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, of Marshall, officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Andrus, and he was one of the number who. in the few succeeding years, either occasionally or statedly visited, and held services in this place. From December, 1841, he preached here regularly, once in two weeks. His meetings were held in the school-house, and good congregations attended on his preaching. During the winter of '41 and '42 five persons received the rite of baptism, and at the first visitation of Bishop Samuel McCoskry, in April, 1842, six persons received confirmation. The services were held in the Methodist house of worship, and the occasion was deemed one of great importance, in its bearing upon the future history of the Episcopal church in this place. There were present and assisting, Mr. Cummings, of Ann Arbor; Mr. Hodskin, of Homer and Albion, and Mr. Schuyler.

The interest continuing to increase under Mr. Schuyler's labors, it was soon thought advisable to organize a church or parish. This took place on the 7th of August, 1842, when the following persons became associated under the "name, style, and title of the St. Thomas Church of Battle Creek": Samuel W. McCamly, M. K. Smith, John Stewart, Philip Duffie, A. L. Clark, E. L. Stillson, Charles Andrus, Joseph Goddard, Aranthus Thomas, Edward Cox, W. M. Campbell, D. Smith, Henry Andrus, Charles Gray, John Marvin, W. H. Coleman, Joseph Barton, E. Ashby, S. W. Dodge, James Caldwell, Isaac Vandenburg. Mr. Schuyler presided on the occasion, and Edward Cox officiated as Secretary of the meeting, which was held after divine service on Sunday afternoon of the day specified. On the same occasion, John Stewart and S. W. McCamly being tellers, it was ascertained that S. W. McCamly and Charles Andrus were elected church wardens, and that Eli L. Stillson, A. L. Clark, John Stewart, Milo H. Smith, Aranthus Thomas, Edward Cox, and Charles S. Gray, were elected vestrymen. At a meeting of the wardens and vestrymen at John Stewart's house on the 13th of the same month, M. H. Smith was elected Secretary and Treasurer of the church.

The rector who succeeded Mr. Schuyler was R. G. Cox, to whom the church

in December, 1843, extended a call on a salary of $200. During Mr. Cox's charge the importance of building a house of worship began to be agitated, and at a meeting of the wardens and vestry in October, 1845, it was resolved to build a small brick church. The dimensions of the house were definitely agreed upon at a meeting held at John Stewart's in February, 1845, and A. T. Havens was appointed a committee to look after a suitable lot for a site. A building committee consisting of Col. Stewart, S. McCamly, D. Smith, W. T. Baggs, and C. S. Gray had been appointed in May preceding.

Rev. R. S. Adams succeeded Mr. Cox in May, 1845, and served the parish as minister nearly three years. During his rectorship the building was completed, which has since served the church as its house of worship. In April, 1846, Mr. Havens was added to the building committee, and the committee was authorized to contract with "David Smith for laying the brick work of the St. Thomas church at two dollars and twenty-five cents per thousand, payable one-half in cash and the other in goods." The house was consecrated on the 11th of June, 1848, by Bishop McCoskry, and taken under his spiritual jurisdiction and that of his successors, agreeably to the form of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It was, at the time, pronounced a "neat and substantial church building," though better adapted to the condition of things then existing than the present.

Mr. Adams's resignation as pastor was read at a meeting of the wardens and vestry, May 29, 1848, and was accepted with a request that he continue to officiate until a successor was chosen, or until he should find a new home.

In April, 1849, S. W. McCamly and A. T. Havens were chosen wardens, and John Stewart, C. S. Gray, C. Ford, C. Wakelee, L. F. Reed, H. Marsh, and J. S. Trowbridge, vestrymen. At a meeting of the wardens and vestry, May 4th ensuing, Rev. H. Safford was invited to take charge of the parish, who was offered a salary of $250 and the stipend of $200. At the next meeting the offered salary was increased to $550 in all, which was accepted by Mr. Safford, he entering upon his charge in June 15th following. His ministry continued up to February, 1852, and is reported to have been acceptable and successful. During his charge, July, 1850, Mr. Havens resigned the office of secretary, treasurer, and collector, and J. K. Lotheridge was made his successor.

In June, 1852, Rev. D. B. Lyon, then in Deacon's orders, on invitation, took charge of the parish, and continued in the faithful and efficient discharge of the same until his resignation in April, 1855. During the same year S. McCamly and C. Wakelee served as wardens, and John Stewart, S. C. Merrell, C. S. Gray, J. K. Lotheridge, J. F. Hinman, J. N. Scott, and W. Andrus as vestrymen, the latter also serving as their secretary.

In April, 1855, Rev. Geo. Willard, of Coldwater, was called to be rector of the church on a salary of $600. Among the wardens and vestry for this year, besides the well known names of previous years, appear those of C. H. Bronson, C. C. Hodges, and V. P. Collier, and the records during this period display the fine hand writing of H. Banwell, as also that of C. C. Hodges, A. L. Lotheridge, G. C. Burnham, and C. H. Bronson. In 1858 the enlargement of the church was seriously contemplated. At a meeting in August of that year, at which were present the rector and vestrymen Bronson, Collier, Gray, Lotheridge, and Wakelee, a plan of enlargement was submitted, proposing the addition of twenty-seven feet to the length of the building, to be occupied with slips, and the placing of a stained window back of the chancel. The plan

received the endorsement of the vestry, and a committee was appointed to attend to its execution. Unforseen obstacles to its consummation, however arose and the project was abandoned.

In May, 1860, a call was extended to the Rev. W. W. Montgomery, of Buffalo, which was declined. In September following, Rev. Augustus Bush responded favorably to an invitation, and commenced his duties as rector on the 25th of that month. The salary stipulated to be paid to Mr. Bush was $600, but as it was found at the close of the year that less than $500 had been raised—it being the first year of the war, and a year in which business was much paralyzed—Mr. Bush magnanimously consented to accept $500 as his salary for the year, thus making the church a present of $100. The following were elected vestrymen in April, 1862: C. W. Wakelee, J. Stewart, C. S. Gray, G. C. Burnham, C. C. Hodges, C. Wakelee, C. Ford, C. F. Bock, S. W. McCamly. In January, 1863, the vestry invited Mrs. Walker to take charge of the organ, assisted by Miss Kate Preston. In April the secretary was instructed to return a vote of thanks to Mrs. I. C. Fargo for an Easter offering of a silver communion set, presented to the church. Mr. Burnham having removed from the parish, C. F. Bock was chosen clerk. Mr. Tappscott's salary, as sexton, was raised from $40 a year to $1 a week. Standing committees on the church or finance, music, and on ways and means were appointed and instructed to report annually in writing to the vestry.

At the annual parish meeting in 1864, the following were elected vestrymen: John Stewart, S. Reed, C. Wakelee, H. Z. Frizbie, C. M. Wakelee, C. F. Bock, V. P. Collier, C. S. Gray, G. P. Burroll, C. Ford, J. F. Stewart, and J. K. Lotheridge. Major S. Reed was elected Sr. Warden, H. Z. Frizbie, Jr. Warden; C. F. Bock, Secretary, and J. Fred Stewart was appointed to seat the congregation. The same officers were re-elected in 1865. In July, 1866, Mr. Bush tendered his resignation and the same took effect on the 29th of that month.

In October, 1866, negotiations were entered into with Rev. C. Ritter to become rector, the church agreeing to pay him $1,000, which he accepted on condition that the church enlarge its house of worship. The stipulation was accepted in good faith and Mr. Ritter entered upon his duties. The church proceeded also to fulfil its part of the contract, by appointing building and subscription committees, employing an architect, getting plans, etc. At a meeting in April, 1867, it was reported that a plan by Mr. Larmour had been procured, and a subscription to the amount of $4,000, and also that the brick had been engaged. A committee was also appointed to contract for the lumber and other materials requisite. At a meeting in August, however, when Mr. Ritter called for a report of the Building Committee, Mr. Frizbie, the chairman, stated that nothing had been done for the want of sufficient means. Mr. Ritter addressed some earnest words on the subject of building, but they seem not to have contributed to the desired end, for at the meeting in September Mr. Frizbie introduced a resolution, declaring that the "unhappy condition of the church and parish admonishes the vestry that it will be impossible for them to collect funds sufficient to pay the salary of the present rector for the ensuing year."

In February, 1868, Rev. J. Phelps, of Wyandotte, received a call to the rectorship on a salary of $1,000. At one of the first meetings of the vestry, Mr. Phelps urged the importance of procuring a parsonage, and Messrs.

Frizbie, Lotheridge, and Wakelee were appointed a committee with power to collect funds and purchase a parsonage. Toward the purchase of the building on Green street, afterwards used for a parsonage, the Ladies' Sewing Society donated $800, on condition that the money be returned in case of the sale of the property. By an article reörganizing the church, adopted in May 1868, the time of holding the annual meetings was changed to the Monday next ensuing the festival of Easter, in Easter week, and the number of vestrymen was required to be not less than seven nor more than ten. At the first election, on Easter Monday, March 29, 1869, the following were elected: Clement Wakelee, H. Z. Frizbie, C. F. Bock, J. S. Coon, E. Cox, C. S. Gray, J. D. Westfall, J. K. Lotheridge, C. F. Miller, N. Eldred. In February 1871 Mr. Phelps tendered his resignation, which was accepted with expressions of regret.

In May, 1871, Rev. G. W. Wilson, of Detroit, was called to the charge of the church, on a salary of $1,000. At a meeting of the vestry October 9th, 1871, the rector called attention to the fact that a fire was at that moment raging in Chicago, and that many of their brethren had already lost all their earthly goods. Mr. Bock offered a resolution of sympathy for the suffering people, accompanied with pledges of aid in the hour of their terrible extremity. Mr. Wilson's services continued to March, 1872, when his resignation was tendered and accepted.

At a vestry meeting in August 1872 it was voted to raise $1,000 by subscription for a rector's salary, and then send a call to Rev. J. E. Jackson, of St. Charles, Mo., to assume the rectorship. In January, 1875, the church was called to mourn the loss of one who had been a leading member for 22 years —Mr. J. K. Lotheridge. Weakened by deaths and removals, the church felt itself unable to offer Mr. Jackson more than $800 as salary after the close of his second year, and he felt constrained to tender his resignation, which was accepted September 4, 1874. Since then the church has been without a rector.

From the minutes of the present clerk of the vestry, W. N. Gleason, as well as from those of his predecessors, we find that the subject of building a new house of worship has been frequently agitated. Resolutions having reference to a building movement were introduced by Dr. Cox, October 9th, 1871, and by Mr. Bock in March, '71, and also in February, 1873, when himself, J. M. Ward, and W. Andrus were appointed a committee to see about the disposal of the present church building. Nor does the subject now slumber, and the recent visit of the Bishop has doubtless contributed an impulse to what, it is hoped, will be a successful movement for the erection of an edifice better suited to the wants of the church and society. The ability of the society to carry forward such an enterprise to the desired consummation, need not be questioned.

Up to 1853 the confirmations at the annual visitations of the Bishop, are nearly all entered in the parish register in the handwriting of Rev. H. Safford, and show a gradual yearly increase. In 1842, the number confirmed was six; in 1843, six; in 1844, one; in 1846, four; in 1848, eleven; in 1850, ten; in 1851, three; in 1852, nine; in 1853, eight. The liturgy of the Episcopal church ever has its attractions for numbers of good and cultivated people, and the society has but to secure for itself, of human appliances, only the advantages of an attractive house and a new rector, in order to attain growth in a ratio of increase beyond that of the past.

THE QUAKER CHURCH.

That modest, unpretending structure, "The Quaker Church," was one of the pioneer institutions of Battle Creek. It stood on the site of the present Catholic church, and dates back in its organization among the "thirties." The society of friends consisted first of the Meritts, Harts, Husseys, Laphams, Crowells, Suttons, and other families here at that time.

The writer remembers hearing Hon. E. Hussey say, some years ago, "that the mission of the old Abolition party, and also of the Quakers had been given; they had performed their part, and their day being over, they could retire from the stage of action." This is true, at least of the Quakers in Battle Creek; they many years since disbanded and sold their church building to the Roman Catholics.

THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

was also one of the old institutions. The Nobles, the Champions, Grahams, Reeses, Rogers, and many others constituted the old membership of this church. The old building stood just south of Nobles' block, on Jefferson street. Rev. Mr. Sias was, I believe, the minister who organized this church. When spiritualism came to Battle Creek, this church, in a few years after that event, ceased to exist. Not that they all became spiritualists, but that Universalism became less attractive to a great many of the church after the "rappings" were heard in the town. While Battle Creek is one of the finest specimens of a self-made, enterprising town in the entire country, yet it has ever been a place where "isms" readily take root and flourish; sometimes choking up the "herbs of grace" in genuine orthodox soil.

THE SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH.

This church was organized sometime in the "forties." The society never erected a church building, but usually held their services in the old Union block. The principal founder of the society here was Dr. Atlee, who, with his son-in-law, Mr. Nichols and wife, Silas Dodge and family, Captain Titus and wife, Dr. C. E. Bartlett and wife, Dr. S. B. Thayer and family, Mrs. P. S. Rawson and others, constituted the membership of this society.

The ministers or shepherds who cared for this little flock were Jabez Fox, then of Marshall; Judge Abiel Silver, who lately died by drowning near Boston; Judge Chamberlain, of Northern Indiana; and George Field, that ripe English scholar, and very interesting lecturer. These, with others, were the pastors of this church. The venerable and learned Dr. Atlee afterward removed to Philadelphia, where he died. He was father to Thomas Atlee of Kalamazoo. Dr. Atlee was accustomed to say that Battle Creek was the only place in America where he and his wife could both attend service on the Sabbath, the same day. He was a Swedenborgian, and she was a Quakeress, and Battle Creek was the only town in this country where *both* of these churches were to be found. In fact this was then the only Swedenborgian church in the country. But this little church many years ago ceased to exist.

THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH.

This church was organized some time in the "fifties." The Jennings, the Milspaughs, the Bottines, and other families constituted the first organization and society. Rev. Mr. Shultz was, I believe, the first pastor. They erected a commodious building for worship, but their numbers were too small

to carry on the entire work of the church, both spiritual and financial; and they eventually united with the Presbyterian church, which is now really composed of three elements—Presbyterian, Congregational, and Reformed.

THE SECOND DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH

Is of recent date in Battle Creek, but as regards rapid growth, it reminds one of "Jonah's gourd."

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY W. H. BROCKWAY.

HENRY FIELDING was born somewhere on the Mohawk, in the vicinity of Schenectady, before the beginning of the present century. He came to Michigan in 1831, and lived in Calhoun county most of the time for the last fifty years. He was a good man and an honored citizen. By industry and economy he had acquired a competency of this world's goods. Having for many years suffered much from asthma, a short time since he went with his son to Colorado, hoping to find relief, and so he did; for within three short months he rested from his labors and passed over the river. His remains were brought back to Albion and laid away in our quiet cemetery.

HON. MARTIN B. WOOD died in Albion, December 23, 1881, of rheumatism of the heart, aged 74 years.

One by one the old and familiar faces are disappearing from our sight, and the places that have known them so long will know them no more on earth. As the old landmarks of our villages pass away every year, so it is with the noble men who created them.

Mr. Wood was in his usual health, except that occasionally he complained of rheumatism, but attended to all his business at his home and about town, up to the morning of his demise. After breakfast, of which he is reported to have freely partaken, he went to his barn to grease his wagon, where he was found dead. From the position of the body, Mr. Wood fell forward, and, from appearances, never moved after he struck the floor; and thus, alone, a good citizen, a good neighbor, a loving husband, and kind father has gone to the land where his fathers have gone before him, peacefully and quietly, as he had undoubtedly ceased to breathe before he fell.

Mr. Wood was born in the town of De Ruyter, Madison county, N. Y., Sept. 16th, 1807. He came to Michigan in 1833, and returned to Ithaca, N. Y., where he was married in October, 1837. In 1844 he again came to Michigan and moved his family to Albion in 1848, where he has resided ever since, with the exception of a short residence, from 1859 to 1861, in Bradford, Coshocton county, Ohio, where he was engaged in the manufacture of kerosene oil until the famous oil wells of Pennsylvania were discovered.

Mr. Wood superintended the erection of the first telegraph line between Detroit and Chicago, through the center of Michigan. In 1855 he was elected a member of the first Board of Trustees of the village of Albion, and in 1859 he was chosen its President by a large majority. He has held several other positions of trust by the votes of our citizens, in all of which he has proved himself a faithful and conscientious officer.

As a liberal-hearted citizen, Mr. Wood always had an open hand to deal

out of his purse to any worthy charity or enterprise that might be inaugurated by his fellow citizens. A few days before his death he made and signed a note to Albion College, to be paid toward the erection of an Astronomical Observatory in connection with that institution. The amount was $500.

He leaves a spotless record of a useful and well-spent life; was honest and conscientious in all his business relations; kind and affable in his habits, and was highly esteemed by those who knew him.

A wife and two sons, and three motherless grandchildren have the sympathy of this community in this their great bereavement—the loss of an affectionate husband and kind father.

CLINTON COUNTY.

PIONEER HISTORY OF CLINTON COUNTY.

BY WM. BRONSON, OF ST. JOHNS.

[Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, Feb. 4, 1880.]

By an act of the Legislative Council of the Territory of Michigan, approved July 30, 1830, the county of Kalamazoo was organized. By the same act, the counties of Calhoun, Barry, and Eaton, together with all that part of the territory of the lower peninsula lying north of Barry and Eaton, west of the principal meridian, and east of the towns in range 12, were attached thereto for judicial purposes.

By an act of the Council, approved March 2, 1831, that portion of the above territory designated by the United States survey as towns 5, 6, 7, and 8, north of ranges 1, 2, 3, and 4 west, was set off into a county, and named Clinton, after DeWitt Clinton, a former governor of the State of New York, and projector of the Erie canal.

November 30, 1832, George Campau, an Indian trader on Maple River, located the first piece of land in the county, in what is now the township of Essex,—the N. W. ¼ of the N. W. ¼ of section 8, in town 8 north, of range 3 west. The second piece was entered the 14th day of May, 1833, by David Scott, in DeWitt.

Some men and women seem to be endowed by their Creator with certain inherent qualities that *impel* them to become pioneers in the religious, political, scientific, or material world.

Capt. David Scott and his wife, the first settlers in Clinton county, appear to have belonged to this class, and to have been preëminently pioneers in the *material* world. The captain was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, on the first day of November, 1779. Eunice Forbes, his wife, was born in Shoreham, Addison county, Vermont, January 14, 1780. Both of these States are notoriously good ones to emigrate from.

They were married in 1801. In 1804 they moved to LeRoy, Genesee county, New York, where their nearest market was Utica, 150 miles distant. In 1816 they went to Covington, and in the fall of 1825 they came to Michigan, which was then the "far West," and settled at Ann Arbor, less than two years after the first settler reached that place.

In the spring of 1833, about the first of May, Nathaniel Brown and Charles Thayer, with a surveyor by the name of Stratton for a guide, took an exten-

sive trip, with a view of locating some choice tracts of land, and Capt. Scott attached himself to their company. They traveled on horseback, carrying their provisions, hoppling their horses and turning them loose at night, while they slept on the ground. There were no roads, and they had to follow the Indian trails.

They passed over the land where the village of DeWitt now stands, and Capt. Scott was so well pleased with the location that he determined to make it his home, but said nothing. He traveled on with his company down to the mouth of Maple River, where the village of Lyons now stands, where he met an acquaintance by the name of Hunt, an Indian trader. He continued on down the Grand river until they reached what is now Ionia. There he made an excuse for turning back, apparently to go home. But when he reached the trading post, he induced his friend to send an Indian to guide him to Okemos. From there he followed the trail to Jackson, and thence to the land-office at White Pigeon, where he entered his land. At that time there was no settlement on Grand river below Jackson. The latter part of that month, Mr. Samuel Dexter and five other men, with their wives, and a few single persons, came through from Herkimer county, New York, cutting their own road through Shiawassee and Clinton counties, and settled at Ionia. Soon after, a small company came from Ann Arbor, and cut a road through, intersecting Dexter's road in Shiawassee county. About the same time Capt. Scott and his oldest son Sylvester came out and looked the country over.

On the 28th day of September, 1833, the captain, his wife, and two sons, David and Charles (aged 16 and 14), started with four yoke of oxen, two wagons, nine cows and young cattle, and one horse. They hired two men with their ox teams and wagons to assist in bringing their goods and supplies for the winter, and another man who remained and worked for them a year or two.

They saw no house after they crossed the Huron, a few miles north of Dexter, until they built one. They brought a tent, under which they slept, and arrived at their destination on the 4th of October. Having previously obtained consent of the Indians, they took possession of a bark wigwam about fifteen feet square, with a bunk on each of two sides, and a hole in the center of the roof, through which the smoke sometimes passed out, from the fire built on the ground in the middle of the shanty. I do not know whether they erected a "sign-post," but they very soon began to "keep tavern."

They immediately commenced the building of a log house twenty feet square, and as there was no lumber to be had nearer than Pontiac or Ann Arbor, they made their own flooring and shingles. They brought with them from Ann Arbor two doors and a very few windows. While they were living in the bark shanty, some English people on their way to Grand River, where Portland now stands, stopped there for the night. One of their number was taken sick, and they sent to Ionia for a physician, but soon after his arrival the sick man died. A coffin was made with the barks from the shanty, and the remains buried, the funeral being attended by every person in the county.

About the middle of November our pioneers moved into their new house, and I am assured by the only survivor, Mr. David Scott, then a boy of 16, that the occasion was one of great rejoicing.

As their pasture extended over the whole of Clinton and parts of Ionia, Eaton, Ingham, and Shiawassee counties, it was no small task to watch their cattle. After winter set in, they fed them by cutting down trees on the timbered land near by, for them to browse on, and thus wintered seventeen head

of cattle, and one horse without any hay or grain. When the snow went off in the spring, the cattle were frequently mired, in consequence of their eagerness to get the grass growing in the wet places, and one yoke of oxen they lost entirely; supposed they got mired, and were eaten by wild beasts. The horse did not do well on the timber diet, and died in the spring.

Sylvester Scott, an older son of the Captain, came on early in the spring, and the next fall went back to Ann Arbor after his wife, Sophronia, and young son, George. Charles, the second son of this couple, born September 15th, 1836, was the first white child born in the county. About the first of May, 1834, they commenced plowing for corn and potatoes, and would turn out their cattle in the afternoon, and go after them early in the morning before they laid down. Sometimes it took so long to find them, that the party in search would not get back with them until noon, which made a late breakfast. Upon one occasion two yoke of the oxen wandered off, and Sylvester and the hired man followed them by their tracks into Eagle, where they crossed the Looking Glass river, and from there to a point four miles above Portland, where they crossed Grand river. From that place the men went to Portland and hired an Indian to go with Sylvester, and the other returned home.

Sylvester and the Indian took the track, and continued the search. When the cattle reached Thorn Apple river they turned easterly, and were followed to a point a few miles southwest of Lansing, and driven home by the hunters, who had followed them for six days, and who, during this time had lived on bread and raw pork, slept on the ground and crossed the rivers on rafts made of poles.

While they were searching for the oxen, the rest of the cattle started to go back to Ann Arbor, and David and Charles, boys of 16 and 14, overtook them in Shiawassee county, twenty-seven miles from home, and drove them back the same day, walking fifty-four miles in one day.

In the meantime Captain Scott had attained such a reputation as a landlord, that it became necessary to enlarge his "hotel," which was done by building a lean-to, about ten feet by twenty, on one side of the main building. This also, was erected without the aid of a saw-mill. And when, on one occasion a year or two later, "mine host" was called upon to furnish lodgings for forty-four persons (which he did), it became evident that more house room must be provided, and this was done by building an addition on to the other side, and doing it off into bedrooms.

The Captain went to Detroit and purchased a yoke of oxen to replace those which he lost in the spring. The first of July, 1834, he commenced breaking the land for a crop of wheat. In the fall he sowed 20 acres, and the next summer (1835) harvested 640 bushels,—32 bushels per acre.

This wheat was threshed on the ground. A place about 20 feet wide, and 40 feet in length, was smoothed off, and enclosed with a log fence about four feet high, then flooring was put down and four yoke of oxen driven in and kept in motion until the wheat was tramped out. In this way 80 bushels were threshed in a day. One hundred bushels were sold, and the remainder drawn to Pontiac and floured, and then brought back. It took from ten to twelve days to make a trip.

In 1835 Charles Scott was sick with inflammation of the lungs, and Alexander Calder, who worked for the Captain, went on foot to Dexter, after Dr. Nichols, the family physician, who came on horseback and arrived at the

close of the fourth day. He remained four days with the patient, and receiving a fee of $50, returned to his home, leaving the young man to convalesce.

The second settlement in the county, was made in March, 1834, by Stephen B. Groger and Anthony Niles, who came from Troy, Oakland county, with their families, and settled in what is now the town of Eagle; they being the first settlers in that town. In August of the same year (1834), Herman Thomas with his family, came in from Pontiac, and in October Mr. John Benson and his family moved in. In March, 1835, John B. Shear came with his family from Pontiac, where they had settled in 1831, coming *there* from Washington county, N. Y. Jonas Clark and family also moved in the same year (1835), and soon after, Henry Rowland came. These families all settled in Eagle.

In 1835, the first settlement was made in Watertown by Calvin Marvin.

The same year brought the third family into DeWitt,—that of Chauncey S. Ferguson. His father, Daniel Ferguson, came with him. They were followed by Ephraim H. Utley, and Elihu Gunnison, with their families. Late in that year, or early in 1836, Welcome J. Partelo, with his family, settled on section thirty-one, in what is now the township of Victor, being the first family in that town.

Under our first State constitution, adopted in October, 1835, the unorganized counties of Ottawa, Kent, Ionia, and Clinton, were entitled to one representative in the State Legislature; and the election returns of the several townships were required to be made to the clerk of the township of Kent, and said clerk was directed to perform the same duties, that by the laws of the territory devolved upon the county clerks in similar cases.

Clinton county was also a part of the third senatorial district, which consisted of the counties of Hillsdale, Branch, St. Joseph, Cass, Berrien, Kalamazoo and Calhoun, and all of the lower peninsula north of said counties, and west of the principal meridian. This district elected three Senators.

March 24th, 1836, Kent county was organized, and the unorganized counties of Ottawa, Ionia, and Clinton attached thereto for judicial purposes. By an act of the Legislature, approved March 23, 1836, the county of Clinton was organized into a *township* by the name of DeWitt. The first township meeting was held at the house of David Scott, on the first Monday in April the same year, and township officers elected as follows:

Supervisor, Welcome J. Partelo; clerk, Sylvester Scott; justices of the peace, W. J. Partelo, Ephraim H. Utley, Henry Rowland, and John Benson; assessors, John Benson, Calvin Marvin, Elihu Gunnison; highway commissioners, David Scott, Ephraim H. Utley, and Stephen Groger; collector, Chauncey S. Ferguson; overseers of the poor, David Scott, Anthony Niles; constables, Chauncey S. Ferguson, Ezekiel Niles; school commissioners, Alex. Chappell, Welcome J. Partelo, and Calvin Marvin; pound masters, David Scott, Heman Thomas; overseers of highway, David Scott, Daniel Barker.

The sum of $25.00 was raised by tax for the support of the poor.

Mr. Partelo went on foot to Grand Rapids to take the requisite oath of office, and upon his return administered the oath to the other officers elect.*

The first blacksmith in the county, who settled here about this time, was Samuel Foreman; the first carpenter and joiner, Thomas Myers; the first

*He undoubtedly made the journey twice more during the year to meet with the Board of Supervisors, but as the old records of Kent county were burned a few years ago, I can not be positive.

shoemaker, George O. Wells; the first physician, Dr. Jennison. The first death which occurred among the settlers of the county, was that of Dr. Jennison's wife, in the fall of 1836, and it is worthy of note that she died within a few days after the birth of the first child in the county, Sylvester Scott's son Charles, to which I referred above.

During this year (1836), the number of settlers continued to increase slowly, and in 1837 somewhat more rapidly. In the spring of 1837 the first post-office in the county was established at DeWitt, and Capt. Scott appointed postmaster. The mail was brought through on horseback once a week, the route extending from Howell to Grand Rapids.

The settlers were obliged to go to Pontiac to mill, until in the fall of 1837, a saw-mill with a grist-mill attached, having one run of stone, was completed at Wacousta. In the spring of 1838 a saw-mill was built in DeWitt. About the time of its completion, Capt. Scott's oldest son was accidentally killed in the mill—an event which must have been inexpressibly shocking to the little community. His was the first funeral sermon preached in the county. It was preached by Rev. Isaac Bennett, a Methodist circuit preacher, to whom I shall refer again. Sylvester Scott's widow, Mrs. Sophronia Scott, and David Scott, the Captain's second son, are now living in DeWitt, and from them I obtained many facts regarding the early settlement of the county. He is the sole survivor of the first family that settled in the county, and she is the oldest pioneer woman of the county, now living.

During the summer of 1836 a settlement was commenced in what is now the township of Duplain, that deserves more than a passing notice. The initial movement which lead to this settlement, was made in the city of Rochester, N. Y., during the preceding winter. After holding several meetings for consultation, twenty-six persons, nearly all heads of families, met on the 29th of February, and adopted Articles of Association, with the following preface:

"We, the subscribers, being desirous to purchase lands in one of the western States or Territories, on which we may settle, in the enjoyment of society and its attendant blessings, have associated together for that purpose; and do hereby mutually covenant and agree each for himself, severally with each of the others, jointly and severally, as follows:"

Article one provided that the Association should be called and known as "The Rochester Colony." The article provided for the raising of a fund with which to purchase lands, and authorized any person to become a member, and be entitled to a vote, by subscribing for one share of $125, and paying $5 down, and the balance on call. Joseph Seaver, Edward R. Everest and Wm. G. Russell were chosen as the agents of the association, to locate lands and transact all business for the Colony.

Article five provided that "deeds for any purchase of lands may be executed to the agents as grantees, but expressed to be to them as joint tenants in common, in order that there may be a survivorship on the death of either. The lands, although conveyed thus absolutely for the sake of convenience, shall be considered as purchased and held in trust for the subscribers who contribute to the funds."

It was also provided that the lands purchased should be surveyed and laid out into farm lots of 80 acres each, and village lots, and that one farm lot and one or more village lots should constitute a share, and that a drawing should be had in the city of Rochester, and that each shareholder should be

entitled to draw one farm lot and one or more village lots, and that after the drawing, the agents should give to each subscriber an article or contract for his portion of the land so drawn; and as soon as any subscriber had actually settled with his family on his portion, and made affidavit of his *bona fide* intention to remain a settler; or in lieu of settling, had made improvements on his portion, to the value of one-fourth of the cost thereof, the agents should give him a deed in fee simple, for his share.

It was also provided that the balance of the land should be sold at auction, and the proceeds divided between the shareholders. And it was further provided that, if any subscriber did not settle, or make the requisite improvements on his land, within eighteen months after the drawing, he should forfeit all his interest in the lands and property of the Colony; and that the same should be sold at auction, and the proceeds, not exceeding the original cost, without interest, after deducting all taxes, charges, and assessments, should be paid to such delinquent subscribers, and the balance divided among the shareholders. It was also provided that the agents should not purchase any land contiguous to that purchased for the company, until after the purchase for the company was completed, and the agents had returned to their homes in Rochester, N. Y.

On the 12th of April, 1836, two of the agents, Russell and Seaver, started west for the purpose of locating land for the colony. They were directed to proceed first to Ohio, and go up the Wabash and Erie canal to Fort Defiance, examining the country in that section, and also to look at Perrysburgh, on the Maumee. From there they were to go to Fort Wayne, Indiana, and examine the country north and west of there, especially along the Eel river, and all the northern counties of Indiana. Then go to Michigan, and "examine the Grand River and its tributary streams with great attention." They were told that "the head-waters of the Huron and the Grand are not far distant from each other, and it is conjectured with strong probability that a canal will soon intersect those two streams; look between those two points." "The Grand River is said to embrace water privileges which must soon be of great value. Look well to the village of Grand Rapids, and the country south of it; for that place must be of importance. We have heard that a railroad has been laid out from that place to Monroe village. * * * The counties of Clinton, Ingham, Eaton, and Barry should not be passed unnoticed. * * * You may be suited on the Thorn Apple River. We learn that there is a valuable tract of land near the center of Barry county. * * * If you should conclude to go to Grand Rapids, and examine as far north as Clinton county, and the Maple River, you must not fail to go into Saginaw county. Dr. Fitzhugh thinks the Saginaw flats are equal to the Genesee flats. This is also the opinion of Dr. Town, who lives at Ypsilanti, and his partner, who have all purchased there largely. Daniel Ball and his brother are now on a tour to that section."

It would seem from a letter written by Mr. Russell, one of the agents, after the land was purchased, that they did not visit all the places suggested to them by the company. The letter was written from Bronson, where the land-office was at that time located. It gives a very interesting description of their trip, and I have ventured to make copious extracts from it, as follows:

"BRONSON, Mich., May 11, 1836.

"E. R. EVEREST—SIR:—We arrived in Detroit Friday, 22d April, making

ten days from Rochester; found the roads bad. The Ball horse tired, and we had to put him off. We exchanged him for a pony, and paid $35. * * * We staid in Detroit until the Monday following, got what information we could from Messrs. Alcott, Ketchum, Strong, and others that we thought advisable to inquire of, and started on the Pontiac turnpike, leading through the northwest part of the territory. We stopped and explored different sections of the country. We found all the important points taken, excepting one which lies on the Maple river. We spent some four days in that part. * * * We think that the water privileges are good, and the land first best. Seaver and myself are much pleased with it, although it is timbered land. The timber is beech, maple, hickory, oak, bass, butternut, and black walnut; and as handsome as you ever saw, and well watered with beautiful springs. There is a contemplated canal to connect the Maple and Shiawassee together, near this place, which, if that takes place, will cause a great drift of business through this section of the country, as it will save something like one thousand miles of water carriage around the lakes. * * * We thought best to look further, and went to Barry county. We went, but soon returned. Got satisfied that it was too heavily timbered, and rough, broken land, for us. We then made up our minds that the Maple river must be the place. We started for Bronson that night, rode until eleven o'clock, evening; put into a tavern, and got permission to sleep on the floor. Started in the morning; fell in company with a speculator; was satisfied that he was after our land. Feeling determined not to give it up, I changed horses with Seaver, the other man being ahead a mile or two. I set out, determined not to lose the prize if I lost the horse. After we got within fourteen miles of Bronson, I had a fresh horse to contend with. For four or five miles I let him go ahead, until we got on the last ten miles to the office. I passed him within a few miles of the office, and got my application in a few minutes before him, after coming ten miles in forty minutes. * * * The country around this place is new, and if any family should leave Rochester for this, they had better bring everything that they will want for family use. There is no house near. If any one should set off before we get home, you must direct them from Detroit to take the road leading northwest fifty miles, to Grand Blanc; then take a west course to Mr. Williams's, on the Shiawassee river, where they will get all the information necessary. * * * We applied on Friday last, and are to have our duplicates at 9 o'clock this morning. We are to leave this place for the Maple to-day, with Mr. Hill, to make the survey, and lay the lots. We feel glad to get away. It's like town meeting here every day (Sundays excepted). We shall be at Rochester about the middle of June, probably.

"Yours, truly,

"WILLIAM G. RUSSELL,

"*For the Colony.*"

These gentlemen purchased for the company 4,003.6-100 acres of land, described as follows: The north half of sections five and six, in town seven north, of range one west, and the whole of sections 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, and 33, in town eight north, of range one west, for which they paid $1.25 per acre, making a sum total of $5,004.82.

On the 29th of June, 1836, the members of the company met at the office of Edward H. Everest in Rochester, and proceeded to draw their shares. At an adjourned meeting the next day, they voted unanimously to sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, a water privilege on Maple river, on section

29, capable of running two saws, and three run of stones, and that the purchaser should give bonds in the sum of $3,000, conditioned that he would erect one saw, and put it in full operation, within a year; and that a grist-mill should be erected, and at least one run of stones put in operation within two years from that date. Also that twenty per cent of the purchase money should be paid down, and the balance in four annual installments. The water privilege was struck off and sold to Willis Thempshall, for the sum of $1,115.

Early in July, 1836, John Ferdon, Samuel Barker, and Oliver Bebee started from the city of Rochester, with their families, to settle on the land to which they became entitled by the drawing. Messrs. Ferdon and Barker had each three children, and Mr. Bebee four. The eldest in each family was about seven years old. Of this little company of sixteen persons, six are now living, viz.: Mrs. Barker, now Mrs. Henry S. Harrison of Elsie; Mrs. Bebee, who lives on the farm where she and her husband settled at that time; their daughter Lois, now Mrs. Zenas H. Harrison of Ovid; Mr. Thomas Bebee of St. Johns; Lorenzo Ferdon of Bingham, and Rev. Henry P. Barker of Victor. This little band of pioneers came by water to Detroit, and from there came through with ox teams. Nine miles east of the point where Laingsburg is now located, they left the road which was cut through by Dexter in 1833, and taking a northwesterly course, cut a road through to their new home, which required nine days of hard work; the distance being over twenty miles.

Their houses had to be built without lumber or shingles. The other members of the company did not come on as soon as had been expected. Joseph Seaver came next, with his family. Francis Faxon came up in September, built a house, cleared a small piece of land, and returned home. In September, 1837, he moved in with his wife and six children. One of his sons, W. H. Faxon, now of Ovid, to whom I am very much indebted for information in regard to this colony, was then a young man of eighteen. Soon after their arrival at the new home, he went back to Detroit with an ox team, after household goods and provisions, and actually made eight trips that fall, carrying his own provisions; and during the first two trips slept every night in his wagon. The next arrival was the family of Charles Baldwin, November 15, 1837.

The next event of importance in this little colony was the formation of a pioneer church, in November, 1837, at the house of Joseph Seaver. As is generally the case in our new countries, it was organized by an M. E. circuit preacher. The name of this pioneer of Christianity was Washington Jackson, who, with his colleague, Rev. Isaac Bennett, was sent on to the circuit by the Michigan Conference, which then embraced the whole State. Mr. Bennett I have before referred to, as having preached the first funeral sermon in the county—that of Sylvester Scott. Mr. Jackson is dead, but Mr. Bennett is still living in this State. Their circuit comprised the counties of Clinton, Shiawassee, Ingham, and Ionia. They traveled on horseback, making a circuit of 300 miles in eight weeks—thus giving each little church a sermon once in four weeks. The members of this church were Francis Faxon and Betsey, his wife; Joseph Seaver and Jane, his wife, and their two daughters, Sarah and Bathsheba; Charles Baldwin and Sophronia, his wife; Mr. F. Cranson, and Mrs. Cusick. Of these ten persons, only two are now living—Mrs. Baldwin and Mr. Cranson. In December a Sunday-school was formed at the house of Francis Faxon, with nine scholars—Charles Baldwin, superintendent. That

Sunday-school is still in existence, having been kept up summer and winter; and to-day there is not a place in that township where liquor is sold.

The next February, 1838, a school-house was built, and Miss Bathsheba Seaver, subsequently the wife of W. H. Faxon, was installed as teacher, which position she occupied for three years. About the same time a school-house was built on the farm of Alanson Goodrich, one mile west of the location of DeWitt village; and in the spring Miss Betsey Gooch, afterwards the wife of Dr. Seth P. Marvin, was employed as teacher. These two schools were the first established in the county.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY S. S. WALKER.

ELDRIDGE G. WILLINGTON, JR., an old resident of this county, died at his home in Bengal township, aged 43 years. The disease of which he died was contracted while serving his country in the war of the Rebellion. He was a man respected by his neighbors for his integrity and uprightness in all things.

MRS. A. L. HILLYARD was a resident of the township of Duplain for 23 years; formerly from Chemung county, N. Y. She died May 28, 1881, aged 75 years.

MRS. IRA F. NETHAWAY, a resident of the township of Duplain for 27 years, died June 5, 1881, She was formerly from Ohio.

WM. W. WEBB, a pioneer of De Witt, died May 12, 1881, aged 75 years. Mr. Webb purchased the southwest quarter of Sec. 6, in 1835, and moved with his family on the same in 1836, where he has lived to the date of his death. He was an honest, upright man, filling various positions of trust in the township. Many of the pioneers of the early days of Clinton county will attest to his willingness to assist those in need and distress.

REV. H. P. BARKER died at his home in Victor township, May 15, 1881, in his 50th year. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1832, and came to Michigan and settled in Duplain township at an early day. He was ordained by Bishop Ames, in 1862.

JOHN HAIRE died at his home near Shepardsville, August 17th, 1881, in his 77th year. He was born in Ireland in 1804; came to this country in 1827, and moved to Michigan in 1841, becoming a resident in Ovid township in 1859. In his intercourse with friends and neighbors he was affable and courteous; a man of but few words, but those few always to the purpose; honorable and upright, making many friends and no enemies.

MRS. PHILO PECK, a pioneer of Riley, died August 28, 1881. Mrs. Peck came to Riley from Tecumseh, in 1841, with her husband and family.

DEA. HENRY POST, a resident of Victor for upwards of 40 years, died at his home Sept. 18, 1881, aged between 80 and 90 years. The county Pioneer Society will miss him from their annual gatherings.

MRS. JANE PRUDEN, a resident of this county for 20 years, died at the home of her daughter in Newaygo county, Sept. 21, 1881, in her 82d year.

LEVI GARLOCK, of Watertown, died Oct. 14, 1881, aged 61 years.

———SIMMONS died at his home in Olive, Oct. 27, 1881, aged 76 years.

MRS. R. L. SMITH died at the residence of her son, H. C. Hale, in Lebanon, Nov. 28, 1881, aged 84 years. Mrs. Smith moved with her two sons, John R. and H. C. Hale, to Michigan in 1841, and settled in Ingham county. They came to this county in 1845.

MRS. CHAS. TURNER died at St. Johns, January 12, 1882, aged 76 years; a resident of St. Johns 26 years. She was a kind and esteemed neighbor.

MRS. CHAS. BENTLEY died at her home January 22, 1882. She was an old resident and much beloved by the community.

JOHN CLARK, of Eagle, died January 22d, 1882, at the home of his brother, David Clark, aged 82 years.

HON. WM. SHEPARD died Feb. 4, 1882, in his 67th year. He was born in Saratoga county, N. Y., in 1815; came to Michigan in 1843 and settled in Duplain. Mr. Shepard acted a prominent part in the settlement and development of Clinton county. At Duplain, Maple Rapids, and Shepardsville he did the work of a pioneer, and did it well. During his life he has been engaged in farming, mercantile, and milling business, and in the practice of law. He was Judge of the county court in 1851. He was prominent in the county Pioneer Society, and one of its charter members.

MRS. SAMUEL FORMAN, of De Witt, died Feb. 26, 1882, aged 68. She was born in New Jersey, in 1814; married in 1832, and moved with her husband to Wayne county, Michigan, in 1836. They settled in Watertown. She was devoted to the welfare of those around her.

MORRIS FEDEWA died at the home of his son, John H., in St. Johns, April 2, 1882, aged 70 years. He was born in Germany, in 1812; emigrated to this country in 1842 and settled in Dallas, where he cleared 80 acres of land. On account of business complications he lost his property in 1860. He then moved to Westphalia and cleared up a new farm and made a comfortable home.

CHARLES BURT died at his home in Essex, March 30, 1882, aged 62 years. He was born in the State of New York in 1821, and came to Michigan in 1839 and settled in De Witt. In 1854 he moved into Essex and settled upon the farm upon which he has since lived. He had the esteem and respect of the community.

JOHN VAN HOSEN, also a pioneer of Essex. (Particulars not reported.)

MRS. J. S. LOOMIS died in Watertown, April 22d, 1882, in her 60th year. She was a resident of the township about 40 years.

JAMES DOAK, of Bingham, died May 15, 1882, in his 69th year. He was born in Philadelphia, in 1814, and came to this county about 30 years ago, and has since resided here.

DANIEL WARREN, one of the pioneers of Bingham, died recently at Kalamazoo, aged 68 years. He owned at one time the Walbridge farm adjoining the village on the south.

LIFE OF RANDOLPH STRICKLAND.

BY S. S. WALKER.

Randolph Strickland was born in Dansville, Steuben county, New York, February 4, 1823. His ancestors were from England, coming to this country in the sixteenth century. John Strickland, his grandfather, was a soldier in

the Revolutionary war. His father came from Massachusetts to Dansville, New York, in 1816, and was among the first to make his home in what was then termed "the west."

Schools were few and of the poorest kind. Very few books were to be found in the neighborhood. Under the instruction of his mother, who was a woman of strong mind, young Strickland learned to read and write, and when ten years old he had read every book to be found in the immediate vicinity of his home—including the Bible, which he had read twice through by course. He was the oldest of seven children, and when he was twelve years old his mother died. From that time he was compelled to labor daily to assist in supporting the family, and had no opportunity for study except after the day's work was done; then with his book in hand, by light made from burning pine knots, he toiled on until "the small hours." By such unaided efforts he obtained a good common education. When sixteen years of age he was employed in a saw-mill, taking the position of a grown man, and laboring sixteen hours each day during the season. From that time until his majority he engaged in lumbering in winter and farming in summer.

At twenty-one he set out for Michigan, in the hope of being able to make for himself a pleasant home and an honorable position in society. When he reached his destination he had less than one dollar left; but he had an excellent constitution, great will-power, a strong determination to succeed, and was ready and willing to perform any kind of hard labor. In December, 1844, he commenced teaching school in Ingham county, Michigan, for ten dollars per month, the best price to be obtained. When spring came he engaged in chopping and clearing land, and during summer labored in the harvest field. In the fall following, having carefully saved his earnings, he commenced the study of the law. When his small amount of money had been expended for board and clothing, he left the office to work in the saw-mill, harvest field, and to teach school, always taking his law books with him, and never allowing an hour to be lost. In this way, without assistance as to means for his support, he struggled on until, in October, 1849, he was admitted to practice in all the courts of this State. The following winter he visited his early home in the State of New York, and there engaged in teaching.

In the spring of 1850 he returned to Michigan, and commenced the practice of his profession at DeWitt. In the fall of 1851 he was married in Kent county, to Mary Ellen Gooch. In 1852 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Clinton county. He was reëlected in 1854, 1856 and 1858. He was one of the delegates to the national republican convention held at Philadelphia in 1856, and earnestly advocated the nomination of John C. Fremont for President. During the following campaign he was on the stump continually, and aided materially in carrying his State for the candidate of his choice.

In 1860 Mr. Strickland was elected to the Michigan Senate, in which he served on the Judiciary Committee, advocated and assisted in carrying through the bill allowing parties to testify in their own behalf in civil cases, and also allowing the respondent in criminal cases to make his statement to the jury in the nature of evidence, on which they may acquit if they believe it. His party urged him to accept a second term in the Senate, but he declined, and was again in 1862 elected prosecuting attorney.

In the early part of the rebellion Mr. Strickland was appointed by the Governor of Michigan, the Commissioner to superintend the draft, known as the State conscription. President Lincoln, in April, 1863, appointed him

Provost Marshal for the Sixth Congressional District of the State, which office he held until after the close of the war, and was honorably discharged in October, 1865. In the execution of this most delicate trust he so performed his duty as to make a host of warm and earnest friends.

At the Congressional Convention held in his district in 1864—when the then member of Congress had not served out his first term—the nomination was tendered to Mr. Strickland by a majority of the delegates, which honor he respectfully declined, on the ground that the sitting member, by the usage of the party, was entitled to a second term, saying to the delegates that he could not accept the nomination and thereafter hold an honorable position in the party.

After his discharge as Provost Marshal, Mr. Strickland returned to the practice of his profession, and continued actively and successfully engaged therein until 1868, when he was nominated for Representative in Congress. He was a member of the Republican State Central Committee in 1867 and 1868. Having been a delegate to the Chicago Convention that nominated General Grant for President, and being on the ticket, he canvassed nearly the entire district, speaking through fourteen of the eighteen counties of which it was composed, carrying all the counties but three, and being elected by more than 3,400 majority.

Taking his seat as a Representative from Michigan in the forty-first Congress, Mr. Strickland served on the Committees on Public Lands, Mines and Mining, and Invalid Pensions. The demands of his district upon its Representative were at that time unusually great; it had more than 1,500 miles of navigable coast; its agriculture would have averaged fairly with the other districts throughout the country; its exports of salt, pine lumber, iron ore, pig iron, and ingot copper were enormous, and its fisheries were equal in value to its wool and wheat productions combined. Notwithstanding this large extent of territory and varied interests to look after, he accomplished as much or more for his district than any other Representative from the State. He delivered a speech in the House upon the tariff, March 26th, 1870, which was well received.

After his return from Congress he again took up the practice of his profession. At the time of the second Grant campaign he joined the new party of Liberal Republicans, believing that the old Republican party had rendered its best services to the country.

In the following campaign of Hayes and Tilden, Mr. Strickland heartily supported Tilden and Reform, having looked and hoped in vain for a reformation to take place within the old party. He, appreciating more and more fully the fact that any party that has long held supreme power must become corrupt, and believing more firmly than ever that the good of the people demanded a new order of things, labored to that end.

When the great industrial and financial questions came up for consideration, he was found, as ever, on the side of the people and the oppressed. He worked with great zeal on this, as on all questions which lay near his heart, superintending and carrying on work after his health had so failed that he had been obliged to give up his business. It was in June of 1880 that Mr. Strickland was compelled to relinquish his cases in court and office business. His health failed steadily and gradually, notwithstanding his strong will and determination to get well, which probably prolonged his life some time. He

went to the Sanitarium at Battle Creek for medical aid the 11th of March, 1881, where he died the following May 5th.

By his death society lost one of its most valuable members; the temperance cause one of its strongest allies and most ardent workers; the educational interests a firm and loyal supporter; and all who knew him a true friend and brother. To Mr. Strickland as much or more than to any other of its pioneer settlers, is Clinton county indebted for its gradual development and present material prosperity.

EATON COUNTY.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY H. A. SHAW.

DAVID STIRLING was born near Glasgow, Scotland, May 26, 1818, and moved to Canada with his father, William Stirling, and his family in the year 1821. When six years old his parents removed to New York Mills, Oneida county, New York, where he resided until he grew to manhood. While a young man, living in New York, he learned the machinist's trade, at which he worked for several years. By close attention to business he acquired sufficient means to start in the mercantile business and was engaged in the dry goods and general trade for some time in the State of New York, at the same time being a partner in the firm of Stirling, Hamlin & Seelye, in the then village of Eaton Rapids.

In 1840 he was united in marriage to Miss Mary M. Harvey, of New York Mills, and on June 1st, 1849, he arrived at Eaton Rapids with his wife and family. Previous to his arrival the firm had built the old Union Block, on the lots where Brainerd's grocery and Knapp & Carr's hardware store now stand, continuing in business there for some years, when he moved to the store on the north-east corner of Main and Hamlin streets, which was destroyed by the great fire of 1864, removing, before the fire, to the old Union Block, where he continued business till 1870.

About this time the mineral water was discovered here, and Mr. Stirling sunk a well on his lot on Main street, since which time he has been engaged in running his bath-rooms and bottling and shipping mineral water. Although not being very rugged since he came to Michigan, his health did not fail him perceptibly, till about three years ago he began to complain and gradually failed till death relieved him of his sufferings. He died August 23, 1881, of cancer of the stomach, and Bright's disease of the kidneys.

Mr. Stirling united with the M. E. church at the age of eighteen years and was an earnest worker in that society, being one of the first members of that church here, in which he held various offices with credit to himself and the church.

His wife and four children survive him, also two brothers and three sisters, Mrs. Jane Garton, in California, Mrs. Amos Hamlin, Mrs. W. J. Seelye, Messrs. William and James Stirling, of Eaton Rapids.

SANDFORD MOTT died August 6, 1881, aged 70 years. He was born in New York State; came here from Fairfield, Ohio, in October, 1845; settled on the farm on which he died, and cleared it up himself. At one time he lost a good

frame house by fire. He has left a wife and two children, both settled in life and in comfortable circumstances. He was an invalid for the last 12 or 14 years of his life.

THOMAS H. ROBERTS died February 22, 1882, aged 72 years.

MRS. THOMAS H. ROBERTS died January 23d, 1882, aged 70; one month before her husband.

They came to this State Jan. 1st, 1851, from Bucks county, Pa., living three years on a farm near the one which he afterwards owned and on which he died.

SILAS LOOMIS, one of the first settlers of Eaton county, was born in Chenango county, State of New York, Nov. 5, 1799; settled in Eaton Rapids in April, 1836, and died May 5, 1881, aged 81 years and 6 months.

DANIEL BATEMAN settled in Eaton Rapids in 1836, died April 22d, 1882.

EVA COOK, wife of Erastus Cook, died in Brookfield, Eaton county, June 4th, 1882. She had resided in that township for 28 years.

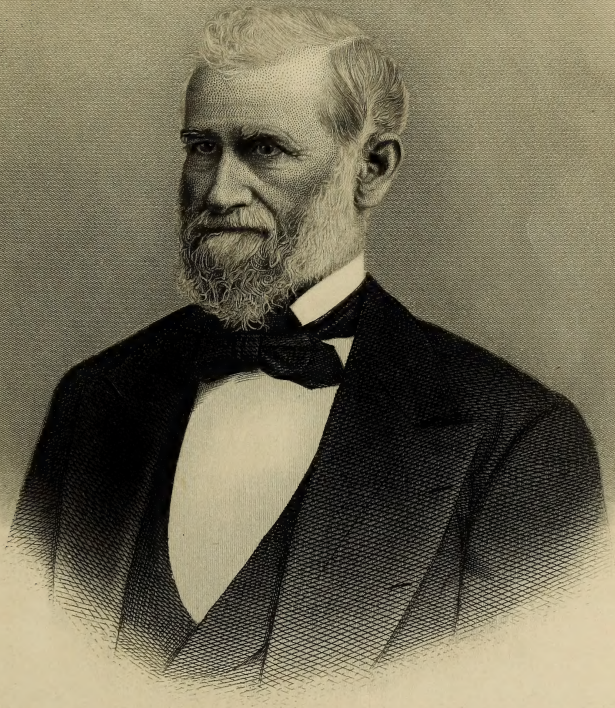
DANIEL STIRLING died at Eaton Rapids October, 1881, at the age of 64 years. He had resided there 36 years.

GENESEE COUNTY.

HON. J. W. BEGOLE.

Josiah W. Begole was born in Livingston county, New York. Jan. 20, 1815. His ancestors were of French descent, and settled at an early period in the State of Maryland. His grandfather, Capt. Bolles, of that State, was an officer in the American army during the war of the revolution. About the beginning of the present century both his grandparents, having become dissatisfied with the institution of slavery, although slave-holders themselves, emigrated to Livingston county, New York, then a new country, taking with them a number of their former slaves, who volunteered to accompany them. His father was an officer in the American army, and served during the war of 1812. Mr. Begole received his early education in a log school-house, and subsequently attended the Temple Hill Academy at Geneseo, New York. Being the oldest of a family of ten children, whose parents were in moderate though comfortable circumstances, he was early taught habits of industry, and when 21 years of age, being ambitious to better his condition in life, he resolved to seek his fortune in the far west, as it was then called. In August, 1836, he left the parental roof to seek a home in the Territory of Michigan, then an almost unbroken wilderness. He settled in Genesee county, and aided with his own hands in building some of the early residences in what is now known as the city of Flint. Where this flourishing city now stands, there were but four or five houses when he selected it as his home. In the spring of 1839, he married Miss Harriet A. Miles. The marriage proved a most fortunate one, and to the faithful wife of his youth, who lives to enjoy with him the comforts of an honestly earned competence, Mr. Begole ascribes largely his success in life. Immediately after his marriage he commenced work on an unimproved farm, where, by his perseverance and energy, he soon established a good home, and at the end of eighteen years was the owner of a farm of five hundred acres well improved.

Mr. Begole being an anti-slavery man, became a member of the Republican party at its organization. He served his townsmen in various offices and



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J. W. Boyle.

was in 1856 elected County Treasurer, which office he held for eight years. In 1870 he was nominated by acclamation for State Senator, and elected by a large majority. In the Senate he was known as an industrious and painstaking legislator.

Mr. Begole was a member of the National Republican Convention held at Philadelphia in 1872, and was a member of the committee to inform Gen. Grant and Senator Wilson of their nomination. He was elected a member of the forty-third Congress, and served on several important committees. He voted for the currency bill, remonetization of silver, and other financial measures, many of which, though defeated then, have since become the settled policy of the country. Owing to the position which Mr. Begole occupied on these questions, he became a "Greenbacker."

RECOLLECTIONS OF PIONEER LIFE.

BY HON. JOSIAH W. BEGOLE.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, June 8, 1882.

Our pioneers are passing away so rapidly, that soon not one will remain who can speak from his, or her, personal knowledge or experience, of the homes, habits, customs, amusements, trials, and incidents of pioneer life in this country. Those who will soon occupy our places will know only by hearsay how we lived. Even now, when we give an unembellished account of what occurred, the generation which is taking our places regard our truthful narrative as false and imaginary, and an extravagant picture.

I am one of the very oldest pioneers now left in Genesee county. It has occurred to me that I might render a small service by giving a brief sketch of what has passed before my own eyes, and relate incidents in which I have participated.

My purpose is two-fold: To recall to the failing memories of the aged, scenes through which they have passed, and exhibit to those who are crowding us from the busy stage of life, how we spent the early years of our earthly probation. How we lived before the cities, villages, cultivated farms, and costly residences were established.

Our dwellings were built of round logs, just as they were found in the woods. Occasionally a pioneer, who was so fortunate as to have some money that he had earned before coming here, would construct his dwelling of hewed logs. That was called aristocratic, or putting on style. The logs were notched near the ends with an ax, for the double purpose of holding them firmly and bringing them nearer together. The spaces between were filled with split pieces of wood, called chinkers, fastened in with clay mortar. When the logs were cut in the proper lengths, they were hauled to the spot with oxen, and the neighbors, for miles around, were invited to the house raising. With hand-spikes, forks, and skids, the logs were raised to their positions, and a man on each corner with an ax prepared the notches. In this way the walls of a house were soon built. The cross-cut saw was then put in requisition, to make the openings for doors, windows, and fire-place.

In our county timber for good shingles was obtained from the pine woods, in the north part of the county, where an abundance of good timber could be had for the trouble of taking. Rarely a pioneer inquired for the owner of the

land. The doors were made of rough boards (when they could be obtained) with wooden hinges, and were hung upon pins fastened upon the lintels. It was fastened by a wooden latch on the inside, and was opened from without by a string passing through a gimlet hole in the door, and hanging outside. It was locked at night by simply pulling in the string. It was from this that the saying originated when hospitality was tendered, "You will find the latch string always out." I have attended many of these log-raisings as they were called. It was heavy work and attended with considerable danger. The fire-place was always ample, sometimes extending half way across the house. Wood was plenty, and cost only the labor to chop it. The chimney was mostly built of split sticks and mud, the back and hearth of clay, pounded into a strong wooden frame. Then came the big back-log, which was often drawn to the door with oxen, and required all the combined strength and skill of the household to put it in position. Then a smaller one on top and in front of this, making a foundation for a fire that would last two or three days; sending out a cheerful glow, imparting both warmth and light to the family group gathered around it. There was no hardship in this, but lots of solid comfort.

Many of the floors, above and below, were made of split logs. The cellars were simply a hole in the ground, which was entered by taking up a piece of the floor. The floor above was usually reached by a ladder made of rough poles. The lower room answered the purpose of kitchen, sitting room, parlor, and bed room. If crowded with company, some of the family or friends were sent up the ladder to sleep, among the piles of hickory and walnuts, and under strings of dried pumpkins, apples, and peaches, which hung from the rude rafters. Our furniture was simple and easily made. I have seen a bed-stead made, by driving crotches through holes in the floor, and small poles laid on the crotches, and then corded with elm bark. Our musical instruments were a large spinning-wheel, for spinning wool and tow, and a smaller one for flax. The music was heard through the day, and long after night, a woman spinning upon a large wheel stepped backward as she drew and twisted the thread from the roll, and forward as she wound it upon the spindle, placing her in a more charming and delightful attitude than were ever exibited in a drawing or ball room. It may be that her feet were unshod, and her dress of linsey-woolsey, but her symmetry of form, her graceful motion, were better shown to advantage, than when clothed in costly and fashionable attire. When the spindle was well filled the reel was put in requisition, and we have witnessed with what exultation she tied the knot, when the snapping of the reel announced that the last knot of her day's work was done and ready for the loom. We can well appreciate the beauty of Solomon's description of a virtuous woman, when he said: "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands, she layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." In one corner of the living-room stood the loom for weaving our cloth. Near the fire stood the dyeing tub, the perfume from which was not like the otto of roses. Some of my old lady hearers will remember these things. A suit of clothes manufactured by my own mother's hands, on her own loom, I wore to this country, and I never had a suit of clothes that I was more proud of.

The gable ends of our houses were often nearly covered with the skins of rabbit, raccoon, mink, bear, and deer, stretched there to dry, to be converted

into articles of dress, or exchanged for tea, calico, or some other of the necessaries of life, as luxuries were seldom indulged in.

We had but few cooking utensils, and no stoves. The beef or mutton roast, the pig, duck, or turkey was suspended by a string fastened to a wooden peg over the fire-place, and cooked before the blazing fire. The gravy as it oozed from the meat, was caught in an iron pan resting on the hearth; ever and anon the attendant turned the meat around, basting with the drippings properly seasoned. In the corner near by, was the covered bake kettle filled with bread, with the glowing embers above and beneath it. And as I think of it now, I know I shall never taste of such bread, pie, and cake, as was baked by my good wife in that same old bake kettle. People may boast of their cooking appliances, and fancy dishes, gotten up on a morning glory, or early breakfast cooking stove, but give me corn bread baked before the cabin fire, and the barbecued saddle of venison, pig, or turkey, in preference to all the scientific cooking of the present day. Our best table dishes were of pewter, and the bowls and spoons of the same material, were kept as bright as polished silver.

The old oaken bucket that hung in the well, fastened to the well-sweep with a hickory withe, and the gourd, tied to the curb, are among the pleasant recollections of my early home.

We were self-reliant, and comparatively happy and independent, every member of the family did a little for their own comfort and convenience.

We made our own cloth out of our own raw material; made our own soap, and dipped our own candles. When we butchered we sent a piece of meat to our neighbors, and they in return did the same kind favor for us. We in this way had a supply of fresh meat without the aid of a professional butcher and without money, that being a scarce commodity in those early days.

The shoemaker and tailor, with their kit of tools, made their annual rounds to make our shoes and winter coats. Our inventory of furniture would be incomplete did we omit to mention the old flint-lock rifle, or musket, with powder-horn, shot or bullet-pouch, all of which were placed upon wooden pegs fastened to the upper joist. I was seventeen years old when the percussion cap first came into general use, and well do I remember going to the gunsmith to have my flint-lock altered to receive the percussion cap.

In the chamber hung an ample supply of catnip, sage, tansy, boneset, and many other herbs, all gathered in their season. These constituted the materia medica of the pioneer, apothecaries' medicines being very little used. To guard against the ague, a jug of bitters, compounded of a dozen kinds of roots, and as many of barks and berries, was provided. To ward off attacks of worms among the children, tansy and wormwood was the panacea used.

Hospitality was hearty and unbounded. No visiting was done by cards—none of the heartless formalities of modern artificial society. "Bring your knitting and stay all day," was the cheerful, out-spoken invitation. Whatever was provided for the table, was placed at once before the guests, and without courses or apologies. All were expected to help themselves. Manners, customs, and habits have changed, and perhaps for the better. I would not want to return to those old customs, but memory will cling with fondness to those of other days. It gratifies our pride to have all the advantageous aids in preparing and serving our food. It is pleasant to have a house of eight or ten rooms, with its appropriate furniture and adornments, but we very

much doubt whether these things make us more happy, or contribute greatly to our family and social enjoyment.

The library of the most intelligent pioneer consisted of the Bible, Hymn-Book, Bunyan's Holy War, and Pilgrim's Progress, Baxter's Saints' Rest, a History of the Revolutionary War, and perhaps some had Gulliver's Travels and Robinson Crusoe. Our school-books were few. That for the beginner was Webster's Spelling-Book. "Baker," "brier," "cider" were in the first spelling lesson.

Like our dwellings, the school-house was built of logs, with a long window, one glass wide, on the end and both sides of the house; and I have seen greased paper substituted for glass in the windows. The seats were made of slabs, with holes bored in each end, in which legs were placed. This is no fancy picture. I have many a day sat on these hard benches. They were very uncomfortable, I assure you. I would be sorry to see the children of the present day compelled to sit upon such seats. In that respect, and many others, there has been great improvement.

Our school was sustained by a rate tax or subscription. Our teachers received from eight to twelve dollars per month for their services, and boarded around with the patrons. On certain festive days the custom prevailed of barring the teacher out, until he should treat to cider, apples, gingerbread, or candy. Yet our old-fashioned schools were good. The boys and girls obtained a good practical education, that I think was very much more appreciated where it cost something, than that obtained in our free schools of to-day. On account of the sparseness of the population, and the work to be done at home, in which the boys and girls took an active part, we usually had but two terms of school, summer and winter.

Our clothing was mostly of domestic manufacture; our summer wear was mostly of linen. Our fathers raised and dressed the flax, and our mothers hetcheled, spun, wove, and made up the garments. The recollections of the new tow shirt, with its prickling sleeves, makes me almost scratch, as when we were compelled to wear them. Toweling, table-cloths, and bed linen were made in the same way, and of the same material. Our winter clothing, for both sexes and all ages, was made from wool shorn from our own sheep, carded, spun, colored, and woven in our own homes. Sheep-washing was considered fine sport for the boys. The same practice has been carried on up to the present day, but is being "played out," and will, I think, soon go into disuse. Many a day have I held the sheep for my father to shear, and well do I remember how hard the work was. Now men hold their own sheep while shearing.

Our farm implements were few and simple. The ax was in constant use, and always kept in good order. A maul and two iron wedges, for making rails, a wooden mould-board plow, a harrow, with wooden or iron teeth, log-chain, bob-sled, a flax-break and swingling-board, a couple of "threshing-machines," which were made of two good hickory sticks tied together with a piece of buckskin, constituted our principal outfit. Two or three neighbors usually joined together in the purchase of a winnowing-mill, to clean grain. I well recollect when the first cast-iron plow was made, and when we cut all of our grain by hand with a sickle. Men, women, and children all turned out in those days to help gather the harvest.

Our domestic animals consisted of a small flock of sheep; every farmer had a yoke of oxen, and a very good team they were on a new farm, especially for logging, and plowing new land, a cow or two were indispensable, a drove of

hogs, of all ages, to gather the shack in the woods. Their ownership was determined by marks on the ears, such as notches, slits, or holes. Geese were kept then much more than now. No good mother thought of giving her daughter a good setting out for housekeeping without a feather bed. A feather bed, in an open log house, was a luxury on a cold winter night.

We had a great variety of dogs and sometimes a half-dozen claimed the same master and found their kennel under the same cabin floor. To protect our sheep from the wolves, that howled about at night, we were often compelled to pen them up, near the house. These stealthy and miserable pests were afraid to venture too near our houses. As in the present day, our sheep folds were invaded by hungry dogs, and many a poor cur had to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, for crimes he had never committed, by some farmer who had suffered from canine cruelty.

The half-starved yellow dog, and the prowling wolf alike, played sad havoc with the farmer's flock.

Those who suppose that the pioneer's life was one of continual hardship, all work and no play, are very greatly mistaken. We had our amusements, which, if not as refined as at the present time, were less barbarous; we never shot birds from a trap. Yet they were exciting and enjoyable. The pursuit of game, with the faithful dog and trusty gun, relieved the monotony of daily toil. The forests abounded with squirrel, turkey, and deer; we trapped the quail, and rabbit, and other small game, went cooning at night; all of these things furnished much amusement. Pleasure was often combined with business. House raising, log rolling, and husking frolicks were frequent and attended by old and young. Corn huskings in the fall were universal, in which there was more fun making, than corn husking. The farmer in the morning, found his corn and stalks badly mixed. Young people in the fall and winter evenings were often assembled at a quilting, or apple cut, when the quilt was finished, or the apples peeled, quartered, cored, and a good supper disposed of; our old pioneers will remember with what enthusiasm they marched with partners, and sang:

We are marching forward to Quebec,
The drums are loudly beating;
America has gained the day,
The British are retreating.

And reversing the order, with the arms crossed, sing:

The war is over and we'll turn back
To the place from which we started,
So open the ring and take one in
Which you think will prove true-hearted.

Seldom were these joyful occasions marred by any unpleasant incidents, or by excesses in eating or drinking; but at an early hour in the morning each young man went home with his girl, only to repeat the same enjoyment at some other neighbor's house on the next moonlight night.

We could indulge in these reminiscences almost without limit. We could speak of our rude churches, our camp-meetings, our unlettered pioneer preachers, their style of sermons, and many other things that crowd upon the memory, but we have exceeded the limits prescribed. We will only add, that these scenes have passed, and in a few more years those who have participated in them will have become pioneers to another country, and be there followed by a stream of emigration from this changing world to one that is unknown. May we not

hope as one generation passeth away and another cometh, that each succeeding one may attain a higher degree of excellence than its predecessor, and become wiser, better, happier.

MEMORIAL REPORT

BY J. W. BEGOLE.

June 6, 1882.

MRS. ANN BUCKINGHAM, wife of Lewis Buckingham, one of the very earliest pioneers of Genesee county, died August 13, 1881. She was 80 years old; had been married over sixty years. She came to Michigan in 1832, with her husband, who died in November, 1880, and whose death was reported to the Pioneer Society at its last meeting. She knew much of pioneer life. The first meal that she cooked for her family was by a fire kindled by the side of a large log. She in after years often spoke of the wolves that howled around and near the house. She leaves two daughters and two sons to mourn her loss. She was a kind and Christian woman, and beloved by all who knew her. Her acquaintance was very large, being among the very first to meet and to greet the early settlers of that long time ago.

REUBEN MCCREERY, one of the very early pioneers of Genesee county, was born in Monroe county, New York, in 1808. Was married to Miss Susan Barker in 1835; came to Michigan in 1838; was honored by holding the office of sheriff for three or four terms; held the office of county treasurer for four years; was for many years largely engaged in lumbering, also in grist milling. He was the father of Col. William B. McCreery, late State Treasurer, and Rev. Charles McCreery, of Kansas; also one daughter, Mrs. Charles Draper, of Detroit. He died at Flint, March 25, 1881.

IONIA COUNTY.

A PIONEER JOURNEY.

Ionia Sentinal, August 21st, 1882.

P. H. Taylor, in searching for material to be used in a paper for the State Pioneer Society, has obtained the following written by Judge Yeomans: "Memorandum of journey to Michigan. Left German Flats May 25th, 1833. (This date is undoubtedly incorrect.) Buffalo, May 7th; landed at Detroit May 10th; left Detroit May 12th; Pontiac, 14th; Fuller's, in Oakland county, 15th; Gage's, 16th; in the woods, 17th; at Saline, 18th and 19th; camped out from 20th to 28th." This memorandum and the poem are written on two pages of a small account book. The size of the page, 3½ by 5½ inches. The paper is very yellow and the ink very much faded. The poem is a hymn in common metre and no doubt was sung forty years ago by Mr. Yeomans, who was very fond of singing.

GRATITUDE TO GOD, ON ARRIVING AT IONIA.

We'll praise Thy name, O God of Grace,
For all Thy mercies shown;
We've been preserved to reach this place
And find a pleasant home.

In journeying far from distant lands,
We've been Thy constant care;
Have been supported by Thy hand
To shun each evil snare.

Through dangers great and toils severe,
Thou Lord hast led our way;
Thou art our helper evermore
To guide us day by day.

Help us, O Lord, to raise our song
Of gratitude to Thee;
Great God, to Thee all praise belongs,
From land to land, from sea to sea.

JACKSON COUNTY.

PIONEER EXPERIENCE OF WM. H. CROSS.

MACKINAW, *June 13, 1879.*

Hon. M. Shoemaker, President State Pioneer Society, Jackson, Mich.:

SIR,—Having been favored with a card of invitation to meet the State Pioneer Society at Jackson on the 18th, and it also being the 50th anniversary of the settlement of Jackson county, I take the liberty of writing a few lines to you, as President of the State Pioneer Society, of my early days in Michigan, and an early knowledge of southern Michigan, and of Jackson county. In the month of June, 1825, my brother, Robert J. Cross, bought land in town 6 S., R. 6 E., on Sec. 8, Tecumseh; and in the fall of 1826 we took possession of it, and making it our home; and from the time of our settling there we were, for one a half years, the frontier cabin of the settlement on the east side of the river Raisin. In the fall of 1829 I was induced to take an ox team and load of goods to Mottville, St. Jo. county, to Sheriff Taylor, of St. Joseph county, who was white man's sheriff and the Indians' merchant, at the middle crossing of the line of the Chicago road and the St. Joseph river, one above at Jonesville, and one at Buckrand, below. This trip of two weeks, with an ox team, gave me a first view of the prairies of southwestern Michigan, which so pleased me, that the next spring we sold our farms at Tecumseh, and decided to go further west. In September I left Tecumseh on a land looking expedition, and came by stage-wagon to Coldwater Prairie; then left the road and followed down the Coldwater river, waded the St. Jo., just below the mouth of the Coldwater, found and examined Dry Prairie, in Calhoun county; thence to Nottawa Prairie, where on the third day from Coldwater I met the first white settler, and stayed over night in a cabin. The next day I went to Prairie Ronde, where I found most of the men had gone to Monroe, to prove up their preëmption claims, and obtain their land before the land sale to come off on the last days of the month. Stayed there over night, and next day went on to Bronson's (now Kalamazoo), and was ferried across by Mr. Harrison, the only white man there,—Bronson, for family reasons, having gone to spend the fall on Prairie Ronde; at night reached Toland's or Matthew's Prairie (now Galesburg). The next morning I left Toland's with a piece of bread for my supply—all that they could spare me—waded the river early, reached Goguac Prairie, where Goddard, of Ypsilanti, and others were cutting marsh hay for future use. They very kindly gave me a piece of good

salt pork to season my bread with; again waded the Kalamazoo and Battle Creek rivers at the mouth of the latter, which I found the worst and deepest ford, and at night found a cabin on Bear plains—logs rolled up and a roof on, which I took possession of, and slept in through the night; next morning in a heavy rain passed the mouth of Rin Creek (Marshall) and about three o'clock in the afternoon, reached Roberts at Sandstone, weary, wet, and hungry, and having passed through Calhoun county in which was not a fixed settler, entered the county of Jackson, after being dried in my clothes, fed in my body, and rested, I left next morning for Jacksonburg, the much lauded and praised county seat of Jackson county; it did not please me. I had been over the St. Jo. and Kalamazoo valley, and could see little beauty in this new county. Here were perhaps a dozen families, and the saw-mill was being pushed to completion, and I was hard urged to go to work for the owners to help them get it to running, but the next morning I went East some two miles and then struck south for the north bend of the Raisin, and just at sundown reached home. On the first day of October, being the first day of entry of lands at private sale, I took up four lots of land on Sec. 22, T. 6. S.. Range 6 West, at Coldwater, where for thirteen years I made my home, and from where as a contractor on the Michigan Central Railroad at or near Grass Lake I spent over a year in Jackson county, until we were obliged to stop work, because the State of Michigan stopped payment; since which time Branch and St. Jo.—the last for 34 years,—have been my home, although a wanderer in the Eldorado of the West, in the gold mines of California, from 1851 to 1858, and no happier hours do I find, than in those hours of cordial meetings of the early pioneers of our Peninsular State, and most gladly would I be with you at Jackson on the 18th, but this time of rest and recreation from duty, warns me to stay at this point where Father Marquette in 1671, made the first settlement in Michigan, and where just across on the West shore at Point St. Ignace his remains rest. With kind regards to you personally, and to the brother Pioneers of our beloved State, I am

Yours Truly,

WM. W. CROSS,
Centerville, St. Jo. Co., Mich.

THE FIRST SETTLERS OF PULASKI.

BY VICE PRESIDENT IRA A. WILLIS.

Pulaski, in its primitive state, was what was called an oak opening township of land, and the first settler in it was John Howard, settling in the southwest part of the town, on what was called Howard's Island, in the year 1834, although there had a man come into the township previous to Mr. Howard, and built a shanty. As he did not make a permanent settlement, I do not think he should have the honor of being the first settler. Soon after, other settlers came in. Among the first were Reuben Penoyer, Cornelius Fisher, Reuben Luttendon, Sylvester, Daniel, and Stephen Chesbro, James Cross, Benjamin Stoaky, Joel Fiske, Charles Guile, Isaac N. Swain, Jesse Burroughs, Michael Nowlin, Harry Nowlin, Isaac P. Wheeler, John Wilbur, Col. L. L. Ward. The Colonel being quite a military man, gave the name to the town, naming it after the celebrated Polish chieftain, Count Pulaski. The first birth in the town was that of Goodel Wilbur, a son of John and Mrs. L. Wil-

bur. This son is now nearly forty years of age, and a well-to-do farmer in the State of Iowa. The first death was also in Mr. Wilbur's family—a son about thirteen years of age, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun.

THE FIRST SETTLERS OF GRASS LAKE.

BY VICE PRESIDENT ZERA BOYNTON.

Grass Lake is situated on the Michigan Central railroad, ten miles east of Jackson, and sixty miles west of Detroit. The township takes its name from the lake; a beautiful sheet of water, lying a little north of the present village. If tradition informs us correctly, the lake was named by a little emigrant girl, when riding by it and seeing the grass in the water, exclaimed: "O, what a grassy lake!"

This township was first settled in the spring of 1829, by a "squatter" named David Sterling, who located on a piece of land about a mile west of the present village. In the fall of the same season he was followed by a p arty from Niagara county, New York, to wit: George C. Pease, his son William H. Pease, David Keys, and their families. Daniel Walker came in 1830, and was appointed postmaster the next year—the first in the township. Ralph Updike and John Ritchie came in 1831.

The first township meeting was held in a log house, the residence of Daniel Walker, in the spring of 1832. Ralph Updike was elected supervisor, Daniel Walker township clerk, and Jacob Page justice of the peace.

The first wheat raised in the township, and supposed to be the first raised in the county, was grown in 1830, by David Sterling, the first settler of Grass Lake.

Mr. Updike built a saw-mill in 1834, also a store, which was filled and occupied by John M. Whitwell. The first hotel was built by James Faulkner, in 1834. In the spring of 1835 Jacob Page opened his house for public entertainment. This was first built of logs, and afterwards a frame-work addition made to it. This house stood near the center of the present village, and was for years known through the territory as the "Grass Lake House." The first school-house—of logs and located near the west part of the present village—was built in 1834.

Among the early settlers, not before enumerated, were James Fish, George Denmark, Elias Keys, David Striker, Joshua Price, Squire Rice, and his brother, Job Rice, James Currier, Stephens Watkins, Jeremiah and Zera Boynton, Abram Kirby, Samuel Updike, Lyman Warren, David Durrand, and Hiram Gardner.

The township settled up very rapidly, and by the year 1835 nearly all the government land was taken up. The first settlers were mostly from western New York and New England,—a moral, industrious, and intelligent class of people.

Common schools were organized through the township at an early day, and in 1838 an academy was opened at Grass Lake Center—a school of high order, which was an honor to the town in those early days. Grass Lake Center was about a mile east of the present village, and here the business of the town was transacted till 1842, when the Central railroad, running through as far as Jackson, made their depot at the present village, and soon the business of the town followed, and Grass Lake Center became a place that was.

Three churches were organized at an early day. The Methodist in 1832, the Baptist in 1835, and the Congregational in 1836. The town was organized and given its present limits by an act of the Legislature in 1835–6.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF JACKSON,

AS GIVEN TO MRS. E. M. SHELDON STEWART, BY MRS. MARY G. DE LAND.

In June, 1829, my uncle, Lemuel Blackman, of Tompkins, Broome county, N. Y., accompanied by his son Horace, came to Michigan "to look land," as the phrase went.

The interior of the State was then an almost unbroken wilderness. Ann Arbor, then a mere hamlet, being the most western settlement in the State.*

My resolute uncle and cousin pushed on beyond; but they had gone only a few miles when uncle was taken sick, and was obliged to return to Ann Arbor. Cousin Horace, undaunted by this misfortune, procured the services of an Indian guide and kept on till he reached Grand River at Jackson. Jackson county was the most western county then in market, and Horace, after some time spent in exploring it, selected the place which he thought would probably be the site of the county seat, as the future residence of his father's family, and located a large tract of land on the west side of Grand river. This was the first location of land in Jackson county.

After the land was located uncle Blackman returned home, and soon after Russell, an older brother, joined Horace at Jackson, where he was living in a rude shanty. The brothers, with the assistance of two men from Ann Arbor, immediately commenced building a log house about 20x30 feet, and succeeded in getting the roof on in time for Horace to go east before the close of navigation.

About this time, in the fall of 1829, Dr. Benjamin H. Packard, of Ann Arbor, came on to Jackson with a party of friends—"land-seekers," from the State of New York. They reached the east bank of Grand River early in the evening, and spent the night in a kind of shanty made of bushes by "Potato Bronson." There were seven of them: Isaiah W. Bennett, John Daniels, Samuel Roberts, James D. Cleland, Capt. Alexander B. Laverty, Moses Allen, and Dr. Packard. They ranged over the county, up and down the river, and finally I. W. Bennett selected the water power where the first saw-mill was afterward built, and Dr. Packard located the land. The Dr. also located a tract of land on the west side of the river, adjoining the Blackman tract. In the winter Dr. Packard went to Detroit and secured the appointment of three Commissioners who came to Jackson and stuck the stake for the court-house, on Dr. Packard's land, where the Central Union school-house now stands.

The Dr. brought the Commissioners from Ann Arbor in a wagon. When he returned he made a map of the would-be city and took it to the Register's office, and also sent out a glowing hand-bill written by Gideon Wilcoxen, proposing to set off ten acres for the future Capitol of the State. But the map was stolen, and through Detroit influence a new set of Commissioners—Chauncy Goodrich, Henry Rumsey, and John Allen—were sent out in June, who removed

*The first settlement in the town of Dexter was made in 1825 by Sylvanus and Nathaniel Noble, who had settled in Ann Arbor the year before. Judge Dexter—for whom the town is named—located land where the village is in October, *1824*, so that Mrs. D. is mistaken about Ann Arbor being the only settlement between Ann Arbor and Jackson.

the stake to where the court house now stands, and at a later day the State Prison, instead of the State Capitol, was given to Jackson.

After Horace Blackman left for the east, Russell let the half built house stand as it was, without door or window, and bent all his energies to secure the route of the territorial road through the prospective city. He labored assiduously six weeks to effect this object and finally succeeded. He was engaged most of the winter in assisting Jonathan F. Stratton to survey the road to Jackson, and from thence to Kalamazoo. While Russell was absent on this road business, Mr. Linus Gillett, with his wife and two children, arrived in Jackson. It was mid-winter and they had no place of shelter till they cut a hole in uncle Blackman's half-finished house large enough to answer for a door. They took off their wagon box, laid it across the sleepers, and Mrs. Gillett made a bed in it for herself and children, while the men were building a fire on the ground where would some day be the fire-place. After supper the men rolled themselves in their blankets, laid down on the ground between the sleepers for their night's rest. Mrs. Gillett was the first white woman in Jackson county. With such additions to their comfort as Mr. Gillett could make, he and his family remained in the Blackman house till spring, in the meantime boarding Mr. Wickham and Hiram Thompson, who were employed by I. W. Bennett and Wm. R. Thompson to build a house and the much-needed saw-mill. They began to build the house in February or March, and as soon as the logs could be rolled up and a roof put on, with slabs split out of large logs for the lower floor and rails for the upper floor, they opened it as a hotel.

Bennett & Thompson's hotel was the first in Jackson, and was used for that purpose many years.

Mr. Gillett built a house and moved his family out of uncle Blackman's house into his own in April, and Mr. Josephus Case and family came in March and lived in a rude shanty built on the spot where Bascom's hotel was afterward erected.

Our company, consisting of Uncle Blackman's family of eleven and our own family of four, reached Jackson May 27, 1830. We crossed Grand river on the flats a little below Trail street, the teams fording the stream, and the men, women, and children crossing on a fallen tree which served us for a foot-bridge for a long time afterwards.

"Rather a small stream for such a grand name," I remarked as we crossed the river.

"We are only a few miles from its source," was the reply; "Grand River rises in Jackson county."

"Well, Cousin Mary, here we are in Jackson," said Horace, as we emerged from the thicket along the margin of the river.

"This Jackson! This low valley beside such a paltry stream the site of a future city! Why didn't they select some place high and dry?" I thought, as we walked on towards a rude log house without door, windows, floor, or chimney, built where the Blackman family residence now stands. But likes or dislikes made no difference—all must give place to right down hard work in making this pioneer house as comfortable as possible. Mr. Case had brought a load of boards for us from Ann Arbor, and these were laid down for a floor, but they did not cover more than half the room. One board was reserved for a table, which was made by running one end through between the logs, and placing the other end on a barrel. The fire for cooking was done out of doors, and a blanket supplied the want of a door. The first night we made our beds

on the floor, but the next day we made a decided improvement by filling our straw ticks with marsh hay, and making two "Michigan bedsteads" in this wise: Two holes were bored in a log forming the side of the house, into which were driven poles of the required length; the other end of these poles was fastened to short pieces of wood which served as posts, and into these posts was fastened a larger pole which formed the bed-rail opposite the log; a rude lacing of bed-cord across these poles and the bedstead was complete.

This was the second day of our residence in Jackson; and you will doubtless suppose that, with all these improvements, we were ready to receive company; and so it proved. The first day we had been so much fatigued that we had taken supper very early, and laid us down to sleep before dark. So it was the second evening; we had taken supper, and were already thinking of retiring to rest, when a man and boy, who were looking land, claimed our hospitality, which in a new country is never refused. We hastened to prepare their supper of pork and potatoes, and a cup of tea. When all was ready we found to our dismay that we had no candles. Not one in the crowd had thought of them when we were making our purchases in Ann Arbor, and not needing them we had not missed them the first night. It was getting quite dark in the house—what should we do? In our perplexity we applied to cousin Russell. "Don't look so anxious," said he, laughing; "I'll make a candle in a minute." He went to the pork-barrel, cut a long strip of fat pork, coiled it up in a tin cup, and set fire to the end, and to our great joy it burned. Delighted with the success of the experiment, I ran out to the fire to bring in the supper, when, hitting my toe against a little stump, I fell full length at the very feet of Messrs. Hiram Thompson and T. W. Bennett, two of our neighbors who had come to make us a friendly call. You may imagine my mortification at such an unusual introduction, though I joined heartily in the laugh which my mishap occasioned.

The following night we had three guests; and for two months not a day passed without more or less company. Sometimes as many as fifteen men would come for supper, and then camp down on the floor to sleep. It made a great deal of hard work for us, but we could not say them nay.

A week or two after our arrival, additional supplies of food and another load of boards were brought from Ann Arbor. Half of the chamber floor was laid, more "Michigan bedsteads" were made, and curtains of blankets and quilts partitioned off the chamber into bed-rooms. By this arrangement a larger space on the floor below could be used by travelers. Our family remained with Uncle Blackman's about two months, when Mr. De Land bought eight village lots on Blackstone street, between Clinton and Luther, on which was an unfinished log house built by Prussia & Mills. There was neither floor, chimney, nor windows, and the door was rudely constructed of small pieces of boards. But two months' experience in pioneer life had made us familiar with all sorts of inconveniences, and there was a novelty in this manner of living that suited the dash of romance in my character. When we had been in our new house two weeks, Mr. De Land split out basswood slabs and laid a lower floor. At one end of the room a place was left for a chimney, and there I did my cooking, hanging the kettles on a crane fastened to a post driven in the ground. The floor was perhaps two feet from the ground, and that portion nearest the fire-place served the family for seats when they wished to "gather 'round the domestic hearth." In a few weeks we were the owners of a glass window—a great luxury.

By this time there were seven houses in the village, occupied by Messrs. Gillett, Case, Blackman, Chapman, Major D. Mills, De Land, and Bennett & Thompson's hotel.

Mr. Mills' was the first frame house in Jackson; the clapboards, shingles, and all the other boards were split out by his own hand.

Emigrants now began to pour into the county. A few families settled at Sandstone, six miles beyond us, and here and there a family east of us. Most of the settlers came supplied with a year's provisions, except flour, which was all brought from Ann Arbor. It was the Jackson custom to send a team for a load of flour, and then divide it in the neighborhood according to the size of the families, each family bearing its proportion of the expenses and paying a share of the purchase money.

The great event of our first year's residence in Michigan, was the celebration of the Fourth of July. It was determined that this first general celebration of our nation's birthday should be a time "long to be remembered." A public meeting was called, and a committee of arrangements chosen, to select speakers, and make all necessary arrangements for the great event. The committee consisted of Hiram Thompson, Anson Brown, and Wm. R. De Land, and a better committee could not have been selected. Invitations were sent to all the settlers in the county, and to many friends in Ann Arbor and Dixborough. Expectation was on tiptoe; and the liberality and ingenuity of the inhabitants of our village were taxed to the utmost. It was a busy time for the ladies, grave consultations were held concerning the table and its adornments; all were united and happy in doing their utmost to make the affair a success. The eventful day at length dawned, ushered in by volleys of musketry, and other appropriate rejoicings. About 10 o'clock the inhabitants of Jackson county, with five gentlemen from Ann Arbor, and two ladies from Dixborough, Mrs. Dix and Miss Frances Trask, afterwards wife of Wm. R. Thompson, of Ann Arbor and Texas, assembled in a grove on the east side of Jackson street, a little south of Franklin street, where a platform had been erected for the officers of the day, and seats for the audience. The assembly was called to order by I. W. Bennett, President of the day, and the Divine blessing was invoked by Capt. John Durand. The declaration of independence was read by George Mayo, of Massachusetts; an oration was delivered by Hon. Gideon Wilcoxen, of Ann Arbor, followed by a short and appropriate speech by the President of the day. After the oration a procession was formed, which marched to the Public square under the escort of the military commanded by Capt. Laverty; Horace Blackman of Jackson, and Edward Clark of Ann Arbor, acting as marshals of the day. A bowery had been built on the square, where the new Baptist church now stands, and a large table spread with the finest damask of the village housewife, and loaded with the choicest viands of a new settlement, awaited the guests.

When we remember that all supplies came from Ann Arbor, and even some of the crockery in use that day was borrowed there, I may be permitted to name the various dishes which composed that feast. We had roast veal and venison, baked pork and beans, for the first course; the second course consisted of apple and pumpkin pies, nice Indian baked puddings and a great variety of cake; tea, coffee, brandy, wine, and whisky were also abundant.

Eighty persons were seated at tables, twelve of whom were ladies. After the cloth was removed, Anson Brown, Esq., gave a toast to the ladies, which

was received with "three times three" hearty cheers. The ladies then retired and enjoyed a fine ramble in the woods, while the gentlemen drank patriotic toasts. After each toast Capt. Laverty's musketry fired a salute.

The entire day passed away very pleasantly, and the next morning the intrepid ladies from Dixborough mounted their horses and, escorted by the gallant gentlemen from Ann Arbor, returned to their homes. The borrowed crockery reached Ann Arbor without accident, and the Jacksonians resumed their usual employments.

Sometime in September we were able to enjoy the luxury of a chamber floor, and a ladder to ascend to the chamber. Our house was also chinked, as the weather was getting cool.

Scarcely had we made these additions to our comfort, when a man named Daniel Hogan arrived in the village with a small supply of goods. There were no houses to rent, not a vacant room; and what could the poor man do, till he could build a shelter for himself and family. He applied to us for the privilege of remaining with us a few weeks, and we could not deny him. Our own family consisted of four persons, Mr. Hogan's of three; and a week or two later, my sister with one child came to spend the winter with me, her husband being absent from home,—nine persons in all, besides the occasional addition of two or three workmen who were building Mr. Hogan's house; and the frequent claims of our hospitality made by emigrants. Then the traffic with the Indians was quite lucrative, and Mr. Hogan's goods must of course be displayed. Just think of three families and a store of goods in a house 16x18 feet.

Fortunately we all enjoyed excellent health; indeed there were but two cases of sickness in the village that season. Hiram Thompson and George B. Cooper were both very ill, and we were obliged to send forty miles, to Ann Arbor, for a physician. Dr. Benjamin H. Packard was the physician called, and his was the first professional visit in Jackson county, and the only one that year.

Late in the fall we had a chimney built; the fire-place was rudely constructed of stones, with a rough stone hearth, and the chimney was finished out with sticks plastered with clay. The outside of the house between the logs was also plastered, or mudded as it was termed. We then considered ourselves prepared for winter; and as our little colony was considerably enlarged we anticipated no small degree of enjoyment.

We did pass a very pleasant winter in the enjoyment of good health, united among ourselves, and with plenty of leisure to enjoy each other's society. Our very privations, and the numberless inventions which necessity originated, gave zest and variety to our every-day life. True, we were rather thickly settled at our house, as Mr. Hogan was disappointed about getting his house finished, and remained with us till spring; however, that did not prevent my giving a party about mid-winter, on the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Perrine, from Ann Arbor. Mr. Perrine had spent a few of the previous weeks in Jackson, and improved the first fall of snow to give all the Jackson ladies a sleigh-ride. We now felt it incumbent on us to reciprocate his kindness, by polite attentions to his wife. Besides, Mrs. Perrine was a distinguished poetess, and for her own sake we wished to treat her with consideration.

There were no very marked distinctions in society then, so the whole town was invited. As our house was not very spacious, we took down two bedsteads, and set them out of doors, and arranged benches against the wall for seats.

I then rejoiced in the possession of four chairs, recently purchased. We set a long table in the center of the room, and having procured supplies from Ann Arbor expressly for the occasion, we had quite a sumptuous feast.

I recollect the surprise and gratification expressed by Mr. Perrine during supper, that, forty miles in the wilderness, they were permitted to enjoy such good company, and such a bountiful supply of good cheer. The evening was pleasantly spent, quite to my satisfaction.

There were several similar parties during the winter, which we thought greatly assisted the flight of time.

At the beginning of that winter, Miss Silence D. Blackman, now Mrs. John T. Durand, opened the first school in the county, consisting of eight scholars.

The first death in the county, was that of the oldest son of Wm. R. Thompson, who was killed by the fall of a tree, in the autumn of 1830.

There were a great many Indians in Jackson county during the first few years,—small bands belonging to the Ottawa, Chippewa, and Pottawattomie tribes. They were never ugly, but sometimes afforded us no little amusement by their inquisitiveness and consequent blunders. I recollect one day, soon after our arrival, I was washing, and a number of Indians came to the door near which I stood. A squaw pointed to my soft soap and asked if it was *cis-po-quet.* I did not know the meaning of the word, but nodded my head at a venture. She immediately put her finger into the dish, and twisting it around, took up as much as possible, supposing it to be honey, which the Indians call *cis-po-quet.* You may be sure the delicious mouthful was speedily ejected, while her contortions of countenance and expressions of disgust called forth peals of laughter even from her habitually grave companions. The poor squaw was very angry, but by signs I told her I did not understand her question, and taking some of the soap, I rubbed it on my clothes. This seemed to satisfy her, and she joined in the laugh at her blunder.

But my story is getting too long, though the half has not been told. I think all the pioneers who are still living will agree with me that there is a charm to those early memories; a tenderness felt toward those pioneer friends, which no later associations have ever called forth.

LEONI ITEMS.

John M. Whitnell came from Grass Lake to Leoni with the first stock of dry-goods in 1835. He did a successful business about two years, and sold out to Peter C. Lawrence, and turned his attention to farming. He was killed by the kick of a horse soon after he sold out. He was a brother of S. W. Whitwell, who is favorably known in this county.

In the spring of 1838 H. H. Bingham came from the State of New York, bought an interest in Peter C. Lawrence's stock of merchandise, and commenced business under the name of Bingham & Lawrence—that firm running the only store in the place. After doing a successful business for a term of years, Mr. Bingham sold his interest in the store to P. C. Lawrence. He soon sold out his stock, and turned his attention to other business.

About the year 1850 the notorious railroad company trial occurred (some of the old pioneers here to-day remember the case), in which some of our most worthy citizens of Leoni were arrested, taken to Detroit, placed in jail, and held there several months by the Michigan Central Railroad Co., on a charge of obstructing the railroad track between Leoni and Michigan Center, in retal-

iation for stock killed by the cars for want of a fence which the company had agreed to build in the purchase of the road from the State. The prisoners claim that they were never tried on this charge, for want of proof, but that through manufactured testimony on the part of the railroad company, they were tried and convicted for burning the Detroit depot. But there are various opinions in this matter.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SAMSON STODDARD, M. D.

BY HIS SON.

Before entering upon the main part of this sketch, it will be proper to say a word in regard to the origin and early history of the Stoddard family.

The name, Stoddard, is derived from the office of Standard Bearer, or in the Norman tongue, De La Standard, and was anciently so written, but in progress of time and by virtue of such changes as naturally effect all languages, was abbreviated into the word Stoddard; a name that has wrapped up in its derivation much of the courage and chivalry, much of the song and legendary lore of early Normandy—the first fount of English culture and civilization.

In the office of Heraldry, England, the following origin of the Stoddard family is found. William Stoddard or William De La Standard, a knight, came from Normandy to England in 1066 with William the Conquerer, who was his cousin. It seems that after the Norman conquest of England, this William Stoddard, Knight, located on a large tract of land near the city of London, which was retained by his descendants as late as the year of 1765.

Anthony Stoddard, a lineal descendant of this first William, left London and came to America, landing at Boston at about the year 1639. This was about one hundred and fifty years before the declaration of American independence. For more than a hundred and seventy years the descendants of Anthony Stoddard confined themselves to the New England States, but mainly to Boston and the Connecticut valley. Among these descendants are many names illustrious as divines, legislators, educators, and not a few of them sealed with their blood, their love of liberty in the war of American independence.

Goodwin Stoddard, the father of the subject of this sketch, was among the first to leave the ancestral home with all its sacred associations, and the earliest to give up the comforts and privileges of a long settled and cultivated country, and try his fortunes on the wild western frontier. In the year 1804 he left Watertown, where he was born and which, for more than two generations, had been the home of his ancestors, and came to western New York, then about a month's distance in time, by horseback travel, the usual mode at that time, from the Connecticut valley. He who went from the Atlantic seaboard states, at that time, to western New York, then called the far western wilds of the United States, was counted a man of no little enterprise and bravery; and was mourned as one who was lost to family and friends. It is a very difficult matter for any one of us living in this year of grace, 1881, accustomed to the rapid railroad travel, and the use of telegraphic communication, to correctly appreciate distances as known to our ancestors of only two or three generations ago. Goodwin Stoddard came to

New York three years before Fulton launched his first steamboat on the Hudson river. It was twenty years prior to the completion of the Erie canal, and more than thirty years before the first railroad had been built in the great Empire State. Twenty years only had elapsed since the close of the prolonged struggle of the Colonies with England, for our national independence, and the country had not yet fully recuperated from those terrible years of war and devastation. He bought a farm near Vienna, Oneida county, where Samson Stoddard, M. D., was born February 7th, 1806. He was the oldest child of a family of seven children attaining adult age, of whom to-day only two survive. His father came to the west to pursue the avocation of a farmer, and did follow that business for ten or more years, till during one of those great moral awakenings which in 1812 swept over all western New York, he experienced religion, and immediately felt that he was called to preach the gospel. He at once left his farm and entered the ranks of the Methodist ministry, when young Samson was only seven years of age. From that time his boyhood life was subject to the frequent changes incident to the career of a Methodist clergyman. This itinerant life is not usually well calculated to advance the education or moral training of children; yet despite this drawback, the doctor early manifested an earnest desire for study and a steady perseverance in the acquirement of knowledge. At that time district schools were a very crude affair, and the early education of most children had to be largely supplemented by home instruction.

He soon exhausted the capabilities of the District Schools, and when he was sixteen years of age, he entered Wyoming Seminary, one of the earliest high schools of western New York. Here he remained three years, with the exception of one winter spent in teaching a District School at thirteen dollars a month—then considered the best of compensation for that work. Immediately on leaving the Seminary, he took up the study of medicine, for which he had a great passion, and for the practice of which he had a natural aptitude. In his twentieth year, he entered as student at the Fairfield Medical College, then the only medical school in western New York. After attending at this institution two terms of lectures, he graduated in the spring of 1829, as Doctor of Medicine. His diploma, now in possession of his oldest son, bears the honored names of Drs. Willoughby, Hadley, T. Romeyn Beck, McNaughton, and Delamater.

Spending only one year in the practice of his profession in his native State, he decided to try his fortunes in the "far west," and so accordingly in the latter part of the summer of 1830, he started for Michigan, and arrived at Jacksonburg in the early part of September of that year, at which time the Blackmans, Judge De Land, John T. Durand, W. J. Bennett, and Wm. R. Thompson were the only inhabitants. But every month brought new settlers, and soon Jacksonburg was quite a frontier settlement. In the practice of his profession, Dr. Stoddard's ride was all over Jackson county, and even into Washtenaw; but as settlers were few, his business was often slack, so that he found time to help build the first saw-mill in the county, and to aid in landing the first white man's boat on Grand river. The practice of medicine was no easy matter in those early days, although patients were few, yet they were "*too far between*;" and very often long and weary journeys had to be taken on foot, as swollen streams and treacherous marshes would not allow the crossing by horses. And the compensation was small and medicines costly, so that doctors did not rapidly become rich.

He remained here a single man about a year and a half. But in late autumn of 1831, he visited his native State, and on February 16th, 1832, was married to Miss Sarah M. Blake, of Livonia, Livingston county, New York. Returning to Jacksonburg with his wife he settled down again to the practice of his profession, intending to make this his permanent residence. The village grew quite rapidly, and the county was fast filling up with settlers, mostly from New York State. His practice grew apace, and soon his time was pretty much taken up by his profession. The doctor was appointed by Governor Porter, as clerk and treasurer of Jackson county at the time of its organization in 1833, which position he held till 1836, when the State was admitted into the Union. From that time he refused to hold any public position except for two years filling the office of Supervisor of the township of Concord. Jackson in the years of 1835 and 6 was advancing both in population and public improvements, but was quite unhealthy. Malarial diseases began to prevail very much, so that at certain times there were scarcely well ones enough to wait on the sick. It was shake, shake and then fever, and then the doctor, calomel, and quinine. The doctor's family, now one more in number, were sick about all the time for these last two years, and he seeing little prospect of permanent improvement of the public health, determined to leave Jacksonburg. With him to decide was to act; so in the fall of '36 he located in the town of Concord, a quarter section, now the best land for agricultural purposes in the county, building in the same fall on his farm a frame house—the first in that region. In the spring of 1837 he bade good bye to town life and removed his family to his farm some 15 miles distant nearly west from Jackson. He improved his farm, while at the same time he continued the practice of his profession which soon became quite extensive. Often he would toil hard all day on his farm and spend the entire night in visiting his patients. This unnatural strain soon broke down his health, and in this way brought on premature decrepitude, and hastened, by many years, his death, By his first wife, he raised a family of nine children, seven of whom survived him,—Lois a married daughter dying in California, and Lieutenant Byron Stoddard, of Company I, Sixth Mich. Infantry, wounded at Baton Rouge, La., died at the siege of Port Hudson, of typhoid pneumonia July 17th, 1863.

In July, 1851, the Doctor's first wife, Sarah Maria, died of heart disease, respected and beloved by a large circle of acquaintances and friends. Three years following he married Mrs. Emily Thayer Lathrop, by whom he had two children. The Doctor continued to reside in the town of Concord till the spring of 1873, when he removed out of Jackson county and came to Albion, where he bought a large house near the college located there. By this time his health was very much impaired, and he wished to be near his oldest son who was a resident of that place. Being relieved from the care of managing a large farm, for a while he seemed to be in improved health after coming to Albion; but this was only of short duration, and soon he again began to fail in strength, and for the last year scarcely got away from his home, yet not confined to his bed or room, except for ten days before his death. On August 24, 1876, he died, aged 70 years, 6 months and 21 days. When death came to him it was with no terrors, but quietly and unconsciously he fell into his last sleep. The memory of him will long remain green in a large circle of friends. His deeds of goodness, his probity of character, his love of honor and virtue, and his hatred of shams and subterfuge will not soon be forgotten.

It has been well said of him by an unknown writer: "Doctor Samson Stoddard was a man who had the universal respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens during the forty years that he has resided in Jackson county. He was a man of sterling integrity, untiring industry, and was strictly temperate in his habits; had a warm, genial disposition." He was ever ready to aid all the worthy who came to him in need, and the poor always found him their "good physician" when in sickness and distress.

Thus has passed away one more of the early pioneers of Jackson county. But two or three yet survive Dr. Stoddard, and it cannot be long before all who came to Jacksonburg when he did will be dead. May the younger generation now "bearing the heat and burden of the day" keep long fresh and green the memory of those hardy pioneers who made this wilderness to "bud and blossom as the rose," and laid here in Jackson county, broad and deep, the foundations of its present prosperity.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

The following notices are from the newspaper reports. The dates of most of them are not furnished to the compiler:

MOSES TUTHILL of Liberty, died at his residence in that township yesterday morning, after an illness of six weeks, with jaundice, at the advanced age of seventy-two years. The deceased was one of the earliest settlers of Jackson county, and was the very first settler of the township of Liberty, having located there in June, 1835. He built the first log house, also the first frame house, and the first barn erected in Liberty township. He also assisted in organizing the township, and has always taken a great interest in its affairs. He was its first treasurer and held the office for many years, and was also highway commissioner of the town for a long time. He was always a zealous democrat, and under all circumstances was earnest in advocating and proclaiming his convictions. He was a member of the Jackson Association, and also of the Pioneer Society, in both of which he manifested a deep interest. No man in his neighborhood was more universally respected and esteemed than was Moses Tuthill, and his demise will be regretted by all who knew him. He leaves two sons, Hiram and Noah, both grown to manhood, his wife having died some four years ago. The funeral of deceased will take place at his residence, on Friday of this week, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

BARNABAS CASE, an old and respected resident of this place, died at the residence of his son, M. D. Case, on Friday last, and was buried on Sunday. Mr. Case was one of the pioneers of this section, having come to Michigan in 1832, locating first in Jackson county, and settling at Manchester in 1836, where he has since resided. He was in his eighty-first year at the time of his death. He was a man of more than ordinary abilities, and during his long life an earnest supporter of the democratic party. Until within a few days of his death he had the Free Press read to him, and expressed a strong desire to live till after the election, that he might see a democratic president once more. In the early pioneer days Mr. Case was a man universally consulted and looked to for advice or information, on account of his practical, business-like views. In 1856 he was a State Senator—this senatorial district embracing at that time five counties. He has also held many minor offices, including those of supervisor and postmaster, and was an elector on the Breckinridge ticket in 1860. His funeral was very largely attended. [1880.]

MANCHESTER, July 5.

HIRAM DRAPER of Rives, while caring for his horses, in his barn, last Sunday, was stricken with paralysis, and his recovery is problematical. He attended divine service at the First M. E. church, in this city, during the forenoon, and up to the time of the attack, was in his usual health. His brother, Lyman Draper, died on the 7th instant. The sufferer is about sixty-eight years of age.

JAMES L. MINER, a resident for thirty-six years, of Parma township, died suddenly Wednesday morning, January 5th, at his home, in North Parma, in the seventy-third year of his age.

JOHN EASTLAKE, a pensioner of the war of 1812, died January 17, 1881, at his place of residence, on North street, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. Until recently he was a resident of Leslie.

CYRUS L. PARMETER, an old resident of Spring Arbor, died December 29, 1880, of congestive chills, aged 83 years, leaving a wife and five children, three sons and two daughters, of which Mrs. Philo Curtiss of this city is one. The deceased has been a resident of Spring Arbor forty-two years.

MRS. JOHN ELLIS, for forty years a resident of Leoni township, died Tuesday evening last, aged 63 years. She had been ill for a day or two only before her demise. The deceased, previous to her marriage with Mr. Ellis, was the widow of James Miller, who was murdered in an altercation at Pickell's blacksmith shop, in Leoni, thirty-five years ago. William Barker, the murderer, fled and has never since been heard from.

MRS. MARY TAYLOR, wife of George Taylor, died at Athens, Calhoun county, January 22, 1881, aged sixty-eight years. The deceased was among the first settlers of Jackson county, having, with her father, Mr. Moon, removed to Jackson about the year 1834. She married Mr. Taylor and settled on a farm one mile south of the city, then Jacksonburg, where she and her husband resided almost continuously until the year 1860, when they removed to the place where she died. She lived a consistent Christian life, and was highly esteemed by all her acquaintances.

The funeral of Mr. LYMAN DRAPER, whose death was announced in the Patriot a few days since, took place from his residence in Rives, on the 7th inst. (1881), and was largely attended. The deceased was one of the early settlers of the county, having located on his farm where he died, and where he has continuously resided ever since, in the month of February, 1836. He leaves a wife and eight children. He was a man universally esteemed by all who knew him, and was regarded as a model parent and a most excellent neighbor and citizen.

MOSES BEAN, who settled in Spring Arbor, in 1831, died at his home in that township, January 30, 1881, aged seventy-two years. He preëmpted the land upon which he lived at the time of his death, from the government, and his son Ambrose was the first white boy, as we are informed, born within the limits of Jackson county. He leaves a wife and eight children.

JOHN THURSTON of Sandstone, who resided about five miles south of the city, died Monday night, his age being over seventy years.

KALAMAZOO COUNTY.

GEN. HORACE H. COMSTOCK, THE FOUNDER OF THE VILLAGE OF COMSTOCK.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

The facts of his life are these: He came here from Cooperstown, Otsego county, New York, in 1831, an ambitious young man, with plenty of money. "Emigration always advanced a man several degrees. New neighbors, in their uncertainties about a man's rank, are prone to give him the benefit of all doubts, and exalt as far as possible, the lustre which the late comer confers upon the settlement." It was always interesting to find out a stranger. He brought new history, and as books were scarce, he was a biography that each settler eagerly perused. Consequently, when Gen. Horace H. Comstock came to the young settlement in the west part of the township, much attention was given him. First, on account of his title of General. He was a courteous gentleman, which made him popular; he was a lawyer, which gave him standing; he was a politician, which gave him party influence; he was considered wealthy, which raised him still higher; but he took the highest rank of all from his being the husband of a lovely woman, a lady of refinement, and niece of James Fenimore Cooper, the celebrated novelist. His defects were prominent, especially those that appeared in the latter part of his life. "Paint me, warts and all," said Cromwell to the artist. Those defects were essential to a good portrait of the man. We have nothing to do with Gen. Comstock's defects in this sketch; but with what he has done to benefit this township, we have. Says an old settler who knew Gen. Comstock well: "His kindness and generosity to the early settlers were proverbial. He had a word of encouragement or material aid for all that were in trouble or want; and the lapse of forty-five years has not staled the memory of his generous deeds. The money that Comstock has given away would be a fortune to a resident of this place now. He helped everybody that needed help, whether he knew he would get his money back or not." He furnished the money to build the flour-mill at Comstock; associated Judge Eldred with him, who furnished the mill-stones; made the mill-wright, Samuel Percival, a partner, and set him to building the mill; built a school-house and gave it to the people, who in turn named the township after him. The village could justly be proud of so munificent a founder; a patron who so lavishly supplied her wants, and so chivalrously guarded her interests.

He built a beautiful residence on the bank of the stream that flowed through the village. Here his wife, a lady of high culture, presided. The best society in Kalamazoo were guests at his table. "Comstock's Hall" was noted for its fine social and intellectual entertainments.

From the first, Comstock's highest ambition was to make the village he had founded a county-seat. And although he soon learned that it had been established at Kalamazoo, yet he directed his best efforts and much of his ample means to have that decision changed, and Comstock made the favored location. He believed he was able to accomplish this. Here, on the banks of the Kalamazoo, his little protegé should become widely known as the seat where the courts would be held, and the county institutions located; this would be the

centre of trade for the entire surrounding region. And the beautiful river seemed to murmur of boats and barges dropping down its current, laden with produce, and returning with merchandise from the East. And he pushed forward his work. Soon a landing was stretched along the river's bank opposite the town, and up sprang a commodious warehouse hard by it; a hotel and flour-mill were built at Otsego, while down at the mouth of the Kalamazoo arose a large store-house for use in receiving goods shipped to and from the busy marts of the new city. Alas for the ambitious and munificent founder of the village which he strove to make a county-seat! All his efforts failed; his bold scheme was but the pride and wonder of an hour. Yet there was a time when Kalamazoo had in the young village of Comstock a dangerous rival for the county-seat.

Roswell Ransom and Cyrus Lovell were here in 1831, and bought the betterments of William Toland on the prairie bearing his name. When Mr. Ransom returned to his home in Vermont, so confident were the settlers here then that the county-seat would be at Comstock, that he told his friends in Vermont that he had bought lands some three or four miles from where the county-seat was to be located. In 1832* a meeting composed of settlers from Prairie Ronde, Gull Prairie, Comstock, and other settlements in the county, met at Kalamazoo to discuss this matter, and decide where the county-seat should be located. At this meeting Kalamazoo received the most votes for such location. Gen. Comstock and Hiram Moore had visited Detroit to confer with the State authorities there and press their claim. But the vote given at the Kalamazoo meeting of settlers had much to do with depriving the village of Comstock of this great prize.

Gen. Comstock, before he came to Kalamazoo county, had been engaged in the Detroit and Chicago trade; in the Indian, Traders' and Military Supplies, etc. He was the first Senator elected from this county to the Legislature. This Legislature was held in Detroit in 1835. He was re-elected in 1837, and again in 1838. In 1849 he was elected to the House of Representatives from Otsego. He was supervisor for the township of Comstock for four terms, beginning in 1840. In 1844 he moved to Kalamazoo, where he bought the Col. Edward's residence. He had purchased in 1837, of Justus Burdick, one-quarter interest in the property covered by the plat of the village of Kalamazoo, for which he paid $17,000. Mrs. Comstock died in February, 1846. This was a great loss to Mr. Comstock. His best friend, one whose influence not only gave him standing, but had a salutary effect on his conduct, was gone. Some time after, he removed to Otsego, married again, and went to New York city, where he disappears from the scenes of our history, and where, many years ago, he saw the last of earth, far away from the field of his Western ambition, his hopes, and his projects. He left three children—Sabina, the oldest, residence unknown; Fannie is now Mrs. William Giddings, and is living in Kansas; Willie, the youngest, and the pride of his mother, we are informed was killed by the Indians on the plains.

HISTORY OF THE VILLAGE OF COMSTOCK.

The site of the village is on the north bank of the Kalamazoo river, and extends northward on the western border of section seventeen. Comstock

*This meeting is claimed to have been held by the old settlers in 1832. The county-seat was fixed, by the report of Commissioners appointed by Governor Cass, at Kalamazoo, Jan. 15, 1831. Some authorities think the meeting to have been held in Kalamazoo in 1832, to affect or nullify Gen. Comstock's influence in trying to get the place for the county-seat changed to Comstock.

creek runs southward through it, and the Michigan railroad east and west. The village was surveyed in 1831 or '32 by direction of Gen. H. H. Comstock, but there is no evidence that it was ever platted or recorded. Although it has put on "village airs," it never had an organization, and what few streets it has, are parts of the township highway.

Judge Caleb Eldred was the first white man who visited the present site of the village of Comstock for the purpose of locating land and establishing a home there. This he did in the summer of 1830, by engaging Ralph Tuttle, of Toland Prairie, to erect a log house on the land he had selected; after which he returned east to make arrangements for removing his family hither.

Mr. Tuttle, during the following season, "put up" the body of a log house on Mr. Eldred's land, but did not put on the roof. From Judge Eldred the writer learned what transpired next. It was substantially as follows:

"After I left, Hiram Moore and E. A. Jackson came, and putting a roof on my log building, occupied it as their own." Mr. Moore afterwards explained the part he took in the matter, by saying to the Judge, "I did not believe you would ever return to this wild region." Mr. Eldred does not state exactly when Mr. Tuttle built the house, or the spot on which it was built. The only direct evidence I have been able to get on this subject is from Mrs. Linus Ellison (*then* Mrs. George Townshend), who was there at the time, and distinctly remembers what transpired at Comstock, or the "Creek," in the fall of 1830 and the ensuing year.

The following letter from Mrs. Ellison, dated Lowell, Mich., Jan. 18th, 1880, gives the correct history of the first house built at Comstock:

"We left Detroit the first of November, 1830, and the last of the month arrived at Toland, and got into the house near Christmas. Judge Eldred had been here, made his selection of land at Comstock, engaged Tuttle to build him a house, and had left before we came. In the meantime Moore and Jackson came, liked the location, and buying what they called a 'floating claim,' put it on the land. This was, as I recollect, in January of 1831. They wanted George and me (Mr. Geo. Townshend, her first husband) to go there and board them till Messrs. Lane and Ellison should get here with their families, as Mrs. Lane was to keep their house. We went. There were neither doors nor windows in the house. We stayed three weeks, and in that time the commissioners came from Ann Arbor to locate the county seat of Kalamazoo. The inhabitants met them there, and a number of them, on coming back, stayed with us all night. The weather was cold, with a good deal of snow. The old Judge came on very early in the spring with his family, and built on the west side of the creek, south side of the road. The first house, the one Tuttle built, was on the east side of the creek, north side of the road. Father (Sherman Comings) went twice to Detroit with oxen for our goods, sometimes camping out. Mr. and Mrs. Lane and two children slept on their sled four nights, on their way from Ann Arbor, where they had come in the fall of 1830, a little earlier than we got here. This makes Mr. Lane's arrival here in the spring of 1831." This concludes Mrs. Ellison's letter, and it establishes what Ralph Tuttle and J. R. Comings have always maintained, that no one lived at Comstock in the fall of 1830. They, with Mrs. Ellison, were *here* at that time and ought to know.

We give here extracts from a pioneer paper by Mr. Henry Little of Kalamazoo, on the early settlement of Comstock. Mr. Little claims that Leland

Lane and his family were at the "Creek" in the fall of 1830, "and boarded Hiram Moore till late in the summer of 1831." He says: "Hiram Moore came here in the fall of 1830, and Lovell, his brother, came in the spring of 1831. They plowed and planted corn and potatoes, etc., and entered several tracts of land at the land sale at White Pigeon in June, when Lovell went east for his family, and returned with them in the fall of 1831. Another brother, John Moore, who had been residing in Savanah, Georgia, came here the last of September, 1831. Lovell removed to Grand Rapids in the fall of 1836. Hiram Moore who, in 1834, married Mrs. Harriet West Fogg, finally settled on Climax Prairie. Linus Ellison within two years, sold his place and bought the one long known as the Eli B. Anderson farm. Caleb Eldred, Leland Lane, Samuel Percival, and Henry Little, four families at the "Creek" (as Comstock was then called) in 1831 and '32; while on Toland Prairie there were seven families, making in all, eleven families in the township of Comstock at that time. To feed these people the wheat stacks of Prairie Ronde were laid under contribution. The nearest mill was some sixteen miles distant at Vicksburg. John Moore in 1831 brought in a drove of steers from Indiana, and Jackson and Town brought in a drove of hogs. Caleb Eldred's saw-mill was in operation in the early part of the fall of 1831. Andrew McCarty put up the frame of a saw-mill for Moore and Jackson, the same year, and Henry Little aided in putting in the running gear. Religious meetings were held sometimes at Eldred's and sometimes at Comings's on Toland Prairie; William Jones preaching occasionally. During the winter of 1831–32 a Baptist church was organized. The ceremony took place at Eldred's. The first members were Caleb Eldred and wife, and a hired man named Aldrich, and Deacon Isaac Briggs and wife of Gull Prairie. This was the first Baptist church organized in central Michigan, this side of Ann Arbor. In the fall of 1832 Eldred, Percival, and Comstock had their grist-mill in operation. In the summer of 1833 Comstock built a store, and in the fall filled it with a stock of goods; J. C. Fuller being his clerk. The post-office was in the store. From 1833 to 1836 the village had much of a business appearance. It had got a hotel with E. A. Jackson as landlord, and was equipped with the professions and trades most essential for starting a new town. The first doctor and schoolmaster was John Webb; the first lawyer, Lovell Moore; Ashley, the Englishman, was the first tailor; Leland Lane, the first cooper; Guy C. Merrell, the first blacksmith, and a wagon-maker and shoemaker came there in an early day.

The village enjoyed a lively trade for a decade or more. Its store, its mills, and its mechanic shops gave it the stir and aspect of a busy little town. It had first-class men to start it. No settlement in the county had better or abler men to found a town. But when it lost the county seat its chances for becoming a large town departed.

EARLY SETTLERS.

Leland Lane and E. A. Jackson came in the fall of 1830, or spring of 1831, from Chester, Windsor county, Vt. Both died many years ago. The Moores—Hiram, John, and Lovell—came from Vermont in 1831. John kept the hotel known as the "White House" for many years. Hiram removed to Climax, and Lovell to Grand Rapids. All are dead. N. H. Burlingham, now living in Kalamazoo, came here early. The Loveland brothers—Seymour, Lyman,

Josiah, Stephen B., and Hiram D.—came from Niagara county, N. Y., in 1834 or '35. David Hale and his brother Samuel came in 1835 from Orleans county, N. Y. Samuel and Montgomery Percival came, the first in 1831 the latter in 1835, from Orleans county, N. Y. Eli B. Anderson, from the same county, came with his family in 1835. He settled near the village. He was Justice of the Peace in Comstock for some 45 years. His father was John Anderson, and fought at Lexington; was at the Battle of Bunker Hill, under Stark, and went up the steps with Ethen Allen at Ticonderoga, and heard the immortal exclamation from Allen's lips; was with Stark at Bennington, and with Allen when he was captured. He carried the express mail from one of our armies to the other during the Revolution; and when Arnold gave André the pass as "John Anderson," it was after this real John Anderson who was so well known by reputation as a mail carrier, and so few knew personally, that he hoped the name would carry him safe through. No man who settled in the township of Comstock came from better revolutionary stock than "Esquire Anderson." He died at his home in Comstock in 1881.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

TITUS BRONSON, THE FOUNDER OF KALAMAZOO.

On a spot called Breakneck Hill, in Middlebury, Connecticut, a Yankee boy was born November 27th, 1788, who, having attained his majority, sought his fortune in the far west, and became the founder of a large town. Many of the old settlers in this part of the State yet retain distinct recollections of an eccentric pioneer, with a homely, rugged face, a tall, lank form, slightly bent forward; and many a generous and noble act of the man will be brought vividly to mind at mention of the name—Titus Bronson, who in the summer of 1829 founded Kalamazoo.

Breakneck Hill, the place of Titus Bronson's birth, is rich in legends of revolutionary history. Gen. Lafayette, when in command of the French army, twice encamped on this hill, some of the officers making their headquarters at the Bronson family mansion. Mr. Bronson's ancestors for six generations past are mentioned in the colonial history of Connecticut, and for several generations they were prominent in town and church organizations at Hartford, Farmington, and Waterbury. They were a hardy and prolific race.

Titus, with only the common school education then in vogue in Connecticut, grew up to manhood; but the "Nutmeg State" was not to be his permanent home, for when some ten years past his majority he hears of the *Great West*, where land is fertile and cheap, and, like another Boone, or a Harrison, he determined to seek it. Hence, in 1821 or '22, we first hear of him pitching his tent at Talmadge, Ohio. Here an event occurred which, though trivial, had something to do in shaping the course of his after life. In prospecting about the country he met a Mr. Gilkey, of Indiana, who from *potato balls* had raised a new variety of potatoes, and among them one of a choice kind which he called *Neshannock*, from the name of the stream on which he lived. Mr. Bronson, satisfied that it was an excellent potato, bought some of them, and planting them, secured a high price from the sale of the first crop. When the market *staled* in one place he removed to another, and thus he went from

neighborhood to neighborhood planting his potatos until all that part of the country was supplied with the Neshannock. The next reliable information concerning Titus Bronson we get from Mr. John Geddes, of Geddes Station, near Ann Arbor. From him the writer of this sketch received the following letters:

ANN ARBOR, Sept, 10, 1875.

A. D. P. Van Buren:

Sir—Seeing your history of my old friend Titus Bronson, I thought I would tell you what little I know about him. The first time I saw him was the 13th day of July, 1824; he was working in his potatoes in a place then called Snow's Landing, now called Rawsonville, four miles below Woodruff's grove, on the Huron. He bought the west half of the northeast quarter and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 32. Ann Arbor city was laid out on the southeast part of section 29. Bronson bought those two lots May 5th, 1824. In the fall of 1824 or the spring of 1825 he traded them off with John Allen, one of the proprietors of Ann Arbor, for a quarter section of the northwest qr. of sec. 17, town 3 south. On this quarter section there was a handsome plain. He got some boot; I don't know how much; I heard him say not enough.

In the fall of 1835, Bronson sold his land on section 17 to Leonard Morse, and went back to Comstock. That ended his residence in Washtenaw, though he was around occasionally. The last I saw of Bronson was in the fall of 1835; he then told me he was intending to cross the Mississippi River and invited me to go along. He wished me to meet him at the mouth of the Peketonica, in the spring of 1836. I could not get from where I now am, on the south part of the northeast ¼ of section 36, town 2 south, range 6 east, Washtenaw county, and where I have resided fifty years, June 14th, 1875.

I have often inquired about Titus Bronson since he left Kalamazoo, but could hear nothing from him till I came across your history of him in the Kalamazoo Telegraph. I was gratified to hear of him, but was sorry to hear he was a poor man ten years before he died. And I was pleased to hear that he went to his birthplace to die. I once heard Bronson remark that John Allen was a very poor financier; Ann Arbor, he said, was a fortune to any man. John Allen died in California very poor. I heard a man say that as he was riding by in the cars he saw John Allen hoeing potatoes (a genuine Bronsonian occupation)—in the "land of gold." The word here was, Bronson married a widow.

Receive my thanks for what you have done for the memory of Titus Bronson. I am from Londonderry, Lebanon county, Pennsylvania, which is about 15 miles east of Harrisburg. I was 74 years old March 19th, 1875. My daughter, Mrs. Rachel Bishop, living near Climax post-office, knowing I take an interest in the old pioneers, sent me the number of the Telegraph containing the sketch of Titus Bronson. I first set foot in Washtenaw on July 13th, 1824. On May 11th, 1825, I settled at what is now called Geddes on the Central Railroad.

Yours truly, JOHN GEDDES.

On receipt of the above letter I wrote to Mr. Geddes for further information concerning Titus Bronson, and received the following answer:

ANN ARBOR, October 23, 1877.

A. D. P. Van Buren:

DEAR SIR: I first saw Titus Bronson (as before stated) July 13, 1824. I don't know when he first came to Ann Arbor. He purchased adjoining Ann Arbor, May 5, 1824, and the site of Ann Arbor itself was bought by John Allen and Elisha Rumsey, February 12, 1824. The first settlement of Woodruff's Grove and Washtenaw was begun June 4, 1823, by Benj. J. Woodruff and others: Titus Bronson was not among *them*; he probably came to Ann Arbor in April, 1824, some two months after Allen and Rumsey. He sold out in the fall of 1826, and went back to his old home, and returned to Ann Arbor early in the summer of 1827; but although he was here at different times after, he took up no permanent residence. I thought his home was somewhere in Ohio. I heard the person that bought him out, say, that he had to go to Ohio to make his payment, and he thought Bronson put him to unnecessary trouble. I don't think he and his wife resided in Ann Arbor. I remember that he came to the latter place with a covered wagon, and was then on his way to Kalamazoo; his wife was with him. I don't remember the exact time. I think he had been out there before he moved there with his family. I am of the opinion that he visited the Kalamazoo country before he located there. I think you have hit off his character pretty well. He was a tall, raw-boned man, of slovenly appearance. My brother and I thought he was honest and a good judge of wild land, and we were friendly to him; but somehow he was not much esteemed; he was not popular. Yours, truly,

JOHN GEDDES.

Here, then, we have the fact established that Titus Bronson came from Talmadge, Ohio, to Ann Arbor early in 1824. And after dwelling as long as he did in Ann Arbor, and being as he was, so naturally inclined to prospect about and explore a new country, does not the inference come just as naturally that before he made the pilgrimage to Kalamazoo with his family in 1829, he had, on some of those occasions when Mr. John Geddes says, "he was gone away from Ann Arbor," visited the beautiful Kalamazoo country? Mr. B. O. Williams of Owosso states, in a letter to Henry Little of Kalamazoo, that Titus Bronson came to Oakland county in the summer of 1823, and worked on the farm and in the saw-mill for his uncle, Alpheus Williams, and after spending the winter with them (Mr. B. O. Williams's father's family), he, (Titus Bronson) went to the Rouge river, and then came to Washtenaw county. Mr. Williams says his brother and sister (both older than he) agree with him in this, that Titus Bronson was with them in 1823.

To Titus Bronson belongs the credit of introducing the famous Neshannock potato into Michigan. This potato is often called Meshannock, but according to Henry Little of Kalamazoo, Neshannock is its proper name.

It was at Ann Arbor where Titus first "stuck his stakes" and planted his potatoes among us, that he received the soubriquet of "Potato Bronson;" a title, according to Carlyle, that is worthy to be borne; for that eminent writer says: "A man who produces a potato for his fellowmen, is a greater benefactor to his race than the man who produces a gold dollar; for the potato is of the most value to mankind."

In the last part of 1826 he made a visit to his native place, Middlebury, Connecticut; and on New Year's day, 1827, he was married to Sally Richardson. In the following spring he and his wife came to Talmadge, Ohio. Leaving his wife at Talmadge he, early in the summer, returned to Ann

Arbor, and it was undoubtedly during his stay at the latter place that he, in the summer of 1829, discovered the region on the banks of the Kalamazoo; the Arcadia of Michigan, which so delighted him that he exclaimed in rapt wonder—"here is a fine place for a city, here I will pitch my tent and spend my days!" His practical discernment recognized not only the beauty, but the utility of this location, as he said to himself—"*This will be a county seat.*" He selected a suitable place for a home, built a hut of tamarack poles, that he carried on his back from a swamp near by, and covered it with grass. The Indians, 'tis said by some authorities, helped him build his rude house. This done, he considered his claim, in the light of the law then in vogue, established to land he had selected. Building even the rudest log structure on new lands, was paramount to the settlers of that day, to making valid a claim to those lands. In the feudal days every man's house was his castle or defense. Here we had a kind of brusque chivalry that considered not only every man's house his *castle*, but that the lot or quarter section surrounding it was his by a right as indefeasible as his house.

Mr. Bronson, according to the best authorities, spent the winter of 1829–30, in the settlement on Prairie Ronde; and the next season he went back to Ohio for his family. Mr. Geddes says that Bronson, with his wife and oldest daughter, Eliza, who was born in Talmadge, passed through Ann Arbor on their way to Kalamazoo, undoubtedly in 1830. They came in a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen. Stephen Richardson, his wife's brother, was with them. We can imagine them pushing out of Ann Arbor into the trackless wilderness, leaving civilization behind as they threaded their way along the Indian trail, or sought a passage through the interminable forest with the slow-paced ox team. Take away the roads and bridges and every vestige of the white man's improvement, and restore the wild wooded territory of 1830, and *then* imagine the sturdy old pioneer with his family, effects and fortunes, embarked on board of an ox team, making the journey from Ann Arbor to the hut of tamarack poles on the banks of the beautiful Kalamazoo. Fording streams, struggling over, or making a long detour around marshes or swamps, on they journeyed, trusting to the hospitality of the wild region wherever they *bivouacked* for the night. Anxious hours, weary days, shelterless nights, were spent before they reached the rude, grass-covered hut among the burr oaks of his Arcadian home. Here were the first inhabitants of Kalamazoo—the beginning of what now constitutes the largest village in the world. In that tamarack hut, architectually speaking, laid the germ of all that constitutes the beautiful cottages, and splendid residences of this "big village." On account of the illness of his wife the tamarack hut was not considered a suitable home for the coming winter, hence that season was spent by the family (Mr. Richardson with them) in the settlement on the "big prairie."

Early in the spring of 1831, Bronson, having erected a new log house on his claim at Kalamazoo, removed there with his family. This house was north of Main on what is now Church street. In June following, Mr. Bronson entered, at the land office at White Pigeon, the east half of the southwest quarter of section fifteen, town two, south of range eleven west. This was entered in Mrs. Bronson's name; and her brother Stephen entered, at the same time, the west half of the same quarter section. As Titus had selected the land through which the Arcadia flowed, it was supposed that he intended to make a farm of it. He entered lands, at the office at White

Pigeon, in other parts of the country, as he afterwards sold a quarter section, on Climax Prairie, to Major Willard Lovell.

The original plats of the "Village of Bronson" are three in number, and as follows:—

First plat, by Bronson and Richardson, recorded March 12th, 1831.

The second plat (no proprietors given), evidently a re-plat of the first, recorded March 7th, 1834.

The third plat, by Titus and Sally Bronson, July 2d, 1834, recorded Aug. 14th, 1834. This was a new plat covering both the former ones, substantially. These three are all called, on the record, plats of the "Village of Bronson."

Titus Bronson promised the commissioners who were appointed to locate a county seat for the county, that he would give the following pieces of land for public use: One square of sixteen rods for a court house; one square of sixteen rods for a jail; one square of sixteen rods for an academy; one square of eight rods for common schools; one square of two acres for a public burial ground; four squares of eight rods each, for the first four religious denominations that became incorporated in said village agreeably to the statute of the Territory. These gifts included what is now called "Bronson Park," with the Indian mound. Such donations deserve more than a public mention; not because they embraced the finest portions of his lands, but because he so earnestly desired to found the church, the school, and the courts of justice for the young colony; thus securing for it institutions that constitute the very soul of good society; fountains from which he could say, in the language of the poet, here

> "Let patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
> Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law."

Governor Lewis Cass, on the second day of April, 1831, approved the report of the commissioners which established the county seat at Kalamazoo. During the latter part of this season Gen. Justus Burdick of Vermont purchased part of Mr. Bronson's interest in the new village.

The following glimpse of Kalamazoo in 1831 is from the pen of Henry Little, now a resident of the place:

"When I called upon Titus Bronson at his log house in the fall of 1831, I was very politely ushered into the parlor of the best house in the town, by the lord of the manor, who congratulated me upon my safe arrival into this new country, and more especially upon coming to *their* new town. He was lavish in his praise of the new location, and predicted so largely of its future, and with such a genuine belief of realizing what he claimed, that I looked upon him as a prophet. He next produced his map of the platted village. This was a crude, rough affair. He then offered me any village lot I might choose, provided I would build and settle on it." "Unfortunately for me," says Mr. Little, "all Titus's persuasive eloquence and his skillfully drawn logical conclusions produced no effect." The two then went over to the southeast some eighty rods to the log house of David S. Dillie, which was near the place now occupied by D. B. Merrill's residence. Here they were treated to a bowl of hasty pudding and milk. Mr. Dillie offered to sell his one hundred and sixty acres of land to Mr. Little for *three hundred dollars*. Here our old pioneer friend Little let another golden opportunity pass. His reason then was, "that because Mr. Dillie wished to *sell* he (Mr. L.) did not wish to buy; he would not wish to *sell* if he believed they were soon to have the *large village* of which they talked so much. Titus Bronson here showed himself *wise* and sound in

his views of what constituted a good location for a flourishing town. Mr. Little acknowledges this in what he has said above; Mr. Dillie acknowledged it when he sold his quarter section and removed to Gull Prairie, and many others, some of whom are still living in the county, regret that they had not taken this good advice and settled in "Bronson's village." But nothing daunted the old frontiersman's ardor in *talking up* and setting forth the bright prospect of the new town. Some years later, when the rude collection of log houses began to be called a *village*, an old settler yet distrustful of its future growth remarked, "that in twenty years from that time the tired and hungry traveler wandering this way would not be able to find a *solitary hut in Bronson.* On hearing this, Titus grew indignant, and gave this prophetic answer: "In twenty years from this time you will see a large city here, and you will be able to go to and from Detroit in one day by the railroad cars." Was not Titus Bronson wise in holding, year after year, this beautiful location for a town against all discouragements and difficulties until the tide, which led on to the magnificent fortunes of the "Big Village," turned in his favor? He thus cared for and guarded his little protege till 1836, when her prospect for a flourishing town was fully assured; and it was at this time that his enemies went to work secretly and changed the name of the village from Bronson to that of Kalamazoo. This was an act of injustice that the noble-hearted old founder little expected. It was sheer ingratitude; and it was done by a class of men, envious and ambitious, who wished to deprive the brave old pioneer of the honor that was justly due him.* And they did this, 'tis said, because his manners were not agreeable to them; because he denounced intemperance and vice in any form, and spurned meanness, dishonesty, and trickery wherever he found them, whether in the politician, lawyer, land-shark, or private citizen. He was born and bred in the "land of steady habits," and his love of truth, temperance, honest dealing between man and man, virtue in both public and private life, was ingrained in his mental and moral growth, and you might as well have undertaken to move Plymouth rock by the force of denunciation and threats, as to make Titus Bronson vary one hair's breadth from his high moral standpoint, or palliate vice or wrong in the public or private act of any man. He was determined "to hew to the line, let the chips fly as they would." Coming in contact with men and their opposition, sharpened instead of smoothed the angles of the man. We are not discussing the point whether these men who thus forced him to leave the place were not abler and better fitted in a larger measure to further on the great interests of a young and growing town. This they could have done, as they did do, and have treated him kindly and honorably, and still retained the man and his aid in carrying out the wise, beneficent and valuable institutions which he may be said to have founded through the bestowal of his munificent gifts to the town.

The village would have been just as beautiful had it retained the name of "Bronson," and never borne that of "Kalamazoo." † Admitting that the

*It is stated by credible authority that Lucius Lyon, T. C. Sheldon, Gen. Burdick, and others of their class hated Titus Bronson because he was so decided and unflinching in his support of moral and political reform; and so outspoken against all the evils that infest a new settlement, and they were determined to *ostracize* him. Consequently they, by their influence, secured the change of the name of the village from Bronson to Kalamazoo.

† In the issue of the New York *Tribune* (I think some time in the fifties), after Horace Greeley's first visit to Kalamazoo, appeared the following from his pen: "Barring dust and a dead level, Kalamazoo is the most beautiful place this side the base line of Paradise." His visit was in the summer, and before the streets were paved; and had Mr. Greeley taken in the full view of the village with the range of commanding hills circling around the west and southern part of the place, his "dead level" would never have been written. Prospect Hill "bars" any appearance of a dead level to Kalamazoo.

former name does not become the mouth quite as well, that it lacks the liquid, metric flow of Kal-a-ma-zoo; yet there is an appropriate and natural connection between the "Burr Oaks" and "Bronson," who founded the village among them, that ought never to have been separated. Neither will all the reasons that can be given for the change of the name, nor all the beauty of the Indian word Kalamazoo, make one who reads the early history of the town, forget the natural and pleasing association of the name Bronson with the Burr Oak village that he founded.

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
The scent of the rose will cling to it still."

The following incidents and anecdotes I give as illustrative of the character of the man:

Marcus B. Hounsom had built a saw-mill for Bronson. For some cause, Hounsom sued him. The case was tried before Jesse Turner and Samuel Percival, as referees. Cyrus Lovell argued the case for Titus, and a Prairie Ronde lawyer for Hounsom. During the trial, Titus, as usual when in trouble, became nervous and fidgety. At such times, forgetting what he was about, he would whittle a cane, a book, or anything he got hold of, with his jack-knife. On this occasion he could not find anything to whittle, so he went to the window and began to cut the sash. Seeing this, Cyrus cried out in the midst of his argument to the referees: "Bronson! what are you doing there? Don't cut that window; you are the d——est man I ever saw!" Titus, in an excited and dazed manner, retorted: "Well, well, I don't know what I am about; this matter perplexes me so; I would rather have the life lease of a Frenchman than this pesky saw-mill."

In a matter before the Circuit Court, his justice docket was brought in as evidence. Judge Fletcher, looking at the docket, said "it was more like anything else than a justice docket." At this, Titus reaching out, seized the record, and opening the stove door, threw it into the fire, exclaiming: "Well, well, if I can't keep a docket, I can raise potatoes!"

The following anecdote will evince his dislike of intoxicating drinks: Dining with an old friend one day, he ate very heartily of the pickles on the table. He asked his friend's wife how she made such excellent pickles. She said: "I put the cucumbers into so much water, add so much *whisky*, and let them remain so long before using them." At this Titus jumped up from the table and exclaimed: "Woman, woman! I've been eating horrible poison!" and thrusting his finger down his throat, he ran out of the house to get rid of those pickles. He character is thus summed up by one who knew him well: "He was eccentric in many things, but a man of noble impulses, generous to a fault as long as he had anything to give; scrupulously honest and upright himself, he could have no patience with dishonesty or meanness in any form. Strictly temperate, he was particularly bitter and out-spoken in his denunciation of those who drank liquor or used tobacco in any form. His denunciation of politicians as a class was by no means flattering to them, as he took no pains to conceal his disgust at their dishonesty and sharp practice; and I have the impression that this had not a little to do with the exchange of the name from "Bronson" to Kalamazoo. He was a fast talker, and knew a great deal about many things. He had read many books, had a good memory, and in talking, gave his opinions without stint, and maintained them without fear or flinching. He was slovenly in the general adjustment of his dress, and

general appearance. Although he pretended to shave, his face usually showed like stubble land at harvest time. He wore his coat as he did his mittens, only when it was necessary, but usually went without either. He walked by fits and starts; would sometimes stop suddenly, take off his coat, and start on the run; and ere he had gone far would stop and put on his coat again. Titus Bronson was a natural frontiersman. He belonged to the advanced Leather-stocking grade of civilization, and loved the ways of frontier life better than town life. Jesse Earl of Galesburg, meeting him one day in Kalamazoo, accosted him with: "How are you, Mr. Bronson?" He replied: "Pretty well, pretty well; but it's getting too thickly settled here for me—too thick, too thick; too many men around;" and taking off his coat he said: "I can't stand it; I shall have to go further west, where there is more room." He liked life in the new settlement, up to the time the speculator, the drone, the cheat, the scamp, and politician came in, and then he thought it was time for him to go into the woods again, to get rid of these pests.

The following note, illustrative of his character, received from one of our worthy pioneers, Hon. E. L. Brown:

"Titus Bronson was at Kalamazoo when I arrived there in the fall of 1831, and I took my first meal at his house. He passed the winter of 1830–31 at Prairie Ronde; that is about the first I heard of him. He was a very eccentric man, and had his hobbies, one of which was his passion for Neshannock potatoes, which he introduced into the country, and which he raised in great quantities—hence his soubriquet of 'Potato Bronson.' He was an exceedingly thin, spare man, very dark, with a perpetual grin; had a quick, abrupt way of talking, often repeating a word or phrase two or three times in succession. When applied to for the terms on which he would sell certain village lots, his reply was: 'Ask her—ask her—ask her,' meaning Sally, his wife. The last time I saw him was at Stephenson, Illinois, where, in 1837, he was keeping hotel. While we were at dinner he mentioned the recent death of a former prominent citizen of Schoolcraft at Dubuque. Quite shocked, I asked of what disease he died. 'Rum fever—rum fever—rum fever!' he said, so rapidly you could scarcely distinguish the words. He had a great hatred of rum and all its evils, and my impression is that he was a man of strict integrity, of strong prejudices and perhaps bigotry. He was altogether very comical in appearance and manners. He would start and run on any little occasion, cutting a most funny figure with his long, lank legs, dark, grinning face and twinkling black eyes. That's about all I know of him."

From Mr. Bronson's nephew, E. L. Bronson, of Waterbury, Connecticut, I received the following facts concerning the history of this old pioneer of Kalamazoo. He had three children: Eliza, born at Talmadge, Ohio; while living at Kalamazoo his son and second daughter Julia were born. The son died in infancy. The eldest daughter married A. C. Hooker, of Illinois. She died there in 1874. Julia married Mathew Hanna, in Green River, Illinois. She is now a widow living in the same place. While at Kalamazoo, Titus Bronson was for some time the only white settler, and he always kept on friendly terms with the Indians. He was also an old trapper and loved it like an Indian. I remember, says E. L. Bronson, hearing my cousin, Mrs. Hooper, relate the following romantic incident in his life, at Kalamazoo: "An Indian chief, who frequently came to my father's house, one day asked my mother if he could take me (a little girl then of some six or eight years) home with him to his wigwam. My mother, fearing to offend the Chief by

refusing his request, allowed him to take me away with him. After being gone all day, the Chief brought his little charge back to her home just at twilight, but how different did she look! She was most gaily and fantastically decked off with feathers and ribbons of bright colors, and other Indian finery." This incident seemed to be a token of friendship between the Indian chief and Mr. Bronson. His public charities deserve a notice: He gave from his farm four lots of land for public purposes—one for churches, one for court-house, one for school-house, and one for park. The latter contains the Indian mound, which he afterward increased by another lot. But with the gathering of settlers about him at Kalamazoo, Titus Bronson soon yielded to the craving for new adventures and the scenes of a new country. Hence, in 1836 he removed from Kalamazoo to Rock Island, Ill. Soon after this he crossed the Mississippi, and was among the first settlers of Davenport, Iowa, where he lived for some years owning a magnificent farm, which is now covered by splendid residences, just above the city and opposite the upper end of Rock Island. Had he retained this land, he would have been a millionaire. But trusting to the honesty of men, who proved to be sharpers, he was swindled out of his title, and thus deprived of great wealth. His wife dying about this time, 1842, he was thrown penniless upon his children for support. Removing to Henry county, Illinois, he lived for some years with his daughter, Mrs. Hooker. In the fall of 1852, he went East on a visit to his relatives, was taken sick at his brother's, in his native place, Middlebury, Conn., and died there January, 1853. The headstone of his grave bears this simple description of the man: "*A western pioneer, returned to sleep with his fathers.*"

To the surviving settlers who yet remember this old frontiersman, there is something melancholy and touching in this simple inscription on his tombstone. It tells the sad story of his life—that solitary tombstone *alone* "pleads in remembrance of him." Nothing in that delightful "Arcadia," amid whose burr-oaks he first located, and which he surveyed, platted, recorded, and started as a village bearing his name,—there is nothing there to commemorate him, not even a public park,* avenue, or street, bears his name. All is oblivious of Titus Bronson.

Letter of Cyrus Lovell—Titus Bronson, and the Disputed Question about the "First Court."

GALESBURG, August 28, 1875.

To the Editor of the Telegraph:

A few days ago I sent a copy of the Weekly Telegraph containing the proceedings of our pioneer meeting at Vicksburg, on the 12th inst., to Cyrus Lovell, of Ionia. I also sent him a letter asking certain questions about Titus Bronson, Judge Harrison, and the first court held in this county. And from him, in answer to my questions, I have received the accompanying valuable letter; valuable because coming from so early a pioneer to this county, and who is so able to give correct information on the matter referred to. Find the letter subjoined. Yours truly,

A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

*Since this sketch was written, Kalamazoo has, through its Common Council, named its park, "BRONSON PARK." But as there is but *one* Park in the village, the old founder's name might as well have been left disconnected with it, because it will always be called "The Park"—merely that, and nothing more.

IONIA, August 25, 1875.

A. D. P. Van Buren, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 21st inst. reached me yesterday morning, but the paper did not arrive until five o'clock p. m. I waited for the paper, which gave much pleasure in its perusal.

I arrived in Detroit in the steamer Henry Clay, on the 24th day of May, 1829; stayed in Detroit a day or two, and reached Ann Arbor the same month, but cannot give the precise day. On my arrival at Ann Arbor, as above stated, I learned that Titus Bronson, commonly called "Potato Bronson," had, some two or three weeks before my arrival, left Ann Arbor with his family (wife and child, Eliza) with Johnnie Enos, and Jonathan Stratton, surveyor for the west, or rather, perhaps, southwest of Michigan. I became well acquainted with Enos and Stratton on their return to Ann Arbor. From my conversation with them, and with others, I feel perfectly satisfied that Titus Bronson had never before visited Kalamazoo. As I was informed by Enos, Bronson had some idea of pitching his tent on Toland Prairie. He liked it pretty well, but finally made up his mind that it was not exactly the place for a county seat, and the party pushed on to Kalamazoo. Here Bronson was satisfied. *Here was the county seat.*

He, no doubt, ran with his lame leg as no other man could run; he laughed as no other man could laugh; he te-heed, and showed his long teeth, stretching his mouth from ear to ear, as no other man could.

He was left alone, after Enos and Stratton departed, with his wife and only child in his tamarack hut, of which you spoke at Vicksburg. But they, in the fall of 1829, went to Prairie Ronde and wintered there in 1829–30, and, most likely, in the winter of 1830–31.

I was at Bronson, in company with Cyrus Beckwith, register of deeds in Washtenaw county, in May, 1830, saw the tamarack hut and a few acres fenced in with a low fence, north of where his double log house afterward stood. Beckwith and myself left Bronson (not a man, woman or child there) for Bronson's home on Prairie Ronde. We found him, stayed over night with him, saw his wife and child, and had a good time. Aunt Sally was up and dressed, and entertained us must sumptuously, considering all the circumstances.

Your first question—"Was Titus Bronson side judge?" I answer, Yes. Your second question—"Did he serve as such, and where?" I answer, He did serve as such, and at *Bronson*, now Kalamazoo.

Your third question—"Did he act as justice of the peace at Bronson or anywhere else?" I answer, He did act as justice of the peace in Bronson, now Kalamazoo, and this I knew, for I appeared before him as an acting justice of the peace, more than once, as an attorney.

Your question—"What did he do for Kalamazoo aside from platting out the village and giving certain lands to it, for public purposes?" He built a saw-mill, to which you referred at Vicksburg. He improved the University lands of Grand Prairie by fencing, plowing, and cropping a portion of the same. He kept everybody that came to his house, especially the ministers; was a friend to the religion of the Bible and to the human race; was just and liberal and ready always to do his share in every good work. He was public spirited, and patriotic. He furnished me his horse, saddle, and bridle, powder-horn, ball-pouch, powder and balls and rifle, and directed me to go and see what the matter was with Black Hawk in 1832. In short, Titus Bronson was

an honest, good, and useful man. He injured no man, but was often wronged. Kalamazoo would be just as large as she is now, if called Bronson. A rose by another name would smell just as sweet.

As to "first court," I can only say, I never knew of any court being held on Prairie Ronde other than a justice's court. The court held at Bronson in the fall of 1832, has always been considered by me as the first court of record held in Kalamazoo county. I never heard it disputed until I read the remarks of Hon. E. L. Brown, at Vicksburg, on the 12th inst. I have a great respect for Mr. Brown's intelligence and integrity, and he may be right. I was present at the court held in Bronson, in the fall of 1832, and I know that Judges Harrison, Hoyt, and Bronson were all present and on the bench. I acted as an attorney in a case tried, but do not remember who the parties were. I do not think Isaac Brown was on trial for an assault and battery on Robert Frakes. I should sooner think it was the case of Geo. Shaw vs. A. I. Shaver and Ephraim Harrison. It seems to me that a Harrison was one of the parties. Have not your records been preserved? If so, they will settle this whole matter.

Very truly yours,
CYRUS LOVELL.

THOMAS C. SHELDON.

Thomas C. Sheldon was born at Little Falls, Herkimer county, New York. He was suttler in the army in the war of 1812, stationed at Sackett's Harbor; was also in the same business in Mackinaw, from which place he came to Detroit, where he remained until he was appointed Receiver of Public Moneys in the Land Office that was removed from Monroe to White Pigeon, in June, 1831. His nephew, Theodore P. Sheldon, was his chief clerk for the three years he remained at White Pigeon. In May, 1834, he and his clerk came with the Land Office from White Pigeon to Kalamazoo. Here he remained in charge of this office until 1848 or '49, when it was removed to Ionia. During the time he was Receiver of the Land Office, from 1831 to 1849, Major Abraham Edwards was Register of the Land Office.

Mr. Sheldon was one of the original proprietors of the village of Kalamazoo. He built a fine residence in Kalamazoo on the beautiful green knoll that sloped down towards the old Kalamazoo House. This place was long known as "Tom Sheldon's residence." Mr. Sheldon was a man of thorough business capacity, of strong intellect, and a social and agreeable gentleman. He died many years ago in Detroit.

MAJOR EDWARDS.

The following brief sketch of the late Major Abraham Edwards was found among the papers of H. J. H. Edwards, recently deceased. It is entitled, "Reminiscences in the Life of Abraham Edwards."

Abraham Edwards, eldest son of the late Captain Aaron Edwards, was born at Springfield, New Jersey, November 17, 1781, and was licensed to practice medicine in the autumn of 1803. In June, 1804, he was appointed by President Jefferson garrison surgeon, and by the Secretary of War, General Dearborn, was ordered to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where in the month of June, 1805, he was married to Ruth Hunt, eldest daughter of the late Col. Thomas Hunt, then commanding the first regiment of United States Infantry at Fort Wayne. There their three eldest children were born—Thomas, Alexander, and Henry. In 1810, on account of sickness of Mrs. Edwards, the doctor resigned his com-

mission in the army, and in the spring of that year removed to Dayton, Ohio, and engaged in the practice of medicine. In the autumn of 1811 he was elected a member of the Ohio legislature from the county of Mongomery, of which Dayton was the county-seat, and in March, 1812, was appointed a captain by President Madison in the 19th regiment of United States Infantry, as the prospect of a war with England was apparent. General Hull was ordered to Dayton, Ohio, to organize an army with which he was to proceed to Detroit to protect that frontier. Three regiments of Ohio volunteers were at Dayton when the General arrived; the regiments were commanded by Cols. McArthur, Cass, and Findley. The 4th regiment of United States infantry, commanded by Col. James Miller, joined the volunteer regiment at Urbana, to which place they had marched a few days previously. General Hull had been authorized by the President (Mr. Madison) to arrange an army staff, and as the office of surgeon in the 4th regiment United States Infantry was vacant, Dr. Edwards was appointed to fill the vacancy during the campaign, and also ordered to take charge of the medical department of the army as the hospital surgeon, in which capacity he served until the inglorious surrender of the army at Detroit in August, 1812, where he was paroled by General Brock, and permitted to return to his residence in Ohio, and after being exchanged was ordered to Chillicothe as a captain in the line of the army, to superintend the recruiting service of that State.

In November, 1813, he received an order from General Cass, who was then in command at Detroit, to proceed to that place to take command of about 200 men belonging to the 19th regiment. During the same month he arrived at Detroit, and assumed command as before mentioned in December of the same year, and received an order from the War Department to accompany General Cass and other officers to Albany, as a witness in the court martial about to assemble for the trial of General Hull. During the winter of 1813 and 1814 he visited Washington, and was appointed by the President deputy quartermaster general, with the rank of major, and ordered to take charge of the quartermaster stores at Pittsburg, where he remained until the close of the war in 1815, when it was left at his option to be retained in the army on the peace establishment as a captain of the infantry; but he chose the walks of private life, and removed to Detroit. When President Monroe made his tour of the United States, in 1816 and 1817, and visited Detroit, Major Edwards was president of the board of trustees, and with the corporate authorities of Detroit, visited the President at Governor Cass' residence and tendered him the hospitalities of the town; and a few days after, when he was about to leave for Ohio, made him another visit, and in the name of the corporation presented him with a pair of horses and a wagon to convey his baggage to Ohio. In 1818 Governor Cass organized the militia, and made appointments in the same.

Major Edwards was appointed first aid to the commander-in-chief with the rank of colonel in 1823. The first legislative council was elected in 1824; the first legislative session was held at Detroit, and Major Edwards was unanimously elected president of the council, which place he filled for eight years. In the month of March, 1831, he was appointed Register of the United States Land Office for the Western District of Michigan, by President Jackson, previous to which appointment he had held the office of sub Indian agent for the Indians residing in St. Joseph county, Michigan, and northern Indiana. The office of Register of the United States Land Office was held by

said Edwards until after the election of Gen. Taylor when he was removed from office for being a democrat. Major Edwards was one of the presidential electors for the State of Michigan, and cast his vote for Frank Pierce, president, and King, vice president. He was also high sheriff of Wayne county, appointed to that office in 1824–5.

The Land Office was removed from White Pigeon to Kalamazoo in 1834, and with it came Major Abraham Edwards as Register, which office he held till 1849.

Major Edwards on coming to Kalamazoo, bought the house Nathaniel Fader had built; here he lived till his death which occurred in 1860. His sons were Col. Thomas, Henry, and Oliver. The latter is the only one living. His daughters are Mrs. James Walter; Mrs. M. Joy, living in Kalamazoo; Mrs. Thos. Atlee, in Washington; and Mrs. Campau, who did live in Detroit.

GENERAL JUSTUS BURDICK.

General Justus Burdick was from Woodstock, Vermont. Removing to Burlington of that state, he went into business there, and became involved so that he closed his trade. About this time, early in 1831, he received a letter from his old friend Elon Farnsworth, who by General Burdick's advice, had, years before, located in Detroit. This letter induced him to go to Detroit, where he became acquainted with Lucius Lyon, who had such an admiration for Kalamazoo that he urged General Burdick to visit that locality. He came and was highly pleased with the country, and soon purchased the east half of the southwest quarter of section sixteen, of Titus Bronson. Then he returned to Vermont, sending his brother Cyren late in the fall of 1831, to look after his interests here. Cyren Burdick began the same fall the erection of the Kalamazoo House. General Burdick and family came to Kalamazoo in 1837.

In 1834 he became one of the proprietors of the village. The proprietorship consisted of Titus Bronson, Lucius Lyon, Gen. Justus Burdick, and Thomas C. Sheldon. On Titus Bronson's going west, Gen. Burdick became a larger proprietor of the village. At any rate, from the time he became identified with a proprietary interest in the village its success was assured. Few men surpassed him in the practical wisdom and ability that is necessary to build up a town. From 1837, when his family removed to Kalamazoo, to the time of his death, in 1862 or 1863, he contributed largely to the rapid growth and prosperity of the town. He was always thoroughly devoted to business; even the excitement of politics or the allurements of social life did not cause him to forget business affairs. As illustrative of this, his old friends are accustomed to relate the following incident: Sometime about 1840, Capt. M. lived in Kalamazoo. He was a gentleman of captivating manners, and an interesting talker. Meeting Gen. Burdick one day, in the bar-room of the old Kalamazoo House, and being moved by a spirit of colloquial eloquence, he "button-holed" the general, and began in his most persuasive style to narrate some political story to him. The latter listened a moment or two, then became restless, and finally looking to the bar he exclaimed: "Here, Sam (Sam Sargeant, the bar-tender), come and listen to the rest of the captain's story; and when he gets through treat him."

HON. MARSH GIDDINGS.

Of a citizen so well and honorably known something more is expected than

a passing notice. Few men in Kalamazoo county have been more widely known throughout the State and country than Mr. Giddings. Coming here with almost the first families who settled in Richland, he was for many years prominent in all the affairs of that township. He came from Connecticut to Richland in 1830 with his father, Wm. Giddings, and his brothers and sisters, a large family. In 1838 he married Louisa Mills, daughter of the late Augustus Mills. He read law with the late Judge Hinsdale, at Richland, and was admitted to practice in 1841. He continued some years in the practice of law, and was Justice of the Peace in his own town, being a very useful citizen, especially as conveyancer, notary, justice, etc. He removed to Galesburg in 1847. In 1849 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and served with credit to himself and to his district. In 1850 he formed a co-partnership with General Dwight May, at Battle Creek, Mr. May being then a resident of Battle Creek, and Mr. Giddings living at Galesburg. In 1851 both Mr. May and Mr. Giddings removed to Kalamazoo, and the legal co-partnership was continued until about 1853. In 1854 Mr. Giddings went south and was absent nearly two years. When he returned he lived a short time at Galesburg, and then came to this place again, and again became law partner of Gen. Dwight May.

In 1860 he was elected delegate to the Republican National Convention, and was a warm advocate of Mr. Seward's nomination for the presidency. He was the same year nominated as one of the presidential electors, and was elected to both the offices of elector, and judge of probate for this county, which latter office he held two full terms. In 1864 he formed a co-partnership with J. C. Burrows, which continued for some time. In 1867 he was elected a member of the State Constitutional Convention, a position which he filled with great acceptance to his constituents. He was a member of several important committees, and a most useful one. In 1867 he formed a co-partnership with Charles R. Brown, which continued until July, 1869, when it was dissolved by the appointment of Mr. Brown to the Judgeship of this circuit, made vacant by the resignation of Judge Littlejohn, Mr. Brown having been elected Judge in the spring of that year, but whose term of office would not begin till the January following. Upon President Grant's accession Mr. Giddings received the appointment of Consul-general at Calcutta, but never entered upon the duties of his office. In 1870 he was appointed Governor of New Mexico, which position he creditably filled up to the time of his death in September, 1875. He leaves a wife and two children, a son and daughter—William, and Mrs. Battles.

Mr. Giddings was an active politician and warm advocate, first of the old whig party in its principles, and then of that glorious political creed professed, practised, and fulfilled by the republican party. He was an eloquent speaker, and as a political manager and leader, was very influential and effective. As a lawyer, Mr. Giddings was excellent in counsel and in the preparation of cases, though he never gave much attention to the office of advocate. In the social relations of life he was a genial companion, being possessed of a large fund of learning, much experience of life, and a great deal of bonhommie and good conversational powers. He was generous in his nature, impulsive, but while he earned much money, he was not successful in holding it. As Governor of New Mexico, we are not prepared to speak, not being familiar with its history. Mr. Giddings was a man of about sixty, and a member of the Congregational church. He will long be remembered by citizens of Kalamazoo and the county as for many years one of our prominent citizens.

The following notice of his death is from the *Daily New Mexican*, of Santa Fe:

"As we briefly announced in our issue yesterday, His Excellency, Marsh Giddings, departed this life on Thursday, the 3d inst., at a quarter past 3 p. m., after a protracted illness. The obsequies took place at the executive mansion yesterday afternoon, Rev. George G. Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiating, and were attended by the civil and military officers and a large concourse of citizens, both ladies and gentlemen.

"Gov. Giddings was a native of Litchfield county, Connecticut, emigrated to Michigan and settled at Kalamazoo in 1830, where at the age of twenty-one he engaged in the practice of the law, and continued in the practice of his profession until he came to New Mexico, a period of more than thirty years, during all of which time he was active in politics and was prominently identified with the Republican party since its organization. He held various positions of trust and honor in the state of his adoption; was probate judge for eight years, member of the state constitutional convention, Republican presidential elector in 1860, and for a number of years represented his state on the National Republican Executive Committee; he enjoyed the confidence and friendship of many of the ablest, truest, and most sagacious public men of this tate, was appointed Consul-General to India by President Grant, but decline d the position, and in July, 1871, was appointed Governor of New Mexico, and assumed the duties of that office in August of that year. He gave special attention to the financial and public school interests, and exerted himself to improve the credit of the territory; and there has been a very marked improvement of our financial condition and credit, and also of our school system, during his administration.

"He recommended and introduced many reforms, and in his messages and otherwise not only made many valuable suggestions to our legislators and other public men, but also aided very materially in making known abroad our resources, necessities, and prospects. Naturally the Governor made many warm friends who now mourn his loss. He manifested a just appreciation of and earnest sympathy with the native citizens of New Mexico, and was held in high esteem by them, and large numbers of them attended the funeral ceremonies.

"Governor Giddings was a man of ability and character, a good citizen, a zealous public officer, a faithful friend and a devoted husband and father; he leaves a widow, one son, and two daughters to mourn his loss, and a large circle of sorrowing friends.

"The bereaved family of the deceased have the deep sympathy of the entire community, in their great affliction. The family departed for the east this morning, taking with them the remains of the deceased. They bear with them the best wishes of their many friends and of our citizens generally."

The following was written by Judge Giddings, while in New Mexico, not long before his death:

"My father, William Giddings, with his family of twelve sons and daughters, arrived in Detroit, on his way to Gull Prairie, on the 10th day of May, 1830, and left there ten days after, for Beardsley, in Cass county, and on what was then called the Chicago trail, under the advice of General Cass, who gave him letters to the late Major Abraham Edwards, then residing at the latter prairie, who would assist him in obtaining some good farm lands. Before arriving there the best lands in that vicinity had been selected, and in a few

days my father, with part of the family, went on to Gull Prairie, arriving there late in June. However, before taking the family, he and my oldest brother had been up to the prairie, and had selected eight lots on the western side of the prairie, but while absent after the family, the Seminary Land Commissioners came on and located the land they had selected, and forced him to a smaller quantity on the east side.

"I remained with my mother and part of the family in Cass county until in August, when on board of an ox team with four yoke of oxen, and with A. S. Parker, Esq., and my older brother, we started for my father's place, and one day of our journey we made 36 miles, and camped at night near the house of Enoch Harris, on Dry Prairie. Not a very slow coach for an ox team on an Indian trail.

"Arriving at Gull Prairie, I found about forty families of Indians settled on the southeastern edge of the prairie, who had not yet abandoned their ancient homes, and these families mostly remained until after the Black Hawk war, and were of considerable service in supplying venison to the early settlers.

"When my father's family arrived at the prairie, there had already preceded him and settled there, Col. Isaac Barnes and family, John Barnes and family, Selden Norton and family, Orville Barnes and family; and during the summer came Hazael Hoag and family, also Orlando Weed and family, Daniel A. Plummer, A. S. Parker, John F. Gilkey, and either Mr. Northrup or some of his family, who settled on what was afterward known as the Porter farm. About the first of January, John F. Gilkey went to Young's Prairie after my oldest brother, who was teaching school at that place, and got him home just in time to attend the funeral of my father, who died on the 8th of January, 1831.

"I can give the names of not less than forty persons who settled on Gull Prairie in 1830. Mr. E. P. Mills had never seen Gull Prairie in January, 1831, the time he went to White Pigeon to mill, while the people at home fed on bran, but he may have been there in January, 1832. I well remember the events of those days, and have the written data. Besides, I was a sort of scout, and runner boy to go for the physicians, Dr. E. Brown, of Big Prairie Ronde, and Dr. Abbott, of Kalamazoo, and to purchase grain at White Pigeon Prairie, and in Cass County—get it ground at Sage's mill in Indiana, and return the grists to Gull Prairie; and for some years I knew personally every person within twenty-five miles of home; and the events and dates are as well known to me as those of the last ten years. It was in 1831 that Deacon S. Mills, and Deacon Samuel Brown, and many others, came to the settlement. Let us begin right in our history, for in a few years there will be nobody able to correct it."

AMASA S. PARKER.

Amasa S. Parker "fell asleep in Jesus," Sept. 14th, 1878, at his residence in the village of Richland, aged 73 years. Mr. Parker was born in Washington, Litchfield county, Conn., in 1805, and in 1830 came to Michigan, arriving in this town some time in the month of August. The only white persons then living here were Mr. John Barnes and family, Col. Barnes and family, Selden Norton and family, and Mr. Dillon. In 1831 he entered a tract of land just over the base line in Barry county and raised the first frame building in all this section in 1832. In 1834 he married Miss Celestia Barnes,

daughter of Mr. Tillotson Barnes, of Yorkville. She survives, with a family of three daughters and two sons, to mourn his death.

About 30 years ago he moved to Kalamazoo, and for the past fourteen years has been a resident of our village. Thus one by one pass away the men who battled and struggled to reclaim this country from its wilderness state, and to make it what it now is. Soon the very last of these men and women will go "over to the other side," but their works and their memories will remain. Honest, industrious, and frugal, his life, in a worldly sense, was a success, for he succeeded in accumulating a handsome property. Identifying himself at an early day with the God-fearing, order-loving citizens, he helped with his influence and means to build up and establish institutions of morality, of learning and religion, which have had a lasting influence in giving stability to the moral and religious life of our town. During his life he held many positions of trust, being several times elected supervisor of Prairieville, and since his residence in Richland many times he has been elected to responsible positions. He was one of the first members of our Sunday-school, and for more than 44 years has been a useful member of the Presbyterian church of this place. Like the ripened sheaf, with a life crowned with honors, rounded out and completed with the more than three-score and ten years of usefulness, and nearly half a century spent in the service of his Lord and Master, he has been taken home. How peaceful the death of those who die in the Lord. Surrounded by the loving family circle and kind friends he died, and in the mellow light of the beautiful autumnal Sabbath day, loving hands bore all that remained of him to our little cemetery and surrounded by hundreds of friends and neighbors the pastor whom he so long had loved, said the last sad words: Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, and the spirit to God who gave it.

Another correspondent adds: In 1832 he purchased of the government that beautiful farm known as Garden Prairie, on the border of Richland, in Barry county. * * He was the first settler, built the first frame barn, and turned the first furrow in Barry county, and was esteemed by his townsmen as a man of sound judgement and undoubted integrity; was elected for successive years supervisor of his township, and called to other stations of responsibility and trust. His church and social relations were always at Richland, where he removed after he had disposed of his Prairieville farm in 1850. His widow and children mourn a kind companion, a loving father, a wise counsellor and friend, the church a faithful officer, and the community an honest man.

ISAAC W. WILLARD.

The death of this old pioneer of Kalamazoo, and for years one of our prominent citizens and business men, deserves more than a passing notice. He died at Paw Paw, where he had lived for many years, on Tuesday morning, April 8th, 1879. In the early days of Michigan the name of him, who full of years, has laid down the burden of life and rests forever, was known far and wide over Michigan, by white as well as savage people, and his force of character, love of fair dealing, and his generous nature, made him alike the friend and refuge of the white settler and the dusky tenants of the wilds.

Isaac W. Willard was born December 1, 1803, in Worcester county, Mass., and was hence in his 76th year at the time of his death. His youngest brother is the best deaf and dumb scholar in the country and the founder of

the deaf and dumb institution in Indianapolis. They trace their ancestry to an English yeoman family of the Horsmonden faith in the thirteenth century. One branch of the family emigrated to France, and a member of the latter fled to Germany to escape Catholic persecutions. This one married in Germany, and subsequently came to this country, dying in Maryland where he had settled in 1819. The late Judge Willard, the subject of this sketch, traces his lineage to Major Simon Willard, who emigrated from England to America about 15 years after the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth. One of Simon Willard's sons, a clergyman, became an officer in the revolutionary army. The parents of the deceased moved from Massachusetts to Vermont, shortly after his birth. He was educated in the common school and by Rev. Joseph Elliott. At 21 he engaged in business in Rochester, Vt.; three years later he came to Michigan, in 1827, this being then a dense wilderness, Detroit containing then only one two-story brick store. He visited that city, and the sites of the present flourishing towns of Niles, White Pigeon, Marshall, Battle Creek, Jackson, and Kalamazoo, and then returned home. The following spring he started in the mercantile business at White Pigeon with John S. Barry, opening accounts with the sparsely settled regions of Kalamazoo, St. Joseph, Cass, Branch, Hillsdale, and Berrien counties, carrying their boating trade on the St. Joseph river as far as Mottville. There was only one other general mercantile establishment in southwestern Michigan at that time. This partnership lasted three years.

From 1833 to 1840 Mr. Willard was engaged alone in Kalamazoo, removing in the latter year to Paw Paw. In 1840 he erected in Paw Paw in company with another gentleman a large saw and flouring mill. He lately engaged extensively in lumber and in farms and other real estate. He founded Prospect Hill cemetery, being president and largest owner in the company. He furnished all the land necessary, and in 1874 built an observatory there 150 feet high. He has latterly devoted his attention to laying out and beautifying the grounds. Mr. W. was first clerk of the United States court at White Pigeon, a circuit embracing the whole of western Michigan territory, and extending far west into the wilderness. He was a member of the convention which framed the state constitution. During Pierce's administration he was timber agent for Michigan and parts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. Mr. W. was never married. In politics he was a democrat.

Mr. Willard came to Kalamazoo in 1834, at the time the land office was removed from White Pigeon, and established here, and became prominent as a merchant and leading citizen, being one of that coterie of choice spirits who made the name and fame of this little hamlet known far and wide for hospitality and mirth. He kept many hounds for hunting, and was up to all the sports. Yet business with him always had his first attention. In 1834 he built and occupied the store now known as the Geo. W. Fish store, on Main street, and also erected other buildings. His sister, Mrs. Weaver, mother of Mrs. David Fisher, came here about the same time. He was chosen to fill various township offices, and in 1836 he was appointed postmaster, the office being then removed to his store, where it remained till 1841, when Dr. Colt succeeded him, and it was then removed to the Taylor block, then a two-story wooden structure, and soon after the new office was opened the advent of the first stage coach was celebrated by the turning out of all the people to witness the great event.

REV. JAMES SELKRIG.

The Rev. James Selkrig, who died at Griswold Indian Mission, in Allegan county, Oct. 7, 1877, was born in Claverack, Columbia county, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1790; visited Europe at an early age, and was a prisoner on parole in Holland at the time of the Berlin and Milan decree of Napoleon Bonaparte, and upon his release returned and participated in the war of 1812, doing service in New York City and upon Staten Island, for which service he received a pension from the United States. He entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church in 1816; withdrew from that denomination in 1829, and was ordained deacon in the Episcopal church by Bishop Hobart. He was then elevated to the priesthood by Bishop Benjamin T. Onderdonk, in the parish of Pompey, Onondaga county, New York, in 1831, and after occupying the parishes of Manlin and Jamesville, in the same county, removed to Niles, Michigan, in 1834, organizing that parish, also one at St. Joseph, Berrien county, and in Michigan City, in the State of Indiana. In 1839 he removed from Niles to Allegan county, and took charge as teacher and missionary of Saginaw's band of Ottawas, by appointment of Rt. Rev. Samuel A. McCoskry, bishop of the diocese of Michigan, and has remained at his station doing such light missionary work in later years as declining age would permit.

Those who were personally acquainted with the deceased during his lifetime will never forget his rich, warm, generous, and genial nature. His experience in life had been most extensive, and with keen perceptions and a retentive memory he had a fund of anecdote and had met with so many incidents that he was the most interesting of men. No one could tell a story better than he, and his humor was unsurpassed. He was the friend of all, and never wearied in well doing.

DEATH OF CALVIN CLARK.

Another pioneer has departed from this life. Calvin Clark died of heart disease June 4th, 1877, while in the apparent enjoyment of good health. He was at home when stricken by the hand of death, and died conscious of his approaching end. His last moments were peculiarly peaceful and happy. He died with a firm belief in the hereafter, which contained bright possibilities for him.

Mr. Clark was born in Westhampton, Mass., March 27, 1805. In early years he devoted his life to the work of a Presbyterian minister. He married Miss Adaline P. Greves, at Skaneateles, New York, in 1836. The same year he came to Marshall in the capacity of missionary. The Presbyterian society in that city had been organized by Mr. Pierce, who presided over it. Mr. Clark moved to Cook's Prairie and preached at Homer. At that time there were only two churches of that denomination in Calhoun. He also preached at Gull Prairie for five years.

Subsequently Mr. Clark resided in different places—Chicago, Kalamazoo, Ann Arbor, Hillsdale, etc. It was the work he quietly did throughout the State, and not any particularly brilliant event, that made his life a successful one. He did good for others rather than himself, and if it were not for intruding upon the sacred privacy of his life, many acts might be recorded that would show the unselfish nature of the man. Everybody loved and honored him. Even strangers who knew but the closing hours and incidents of his long career were impressed with the sincerity and purity of his character.

As we conversed with him a few days before his death, while he was then in vigorous health, he spoke of the departure of the first settlers, and said his turn would soon come. He was a good man, and no higher praise can be said of any one, even if one's bier is draped with the insignia of office, earthly honors, and wealth. The funeral services will be held at the house Thursday afternoon. A memorial service will be held at the church at 7:30 P. M., when addresses will be made by the presbytery and synod.—*Marshall Statesman.*

DEATH OF EBENEZER DURKEE.

Ebenezer Durkee died at his residence, in Portage, May 10, 1875, of apoplexy. Mr. Durkee has been a resident of Kalamazoo county since 1836, and few men in the county were more generally known. He lived in this village for several years before going to Portage, but for the greater part of his life, since he has been in Michigan, he has been a farmer, and his well-known place on the road between Kalamazoo and Schoolcraft was familiar to all as "Durkee's." Mr. D. was a skillful farmer, a good business man, an excellent neighbor and friend, and a useful citizen. He has held various offices of trust in his township, has been deputy sheriff, and was a stirring, enterprising, and capable man, whom the community will miss. His age, though nearly sixty-seven years, had not seemed to weigh heavily him, and he seemed good for many years to come. Mr. D. leaves a family to mourn his loss, and a host of friends who will miss a companion and neighbor of many years' association.

HON. ISAAC E. CRARY, OUR FIRST REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS, AND ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Isaac E. Crary was of genuine Puritan stock from the Scotch border. He was descended in the fourth line from Peter Crary, who came from Northumberland, England, in the reign of Charles I., to Plymouth, Massachusetts. He was also a lineal descendant, in the same degree, from Elder William Brewster, of the Mayflower. Peter Crary certainly had in him much of the bold and adventurous spirit that was evinced by the men of that day; for he, with two hundred armed setlers from Massachusetts, went into the conquered Pequot country, and founded a colony near Mystic River, New London county, Connecticut.

Isaac E. Crary, the eldest son and child of Elisha and Nabby (Avery) Crary, was born at Preston, New London county, Connecticut, October 2, 1804. He had two brothers, William G. Crary, now living at LaMoille, Marshall county, Iowa, and O. E. Crary, living at National, Clayton county, Iowa. Isaac's early life was spent on a farm. He must have given early attention to his education, for he could not have been over twenty when he entered Washington (Trinity) College, in which, after a full course, he graduated. He read law with Henry W. Ellsworth, and after being admitted to the bar he practiced in his profession for two years. During this time he also assisted George D. Prentice (who was a native of an adjoining town) in editing the New England Weekly Review, at Hartford, Connecticut; and young Crary's early association with this brilliant journalist and wit was no doubt of value to him as an incentive to intellectual and literary pursuits in after life. Mr. Crary came to Michigan in 18—, settling at Marshall, Calhoun county, where he died in 1854.

'Tis said that many of the great truths of life are written on the fly-leaves of history. I know that enterprises that have greatly promoted the advance-

ment and prosperity of a State have had their origin in some obscure nook or by-place. That little moss-hid fountain away back in the unknown recesses of the mountain side is the source of a mighty river. So the common and apparently unimportant act of life sometimes makes the most important history.

One day in the summer of 1834 two old settlers were sitting on a log on the wooded hill just north of where the court-house now stands in Marshall. They were earnestly talking about the condition and prospects of our new State; and more especially about the schools, from the primary grade up to the highest—a State University. One of these men was a warm friend of education, a graduate from an eastern college, a lawyer in the new settlement, and known as Gen. Isaac E. Crary. The other was a Congregational clergyman, as ardent a worker for education, a man of solid learning, commanding ability, and public usefulness. This was Rev. John D. Pierce. Subsequent to this the Legislative Council of Michigan called a convention to form a State constitution, which was to meet in May, 1835, at Detroit. Our two friends, Gen. Crary and Rev. John D. Pierce,* in their consultation, had agreed that education should form a distinct branch of the government, and that the constitution should provide for an officer who should have this whole matter in charge, and thus keep its importance perpetually before the public mind. Gen. Crary went to this convention and was appointed chairman of the committee on education; drew up an article on the subject, which was adopted by the convention and became the law of the land. It provided for what no other State had heretofore—the appointment of a superintendent of public instruction. The constitution was adopted in October, 1835. Stevens T. Mason was elected governor, and Gen. Isaac E. Crary representative to Congress. On his way to Washington Gen. Crary held a consultation with Gov. Mason and proposed the name of Rev. John D. Pierce for the newly created office of Superintendent of public instruction. The result was his nomination and confirmation as our first Superintendent. Mr. Pierce was by act of the Legislature, requested to prepare a plan for the organization and support of the common schools; a plan for a University with branches,† and a plan for the disposition of the University and primary school lands. This he did. The credit of one important thing in our educational system belongs to Gen. Crary. While in Congress he secured the passage of the act giving every sixteenth section of land to the *State* and not to the township, as was heretofore done in all such acts. And these sections thus donated to the townships had been so managed in all the other States as to be of little worth to the cause of education. A noble act of Stevens T. Mason deserves notice. The University lands had been selected with such care that their minimum price had been fixed at $26 per acre, while other government lands could be had for $1.25 per acre; but squatters desirous of these choice lands got pledges from their candidates that they would favor a law to let these University lands go for $1.25 per acre. Hence by these cunning politicians a bill was finally sprung on the Legislature to that effect. Through the influence of Senator Hawkins, of Ann Arbor, and Dr. Fitch, of Detroit, the Governor was informed of the matter and *vetoed the bill*, thus saving the University its rich heritage of lands bequeathed to it by the State. The edu-

*To these two men we are indebted for *our present grand system of education*. Dr. Horace Bushnell, in his address many years ago, before the Connecticut Historical Society, spoke of Isaac E. Crary as one of the historical men of Connecticut; one who would be remembered for his usefulness in shaping public measures; and referred to his going to Michigan where he would have a new field for the display of his talents, in the work of popular education and other public matters.

†The idea of "Branch Universities" was a favorite one with Gen. Crary, and he no doubt had imbued Mr. Pierce's mind with the same thought.

cational system adopted, and the machinery in operation, the schools were readily organized throughout the State. Thus the firm foundation for our school system was laid. For many years the common schools and the branches (aside from the local academies and colleges in some parts of the State) did all the work of educating the boys and girls in Michigan. There were eight branches established. (See page 44.) The University was opened in 1841.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. SALMON KING, FOUNDER OF AUGUSTA.

Salmon King was born in Sunderland, Bennington county, Vermont, in the year 1784. His father was a stern patriot of the John Stark school, and served as Captain during the revolutionary war. His mother, Charity Sherwin, was the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, and a most excellent woman. At the age of 15 Salmon left home, 'tis said on account of the rigid discipline of the old soldier beneath the paternal roof. He found a home with a stranger in a small town in New York, where he worked for his board and went to school one year. After this he sought the abode of his uncle in New Haven, Connecticut, and, unrecognized as a relative, secured a position as clerk in his store. The uncle, on receiving a letter from the boy's father, telling of his son's flight, and inquiring if he was at his house, asked the young nephew one day, if his name was not Salmon King. Seeing that he was recognized, the young fugitive replied, "it is, sir." This uncle was the father of the well known Rufus King, of widespread Congressional fame. The young man, not liking the irksome confinement of "peddling tape and London pins" behind a counter, at the end of a year threw up that commission and started out on the path of adventure again, and we next hear of him as a student of medicine with Dr. Erastus Cross, in Columbia county, N. Y. Here he married Charity Cross, sister of his instructor. Having finished his medical course, he began the practice of his profession. He served his country during the war of 1812 as an army surgeon. From Columbia county he removed to Bennington, Genessee county, N. Y., where he was a pioneer, and aided in improving the country. He named the town from his native county in Vermont. From the latter place he emigrated to Beachville, near London, Canada, where he practiced in his profession for 16 years. Here he and his wife became members of the Baptist church. In 1833 he migrated to Michigan, settling on the present site of Augusta.* His wife died in 1847. He married his second wife, Mrs. Julia A. Brown (now Mrs. F. P. Hawver of Galesburg) on the 2d of July, 1849. Rev. Edwin S. Dunham, then pastor of the Baptist Church of Galesburg, and an old Kalamazoo Branch student and a graduate of Michigan University, performed the ceremony. Dr. King died of cancer on the face, at his residence in Charleston, now Ahia Kent's house, on the 15th of July, 1855, in the 71st year of his age. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Judson Bingham in the Baptist church, Galesburg. He was a member of this church the last six years of his life. He had a brother who was a Baptist minister, and who supplied the church in Climax in 1849.

Dr. Salmon King was highly valued as a physician, beloved in the church, and in his death was mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends. His final departure was that of a successful and peaceful Christian.

*Harry King, his son, now living in Independence, Iowa, says that his father did not come here till 1835. But most of the old settlers here confirm 1833 as the year Dr. King came. The strength of evidence makes 1833 the year as we get it from records and other sources.

Dr. King was widely known throughout this part of the State, as an able, skillful and highly esteemed physician. His practice was very extensive, and he was generous in his charges. His son Chauncey often urged him to charge the full accustomed fee, but the old doctor would say, "It is hard enough for people to be sick here while struggling against such adverse circumstances in securing homes in this new country; many of them cannot afford to pay anything. I must be generous with them." Yet with his moderate charges, in the sickly season of 1838, his fees were sometimes a hundred dollars a day. Who was not acquainted with him? There was not a settler's cabin throughout this region, during the first two decades of its early history, that he has not entered; and the most so often that he became an old familiar friend; and so highly valued were his professional skill, his kindness, his social and colloquial powers, that his visits among the sick and afflicted were remembered as those of a good Samaritan who had befriended them, as they fell by the way, amid their toils in the wilderness. Dr. King had four children. The oldest, Leatitia, married Chauncey Martin and now lives in Beachville, Canada. Harry A., the oldest son, is now a successful merchant in Independence, Iowa; DeWitt C., the next, died some years since in Iowa; Chauncey P., the youngest, and a physician, died a number of years ago in Canada.

HISTORY OF AUGUSTA.

The earliest event that gives us any tracings to the beginning of the settlement of Augusta is the light shed upon it by Ruel Starr, that speculative adventurer, who took his course westward from Detroit in 1831, and selecting portions of sections 33 and 34, covering the site where this pleasant village now stands, he entered them at the Land Office at White Pigeon a year or two later. That this is true we have in proof the original deed of part of that land, given in 1836 by Mr. Starr to Salmon King. Mr. Starr did not know that the little act of selecting that land here, would one day be history, and that that little event foreshadowed the future village of Augusta.

Dr. Salmon King came to this then unreclaimed wilderness in the spring of 1833. That this is no illusion of history we have the direct testimony of Esquire H. M. Shafter, of Galesburg, who came to this place on the 18th day of May, 1833, on his way to Toland Prairie, and he saw Harry King here and talked with him. He has the documentary proof of the time he came here; and the clearest recollection that he saw Harry King on that day when he passed through this place. In addition to this we have the testimony of Deacon Willard Mills, who remembers staying over night with Dr. King, and he believes it was in 1833. The concurring testimony of Almon Austin, Roswell Ransom, and Deacon Wm. McClary all strengthens this year as the time the Doctor settled in Augusta. The Doctor erected the first house, built of logs. This stood where Mr. Weller now lives, on West Canal street. A Mr. Wood afterwards, in 1836, turned this building into a boarding house, which in the generous parlance of that day meant a tavern. He was the first landlord in Augusta. This house was known as "The Castle." George Townsend succeeded.

Mr. Wood was landlord in this home resort for the wayfaring man. Milo Foote succeeded him in 1838. The first frame house was built by Mr. Gilbert Higgins in 1838. It is yet standing on the corner of Webster and Fulton

streets, in which the owner and builder still lives. Harry A. King and Mr. Breck established the first store in a log building near where Frank Hall now lives, corner of Webster and Washington streets. This was some time in '35 or '36. Harry King afterwards built a store, and was really the first merchant. The first school-house was on the corner of the present Monroe and Convis streets. Miss Harriet Aldrich was the first teacher; time, 1838. The first death was that of Mr. Anderson, in 1837. His was the first grave in Augusta cemetery, and the coffin was the first one made in the place; and by Mr. Higgins and Mr. McKay, the former being the first millwright and the latter the first carpenter in Augusta; coming there in 1836 and 1837 respectively. The first blacksmith was Samuel Wilkinson; he came in 1836. The first shoemakers were Wm. Griswold and Horace Cross, in 1837 or '38. The first tailor that I can find was a Mr. Campbell. There is but an uncertain gleam from the shadowy past that falls across my wanderings in this direction. The light of those other days has nearly gone out along my pathway; and as I thread my course onward I can find none but this Mr. Campbell who gave the Augustaites "fits" in 1840. If there is another tailor still farther back in the dim distance who claims to have stitched for the earlier settlers, I am as ignorant of his name and whereabouts as Ned Bunsby was of the "whereabouts" of the "Cautious Clara." It is so in many other directions; I not only lose my light, but lose my way as I am strolling back on the old pioneers' trail, to get to their homes and betterments of thirty and forty years ago. No trace left; the old road disappears, cultivated fields cover it; the old log homes are gone, new and costly residences in their places, with strangers in them; the old betterments are lost in vast farms with waving fields and orchards, and all the improvements since 40 years ago. Gone, all gone, are most of those old familiar ways, and homes, and faces.

Dr. King built the first frame hotel in 1842, and he, or some one of his sons, was landlord in it for many years. In the bar-room of this tavern, Mr. A. S. Sprague sold goods for a while. The first frame block was erected by Harry King, Sprague, and Crosby, on East Canal street. They sold to Mr. Ives, of Detroit. This building burned down many years ago.

THE AUGUSTA COMPANY.

This company was organized in 1836. They bought most of their lands of Doctor King, and they soon after platted the town and began the sale of village lots. The company was composed of the following individuals: Epaphroditus Ransom, of Kalamazoo, General Ezra Convis, Judge Sands McCamly, Moses and Tolman W. Hall, of Battle Creek, and George Rigby, of Maine, but then of Augusta. The latter gentleman was also general agent of the company, and had the supervision of all their affairs at Augusta. He dug the mill-race, and built a double saw-mill for them in 1836 and '37. The mill was afterwards, in 1839, changed by taking out one of the saws, and putting in its place "a run of stone." The mill then could manufacture lumber and flour, two very essential articles for a new community. Mr. Gilbert Higgins was the builder of this mill, and brought the iron from Detroit. He was aided by Casey McKay, who came in 1837. This mill was afterwards sold by Joseph Torrey, through his son, George Torrey, his attorney, to C. M. Nichols, and by Nichols sold, I believe, to Caleb Kirby and Henry Willis, of Battle Creek, who in 1846 and '47 erected the present flouring-mill.

Wymans & Son built a brewery at an early day; George Torrey was there

in 1839; D. Ford, O. F. Sullivan, Smith, Johnson, and others came early.

The name of this place came from the banks of the Kennebeck, away up in the Pine Tree State. George Rigby had brought the memory of his native town, Augusta, Maine, to this new territory; and when this wild-wood foundling was to be christened here on the banks of the Kalamazoo, he stood sponsor, and bestowed upon the little woodsy Miss the name of AUGUSTA. The young hamlet began to thrive and grow *out* of the woods as she grew *into* her "teens." She became the commercial centre for the settlements about here, and began to put on "important airs," and to take to "village ways" long ere she attained her majority. Augusta has good churches and schools, and a flourishing trade. She has a business block that, for its energy and nerve in buying and shipping produce, would do credit to a town four times its size.

Old soldiers, those of you who came to the front to battle in the wilderness some thirty and forty years ago, you are nearing that goal whence no traveler returns. Life to you grows more serious as you go onward; you begin to see the truer meaning of things. Like the old Scotch seer—

> "'Tis the sunset of life gives you mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before."

Friends, let me say to all who are gathered here to-day, "the silent years, fraught with smiles and tears, roll on; for some the buds are blossoming; for some the leaves are falling; the young look forward to the Sunnyland they may never reach; the old look back with sighs upon days made happy by regret. And midst the triumph and the anguish, the hope, and fear, and sorrow, Time, with passionless finger, marks the second, and pushes us gently on toward the grave."

CALEB ELDRED—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND SERVICES.

Caleb Eldred was born on the 6th day of April, 1781, in Pownal, Bennington county, Vermont. His parents, of English ancestry, had removed, many years previous to his birth, from Rhode Island to Vermont. They had seven children, five of whom were sons, namely: Caleb, Thomas, Daniel B., Stephen and Mumford; and two daughters, Eunice and Amy.

Only two of the family, besides himself, ever came to Michigan: Daniel who died in Climax, and who was the father of Potifer, William, and Andrew, and Mumford the father of Mumford, Jr., Rev. Andrew J., of the M. E. church, and Mrs. Calkins; he settled in Allegan county where he died a few years ago. I believe Mr. Eldred's brothers and sisters are all dead. A reference to the period of Judge Eldred's birth brings vividly to mind that stirring event in our revolution, the battle of Bennington and all its incidents. Daniel Eldred, his father, was taken prisoner at the time of this battle, although not in service during the fight. He was captured by the enemy while traveling along the public road, and was kept prisoner until he was exchanged some time afterwards.

That important period in Caleb Eldred's life—his boyhood, which includes all of his school days, was spent among the green hills of his native State. The common school curriculum at that time embraced merely reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. Caleb made himself the most proficient in the first three, giving especial attention to arithmetic. Grammar was not made so necessary a part of common school education at that time as it is now. A limited supply of learning and of money went much farther with a man then than now. Still Caleb must have made some advancement

in his education, for we find him, ere he had attained his majority, teaching a country school. The next event in his life which we chronicle, was his marriage, October 3, 1802, to Miss Phebe Brownell; and in February, 1803, he removed to Laurens, Otsego county, New York. Here he engaged in farming. He served his township as justice of the peace, and was president of the Otsego County Agricultural Society for several years. During De Witt Clinton's administration as Governor of New York, Mr. Eldred was elected to the State Legislature; he was also re-elected for the second time. While a member of this body, in 1821, he was very influential in securing Martin Van Buren's election to the United States Senate, and we can put it down as a pertinent fact, that he advocated with all his ability the successful prosecution of DeWitt Clinton's great enterprise—the Erie Canal.

Judge Eldred related the following incident to the writer: One day while a son of Alexander Hamilton was speaking in the assembly, the door opened and Aaron Burr walked into the room. Every eye was, for the time, turned to the distinguished visitor, who, as he came in, met Gen. Root near the door. As Burr looked up and gave a glance at the speaker, he asked Gen. Root who he was. The General who could not tone his voice down to a whisper, replied—"that's young Hamilton!" Burr unconsciously took half a step backward, raised his hand, while his countenance, said my informant, seemed to express these words—"*I shot his father.*"

While busied in the cultivation of his farm his health failed. It was generally thought by his friends that consumption, that insidious disease, had selected him as its victim. By the advice of his physicians he sought some other business, and we find him in a short time, following the more active pursuit of the drover. Hence in the saddle, riding about Otsego, Chenango, and adjoining counties he gave his time to buying cattle for the Philadelphia market. It is claimed that his was the first drove of cattle sent from New York to Philadelphia.

It was while engaged in this new business that he heard flying rumors about a new territory up among the Lakes in the far northwest, called Michigan. He gets down his map—probably Woodbridge's or Morse's old school atlas—and finds out all he can from that source, its geographical location. But those wild rumors about *Michigan*—the *avant couriers* that led to the discovery of this magnificent State—have not only arrested his attention, but they have urged him to start on a journey to this far-away region. Hence in the summer of 1830, he sets out for the wild, western territory, and had reached the interior as far as Jacksonburg, when the "fever and ague"—the foe to all frontiersmen,—attacked him. Here he remained for six weeks at Blackman's tavern, and no doubt was each day put through the icy shakes and burning fever of this most miserable disease. Finding, at the outset, that he should be detained by sickness, he hires Ruel Starr, a chance companion he met in Detroit, to go on for him, and prospect further west in this new region.

Mr. Starr gets his instructions and sets out on his tour of discovery. He prospects about the Grand Rapids country, comes back by way of Gull Prairie, and from thence takes the old trail to Kalamazoo, and returns to Jacksonburg, with an interesting account of the new land, but gives the most glowing one of the country about Kalamazoo. The Judge was recovering from ague and fever when Mr. Starr returned. He was soon able to start with his friend to see the locality he had praised so much. And here we would refer

to a singular circumstance in relation to Judge Eldred's sickness at Jacksonburg. As we have said, he was supposed to be a victim to consumption. But that six weeks' sickness, in Blackman's tavern, had destroyed every vestige of the consumption lurking in his system—the fever and ague had killed this disease. He was renovated and made a new and healthy man. He always thought that the ague and fever "cured him of the consumption." From that day he dated his improved health; and we may add, his long and useful life, devoted to the best interests of Kalamazoo county.

The Judge, feeling himself again, set out with his companion, who now was really his guiding star, through unbroken wilderness. Following the blazed trees westward, they came on to Kalamazoo and located lands, or made a claim at Comstock, including the water-power there. He employed a man, Ralph Tuttle, to build a log house on his claim, and returned to the east to prepare for a final journey with his family to this new land. A short time after he left, Hiram Moore, Mr. Jackson, and J. F. Gilkey came to Comstock and, in old settlers' phrase, "jumped" Judge Eldred's claim, and also located other lands so as to cover both sides of the creek at this place.

Judge Eldred returned in January, 1831, with his son, Daniel B., and spent the winter in a new house, which he erected at the mouth of the creek, south of the road. He then began the erection of a saw-mill, which he finished in a short time. Hiram Moore afterwards justified his action in "jumping" this claim, by saying that he did not think Eldred would ever come back again, consequently he felt at liberty to locate this land for himself. The Judge afterwards located lands on the same stream at Comstock. During the season other emigrants had pitched their tents at Comstock, or sought shelter among those who had built houses.

While this little colony was making improvements and getting ready for the winter, Judge Eldred is informed by one of the emigrants, Colvin White, of a beautiful prairie he had discovered, lying off to the southeast of Toland. Being desirous of visiting this new region, a party composed of himself, his son, Daniel B., Hiram Moore, and Calvin White, who went as guide, set out with staffs in hand, through the forest for this reputed Eldorado. Arriving at the western border of what, on the surveyor's "field notes," was put down as "Willow Swamp," they were delighted with the view before them, and remarked to White that he had not done the subject justice—the region told its own story best. After taking an extended survey of the whole prairie they found they would have to seek the hospitality of this fine region for the night. They consequently camped on the east side of a little lake, on what was afterwards known as the Lovell farm. In the morning they held a council to decide what name they should give to this prairie. It was agreed that each one should present a name for it, and they would then select the best one. Judge Eldred gave Laurens—the name of his town in New York. Hiram Moore gave the name of his native place in Vermont, Calvin White of his in New York, and lastly Daniel B. Eldred arising, said: "As this caps the climax of all prairies, I move we call it Climax." This resolution was seconded, and carried by the entire party.

In May, 1831, Mr. Eldred located land on this prairie, establishing his claim by conforming to the law then in vogue; that is, he plowed some on each lot, and did it in such a way as to hold a quarter section for each of his five sons. But on arriving at White Pigeon in June, he could only secure three quarter sections. He bought two more afterwards in different parts of

the prairie. The surveyors had marked this spot previously as a desirable location, and it was supposed they had put it down as "Willow Swamp" in their "Field notes," to divert the attention of others from it.

The twenty acres plowed was planted to corn. As the tough prairie sod laughed at a hoe in planting, they took a sharp spade, or more usually an ax, and cut a hole in the turf, dropped in the corn and put the chunk back by way of a plug. Thus they planted the twenty acres to corn, and leaving it to grow, went back to Comstock. When it came up the gophers and birds were ready to devour it. But the worst enemies were the sandhill cranes. Stephen Eldred informed me that those cranes would stalk along the corn rows, striding on their long spindle legs from hill to hill, and darting down their long bills they would pluck up and gulp down the tender corn shoots as they strode across the entire field. One crane, he said, would thus devour an acre of young corn in a short time. The cranes never troubled them after the first season. They were very shy of the settlers and left the young cornfields to the gophers and other enemies. They planted this field over again the first of June, and had a very good crop in the fall. It was not harvested until late in the season. When they came to husk it they found another enemy secreted among the tall rustling stalks, filling their sacks with the yellow ears,—it was "Lo, the poor Indian!" But they ran, taking sacks and all as the Eldreds came in sight.

In the winter of 1831 the Judge and his son, Daniel B., went to Detroit with their horse team to meet Stephen and the family there. Stephen drove his team through to Galesburg in six days. This was fast traveling over the route at that time. They found bridges over the large streams as far as Ann Arbor, but none this side. They forded all the streams and struggled and floundered over all the marshes. The latter were more difficult to cross than the streams. They camped out only one night, that was three miles this side of Marshall. They rolled the nail kegs over the marshes. The square boxes were the most difficult part of their load to get over these treacherous and boggy morasses.

The next season, H. H. Comstock, Caleb Eldred, and Samuel Percival built a grist-mill at Comstock. The orignal contract ran thus: Comstock was to furnish the money and have one-half interest; Judge and Stephen Eldred were to furnish the lumber, mill-stones, and do the carpenter work and have one-quarter interest; Samuel Percival was to do the mill-wright work and have the other quarter interest; and the contract was thus carried out. The mill was furnished before wheat harvest in 1832. Judge Eldred in the winter of 1831 and 1832, hauled the mill-stones on an ox sled from Detroit to the new settlement at Comstock.

From 1831 to 1834, part of Judge Eldred's family remained at Comstock, and part at the new home on Climax Prairie. During 1834 the Judge sold out his entire interest at Comstock and removed to Climax, where he has ever since resided, giving his entire attention to farming.

He was the first postmaster at Comstock, and the first at Climax. He was also the first supervisor for Kalamazoo and Comstock.

The desire among the pioneers and land speculators to secure the best lands, or choice locations with water privileges, often led to "sharp practice" in making a claim, and in entering the land at the land office, to secure a certificate. Some seemed to think it right to follow

> "The good old rule—the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power
> And they should keep who can."

This was the practice generally with sharpers, in securing their lands, but the rank and file of the emigrants played the honorable part in all of these matters.

In all that Judge Eldred has done, whether we consider him planting a colony at Comstock, or aiding the enterprises of the settlement, or in promoting the subsequent improvements in this county, he has performed his part most successfully. He was endowed with an ample store of good hard sense and practical talent, and an energy and business ability to carry out whatever he undertook, and he had the shrewd discernment to know just what to undertake. Here was one element of Judge Eldred's strength; he never was at a loss for a field of usefulness; he found it wherever he was, in improving the county and society in all of its industrial, educational, moral, and religious enterprises.

When the time for building the school-house came, which he strove to hasten, he was the most efficient and successful promoter of education in this part of the new territory. And we find him as soon as the little colony at Comstock had built their rude habitations, zealously engaged in securing religious worship for the people. He went about calling on each one of the settlers, and conferred with them on this subject. In several instances he met with no encouragement, and in one or two with decided opposition. One prominent settler of commanding intellectual ability sufficient to endow a minister, or "to govern men and guide the State," informed him that "they had things of more importance than religious meetings to attend to at that time." But the Judge, feeling conscious that he was right, went determinedly to work, and with the coöperation of many of the settlers, he succeeded in his most worthy undertaking. He found Elder Thomas Merrill, who was the itinerant pioneer preacher in this new region, and secured his services. The old settler will yet remember him as they have seen him riding on horseback through the woods on his religious missions among the early settlements.

The first meeting was held at Judge Eldred's house at Comstock, and arrangements were afterwards made, as the settlement on Toland Prairie was large, to hold meetings alternately at Judge Eldred's house, and at Sherman Comings', on the prairie. When the minister did not come, they selected one of their number to read a sermon for them. The meetings thus started were kept up continually. This was the commencement of religious meetings in this part of the country, and the origin and organization of the first Baptist church in Western Michigan.

Caleb Eldred brought the title of Judge with him, I understand, to Michigan. But he was appointed as side judge after he came here, and has occupied the bench with Judges Bazil Harrison and Wm. A. Fletcher, Cyren Burdick being the other side judge. He was also elected to our Territorial Legislature in 1835 and '36, and was nominated as one of the commissioners in the act incorporating the Detroit & St. Joseph railroad, June 29th, 1832. He was also largely instrumental in procuring the charter of the Baptist college at Kalamazoo, first as a branch of the Michigan University, and afterward in its present form. He was the first president of its board of trustees, which position he retained for some over thirty years; in fact, till the infirmities of age compelled him to decline the office. Until within a few years the tall, venerable, dignified form of Judge Eldred could be seen at all of the college commencements in Kalamazoo, ascending the platform to take his seat by the side of the president of the institution. And even as he passed along the aisle to

this seat he was looked upon and venerated as the founder and father of that institution of learning.

Judge Eldred was an original Jeffersonian Democrat, and acted with his party till 1848, when he went with the anti-slavery wing of that organization, and continued with them until he joined the republican party on its formation, "under the oaks," at Jackson, in 1854. He has been a zealous supporter of that great party to the present time. He has never missed a vote at any important election. Judge Eldred and his wife, who died in April, 1853, have been active and prominent members of the Baptist church for about fifty-five years. We know of no one man, and we know of no one family, who have done more to promote the general growth and prosperity of this county than Judge Caleb Eldred and his family. Ever zealous in a good cause, yet proceeding to its accomplishment whether of a public or private nature, in his plain, earnest, unostentatious manner, he has passed through the temptations to office and public preferment, without the slightest ambition for power or place. We have seen few men who, in addition to a high Christian character, possessed in so even and prominent a degree, those virtues which we call cardinal; so uniform a blending of prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude. This is where the man's strength was found, and this is what fitted him so admirably for the conspicuous part he has performed in the settlement and improvement of this part of the country. His life has been a living example of a high-toned Christian man to the new settlement as well as the old, and that example continued like the blaze of a candle, bright and full to the last. He was always seen in his pew on Sunday, in the Sabbath-school, and in the evening prayer meeting during the week. He was ever an exemplary Christian man in his family and in the community where he lived.

His name will ever be associated with the early history and subsequent growth and prosperity of Kalamazoo county, and we might say the same of his entire family, most of whom have occupied a prominent part in our early history. The entire family record is an excellent one. Of them we can truly say, "Like father, like children." His sons have done their full duty in making the county what it is to-day; they are influential and worthy citizens; his daughters have performed well their part, and are worthy of the highest praise among our pioneer women. The children were all born in Otsego county, New York.

Aimy, the oldest of them, married Daniel Lawrence in Otsego county, New York, in 1828. Mr. Lawrence removed to Michigan and settled on Climax, in 1834. He now lives on his fine farm, and where in his old age he and his estimable wife are enjoying the fruits of a well-spent life.

Daniel B., the oldest son, married Maria Thomas in Otsego county, New York; he came to Michigan, as we have stated, with his father; his wife died at their home in Climax, in 1842. His second wife was Miss Ann Fitzgerald; she dying, he married Eliza Monroe, who is also dead. Daniel B. sold his farm to Geo. P. Sheldon and removed with his family to Virginia. From thence he returned to Battle Creek where he died sometime in 1849, or '50.

Stephen, the second son, in 1836 married Miss Emily Spencer. She was the daughter of Deacon Spencer, one of the earliest pioneers of Calhoun county, who settled just east of Battle Creek. Stephen and his wife, and the younger ones of his family, are now enjoying life in their beautiful farm-house on Climax Prairie.

Phebe married Ruel Starr of LeRoy, New York, in 1833. The nuptial ceremony was performed by Rev. T. W. Merrill, pastor of Comstock. This ceremony took place at a meeting, supposed to be the first, of the Kalamazoo River Baptist Association. Mr. Starr purchased the first original claim, of Government, in Marshall, which he afterwards sold to Mr. Ketchum.

Returning from Marshall, he met Judge Eldred in Detroit, with whom he came back as we have stated in another place. He, soon after his marriage, removed to Valparaiso, Indiana, where he resided until his death in 1874.

Caleb married, in 1839, Miss Amanda Gardiner, daughter of Mr. Gardiner, one of the early pioneers who settled near "Lowells," east of Battle Creek. Caleb, selling his farm on Climax, a few years ago, removed to Kansas where he now lives in the township of Climax (named after his early home), Greenwood county. Thomas, the fourth son, married in 1840, Miss Eliza Bonney. They now live on their splendid farm on Climax Prairie.

Florinda was married to Robert Fitzgerald in 1843. Her husband was well known in this part of the State, as Capt. Fitzgerald. He died at their home in the above named place in 1874. Louisa, the fourth daughter, was married to Dr. Reuben S. Hawley in 1846. She died in 1854, and her husband in 1873, at their home in Gull Prairie.

Nelson, the youngest son, married Miss Sarah Holden in 1848. They now live in Battle Creek.

Catherine, the youngest daughter and child, was married to Dr. L. W. Lovell, of Climax, in 1848. They now own the old farm where the Judge first located in 1831, and where he has ever lived since he left Comstock. Dr. Lovell has been a member of our State Senate, and is now one of our State Prison Inspectors.

THE MILLS FAMILY.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

Asa Mills was born in 1765 in the town of Norfolk, county of Litchfield, Connecticut. His father, Samuel Mills, served as captain during the revolutionary war, and was deacon of the Congregational church of his native town. In 1790 Asa Mills married Miss Arthusa Phelps. They had 14 children, twelve sons and two daughters. The family record runs thus: Francis, the first child, died in Connecticut, at five years of age. Elihu settled on Gull Prairie, and died in Iowa in 1867. Simeon, prominent in this sketch, settled also on Gull Prairie, where he died on the 20th inst. Augustus died on Gull Prairie in 1872. Roswell died at Sandy Creek, N. Y., 1868. Timothy died in Galesburg, 1864. George died in Genesee county, N. Y., 1815. Francis was drowned in Buffalo creek, N. Y., 1821. Loren is now living in Ann Arbor, where he settled in 1827. Mary Ann married Nehemiah Charles and died in Wyoming county, N. Y., in 1823. Willard now lives in Galesburg, Mich. Sylvester died in Chicago near 1862. Leander died in Genesee county, N. Y., in 1820. Harriet married Levi Dunning, and now lives in Galesburg.

With a family of nine children Asa Mills moved from Litchfield, Conn. to Guilford, Chenango county, N. Y., in 1807, where he engaged in farming for some four years, and in 1811 removed to Homer, Cortland county. In

the spring of 1812 he sent out his two sons, Elihu and Simeon, with pack on back and staff in hand, to pioneer the way for the family, further west into the Holland Purchase region. They secured land and soon erected a double log house for the family. Here at Orangeville, Wyoming county, they began life in the wilderness, and before they could support a minister, the settlers were brought together in the log house, and Esquire Lewis, afterwards member of the assembly, read the sermon, Deacon Israel Branch, who died at Ann Arbor, did the praying, and the Mills family the singing. But here, in the unreclaimed wilderness, President Madison's call for troops in the spring 1812 reached them, and in September of that year, Elihu as drummer, and Simeon as fifer, joined the army at Lewiston. They were there during the battle at Queenstown, being in service about one month. The next year four, —Elihu, Simeon, Augustus, and Timothy, went as part of the military band to Buffalo, remaining there till they were discharged. Shortly after their return home Buffalo was burned. A little incident while the family was emigrating from Chenango to Cortland is related by the surviving members. The journey was made in the winter, and in order to take all, the children were packed close as "Jamaica figs," amid the straw in the sleigh. Stopping at a tavern by the roadside, the children having gathered around the warm and cheerful fireplace, the landlady was puzzled to know how the mother could tell when her children were *all* with her. The mother replied, "Easy enough, I count them." And she began numbering her little flock when, lo! one of them was missing. An excited search resulted in finding the tenth son, Willard, sound asleep under the straw in the sleigh.

In 1821 Loren and Willard were apprenticed to Deacon Abner Bryant in Buffalo to serve the accustomed time in learning the tailor's trade. While there they became members of a band of musicians led by Mr. Ketchum, a hatter. At the time the "Three Thayers" were executed in Buffalo, Loren and Willard were in the band that played the "death march" as the criminals were conducted from the court-house to the gallows in the lower part of the town. They were also with the band of music that escorted LaFayette, in 1825, from Dunkirk to Buffalo. They remember the celebrated Seneca chief, Red Jacket; have often seen his noble, manly form as he walked the streets in Buffalo, bearing on his coat the silver breastplate given him by congress.

It was in Deacon Bryant's tailor shop, in Buffalo, that the idea of emigrating to Michigan was first entertained. One day a man of commanding personal appearance and pleasing manners came into the shop to get his coat mended. From him they heard an interesting and vivid description of the territory of Michigan, and especially of the beautful region where Ann Arbor now is. The stranger was John Allen of Virginia, who was destined to be one of the founders of Ann Arbor. Pleased with the report of this country, it was decided that Simeon and Augustus should go in advance and spy out the land for the family. It was not long before they took passage at Cleveland in the "Walk-in-the-Water," for Detroit. This was the first boat that ever steamed across Lake Erie. Reaching the "City of the Straits," they started out on foot on the wagon track, or trail westward, sometimes finding their path so indistinct that they were lost in the trackless forest. Ten miles out in the deep woods they came to Ten Eyck's log tavern. Between this tavern and Ann Arbor there was an unbroken wilderness. This wild hamlet, now the Athens of Michigan, was then but three months old; with merely green bough

lodges, of Pottawattomie structure, for the abodes of its four inhabitants, John Allen, Elisha Rumsey, and their wives. Simeon and Augustus were highly delighted with the country.

In a short time they returned by way of Ohio. Their mother having died in 1818, their father had gone, with some of the family, to Gustavus, Trumbull county, Ohio. The most memorable adventure of the family is now to be recorded. In the year 1826, Mr. Mills and his second wife, with Simeon, Elihu, Augustus, and their families, and Harriet, took the schooner at Conneaut, New York, for Michigan. They took their household goods, two yoke of oxen, and a cow. Arriving at Detroit they, with their families and what goods they could put into an ox wagon, began the journey inland to Ann Arbor. They sent the rest of their goods and a forty-gallon cask of whisky by flat-boat, up the Huron river, to Woodruff's Grove. Allen and Rumsey's new settlement, during the lapse of two years since the brothers had visited it, had grown into an ambitious, rustic hamlet. The family, having become residents of the new country, went to work to improve their fortunes. At the organization of the Presbyterian church in Ann Arbor, by Rev. Wm. Page, in 1826, the Mills family took a prominent part. The subject of temperance came up at this time. Mr. Page who had lately been in Detroit, where he had heard this subject ably discussed, came back all emulous to do some good work for temperance in the new colony. His remarks not only brought Simeon to his feet, but to the clearest conviction of his duty on the question. They had heard all the reports concerning Michigan—of the low swampy lands and bad water generating diseases; of the "fever and ague" lurking like an insidious foe, in most localities, ready to assail whoever should settle in the territory. In consequence of this, they had been advised to take a barrel of whisky along to be used medicinally against the diseases of the new region. Hence when Mr. Page emphatically repudiated ardent spirits as they were then used, Simeon exclaimed: "Well, Mr. Page, will you sign the pledge? If you can do without whisky, I can." He conferred with his father and brothers. For the family to know their duty it was ever held to be strictly necessary to perform it. On this occasion it was decided to turn their forty gallons of whisky into vinegar—and it was done. The whisky disposed of, the father, several brothers and their families, thirteen in all, signed the pledge; becoming members of the church and temperance society at the same time. Simeon, speaking of this pledge years afterwards, said: "At that time we met the finger of scorn and the sneering remark, 'You are teetotalers!'"

This was the first temperance movement in the new territory. Beginning with the presbytery in Detroit in 1826, it was seconded and carried out at Ann Arbor soon after by Rev. Wm. Page and our pioneer family.

The Mills' instrumental band was composed of the following performers (old style instruments): Elihu played the clarionet, Simeon a clarionet of another key, Augustus and Willard the bassoon, Loren the flute, Timothy the hautboy, and Sylvester the drum. I presume it made no difference which instrument the performer took up, for these favorites of Apollo seemed as much at home with one as with the other, whether it was the flute, clarionet, "dorian reed," or hautboy.

The father died at Ann Arbor in 1827, aged 62 years; the stepmother at Galesburg, many years afterwards.

The last pioneer adventure was made in July, 1831. Simeon, William, and Sylvester this time, were the *avant couriers* sent out to view the Gull Prairie

region. Taking the old trail they went by way of Jackson, Marshall, and Battle Creek to their point of destination. Gull was the first prairie they had ever seen. At sight of such a delightful region spreading out before them, in all its picturesque beauty, Simeon exclaimed: "God willing, I settle here." And here he pitched his tent for the last time; here his last pioneer work was done; here he spent 48 years of a most useful, exemplary Christian life, and here he died in his 85th year, on the 20th day of May, 1879. His faithful and beloved companion, with whom he had lived 65 years, survives him. Her maiden name was Clarissa Porter. Their children are: Mrs. Sarah A Stevens, of Chicago; Eli P., now of Brookfield, Eaton county; Mrs. Oliver Fairbanks, of Richland; Mrs. Mariette Brown (deceased), wife of Charles Brown of Richland; Mrs. Maria Upjohn, wife of Dr. U. Upjohn, of Richland; Samuel, who died in 1843, and Charles H., now of Charlotte.

Dea. Simeon Mills had the spirit of the genuine reformer and benefactor in him. He had the highest and noblest conceptions of human life because he got them from the highest and best source, the Bible. His faith in that book was as strong and unswerving as that of the old reformer, John Knox, and like that stout old Protestant, what he believed he lived and advocated. Whether in the church, in society, in public or private life, his religious character was the measure of one of the most devoted Christian lives. In politics, he began life a member of the "old liberty party," and, true to his early convictions of duty, he labored for the abolition of slavery till it was, in the providence of God, accomplished. He became a republican when that party was organized, because he believed in political reform, always sustaining the best men and the best measures. He possessed in a high degree that moral and political acumen, that keen logic, that so distinguished the old abolitionist. This is why he was an angular man. The clear cut abolition reformer never lost his angles. Instead of wearing smooth from the pressure of contact and compromise they grew sharp by opposition and controversy. This made strong, independent men, and bold, fearless leaders. The old controversy of religion and politics through which Dea. Simeon Mills has passed was one of the best schools for developing the natural theologian as well as logician. On either of these subjects our lamented friend was so well fortified that his opponents ever found him an able antagonist. He was a great opposer of secret societies, a staunch temperance man, a repudiator of the use of tobacco, a foremost man in all church and Sabbath school work, a loving husband and father, a generous, kind-hearted man and citizen. His life forms a prominent part of the history of this county.

Of the fourteen children, sons and daughters of Asa Mills, ten lived to middle age, married and became heads of families; all professed Christians, all proficient singers, all were pioneers, all were pledged to total abstinence, all were abolitionists, and all became republicans. Of the male members not one was ever addicted to the use of the gun or the angler's rod, all were anti-Masons, and but two ever used tobacco. All were Presbyterians or Congregationalists, and, without good cause, were never missing at church, Sabbath-school, prayer-meeting, the family altar, or in any religious duty. Four of them were, and several of the children are, church deacons. This comes from lineal, orthodox descent, as the grandfather and the great-grandfather were church deacons. Their prosterity number above 100 grandchildren and great-grandchildren. In 1862 seven brothers and one sister met at Augustus' home in Richland, Kalamazoo county, with their wives and children, in all a

family gathering of 40. It was of course a most happy occasion. Conscious that this would in all probability be the last reunion on earth of all present, before they separated each of the brothers united in fervent prayer, and they closed by singing the hymn—

"Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing."

In less than one year from this time, three of them had departed to that "better land." Only three of the family are now living; Loren of Ann Arbor, Willard and Mrs. Levi Dunning of Galesburg. This large family has always lived in the most perfect love and friendship with each other; not one harsh or unkind word was ever uttered by one to the other. However they may have disagreed upon the various outside matters and questions in life, they, as members of one family, have ever lived in love and unity. Though not born to great inheritance of wealth, they secured enough of the world's goods for the wants and comforts of life. But they were born with a richer and rarer inheritance than earthly treasures—a love and desire to do good and benefit their race. This they have striven to do, and those that have gone have received—and those that are to go will receive—their full reward in Heaven.

DEACON ISAAC MASON'S EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF MICHIGAN.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

It was during the third decade of this century, or in more exact phrase, it was on the morning of June 1st, 1827, that Isaac Mason and Dr. Pratt, from Penfield, New York, started out from Detroit westward, on a land hunters' excursion into the wooded territory of Michigan. There lay the new land stretched out in wild grandeur before them. Century after century the morning sun had revealed the most picturesque landscapes, diversified by noble forests, openings, and prairies; the most charming lakes and beautiful rivers; while his parting rays had gilded the smoke as it curled aloft from the humble wigwam—the abode of the simple, unambitious, though barbarous tenants of this land.

But now the morning begun to dawn upon the white man's cabin, arising here and there in these wild regions, and the evening shadows began to lengthen out over his betterments. Equipped with travelers' staffs, our friends followed the only visible trace of a white man—his wagon-track, called "the old Washtenaw trail." Near sunset they came to a log cabin standing hard by the trail, solitary and alone in the woods, with a rude tavern sign hanging out before it.

The landlord, whose name was Johnson, could give them shelter, but no food. On John Farmer's map of Michigan, for 1835, you will find "Johnson's" put down on the old "Washtenaw trail," on the route to Plymouth. They remained here all night, and in the morning, without breakfast, they pursued their journey, and about nine o'clock reached Tonquish Plains, where they found a settler's cabin, and each got a bowl of bread and milk. Going some two miles further west, they came to Plymouth, then composed of two or three log houses. The stage from Detroit ran by way of Plymouth to Ann Arbor.

Mr. Mason stopped one day with his friend, Dr. Pratt, whose home was four

miles from Plymouth, and at the close of the next day's journey, came to Benjamin Sutton's betterments. Mr. S. settled on his two sections of land in 1825. He had made considerable improvements, and had some fine cattle. He is now dead, but his brother George, who came a little later, yet lives, not far from Benjamin's old home. George has been a member of our Legislature.

The day following, Isaac Mason arrived at Ann Arbor. While here he learned from Dr. Nichols, of Dexter, the following bit of history about the old Indian chief, Tonguish, or "Toga," as he was commonly called. The old chief and his son had been to Detroit, and returning, had reached Tonguish Plains, named after the former, when their dog and one owned by a settler got into a fight. The settler, to stop the fighting, struck at the dogs, and killed the Indian's. At this the young Indian instantly drew his gun and shot the settler dead on the spot. Dr. Nichols, then in Detroit, was sent with a company of twenty men to arrest this Indian and bring him to justice. They found old "Toga," and his son, but the latter, evading them, ran away. At this Dr. Nichols ordered him to call his son back. He replied: "He won't come." "Then I'll shoot him," responded Nichols. The old fellow, perceiving that his son was running in zigzag lines, as was their custom to dodge the range of the gun, cried out: "Why don't you shoot, then?" These words were scarcely uttered before—*ping*, sped a bullet from a lieutenant's rifle—the young Indian threw up his arms and fell dead on the ground. Seeing his son fall, old Toga stormed, raved, and threatened in fierce indignation. He was instantly seized and secured. A year after this he was killed on these plains.

From Hon. George Sutton, of Ann Arbor, I get the following incident:

In October, 1825, a tribe of Indians had encamped near the Detroit river, at which time a young Indian brave was accused of seducing the chief's daughter. For this crime, by the laws of the tribe, he was guilty of death, and was accordingly shot. Before his execution, he requested that after he was shot he might be placed in a sitting position, facing the trail, so that he could speak to his friends as they passed by. The request was granted. He was placed sitting with his arms folded across his breast. Long sticks were then driven into the ground to secure him in that position. His hatchet and scalping knife were stuck in his belt, his gun in his arms; and he was supplied with ammunition, plenty of tobacco and pipes, and in fact, with all things to last him on his passage to the "happy hunting grounds." Benjamin Sutton passed by when the Indians were securing the young brave in position by means of the sticks. And there he remained, near the old trail across Tonguish Plains, for a long time.

Isaac Mason, while at Ann Arbor, in 1827, heard of a great battle being fought in the unsettled regions west of them, between a surveying party and the Indians. The precise time was in 1823 or '24; the location of the battle ground was at the junction of the two rivers on the point of land between them. Historians disagree as to the number engaged on each side, the number of the killed, of the wounded, and as to the number of prisoners, guns and amount of army stores captured. An Indian had attempted to steal a sack of flour from the surveyors' tent; this was supposed to be the origin of the battle.

Mr. Mason stayed at Ann Arbor one week. This was in June, 1827.

There were two hotels in the place then; James Bird kept one and Samuel Camp the other. And there were but two stores.

Judge Dexter, then living at Dexter, had built the first house in that place, and during this month (June), held the first court in Camp's store, that was held in Washtenaw County. Lane was the first lawyer. He died with the cholera in '37. Judge Dexter, it was said, came to Michigan with $80,000.

In traveling from Ann Arbor to Saline, Mr. Mason found one log house, and only one building at Saline, and this a log tavern. He thought tavern keeping was indigenous to this new country. He called for a dinner, and was treated to a bowl of bread and milk, for which he paid twenty-five cents, the common price for a meal at that time. From Saline to Ypsilanti, twelve miles, he found one log house which was also a tavern. In crossing the Huron river at Woodruff's Grove, he floundered about for some time in the treacherous bogs, mire and water, ere he got across. At the Grove he found a hotel and something of a hamlet. He had visited the place to see his old friend, John Bryan, but he was away from home. He found his sister, who was there teaching school in this place. He remembers carrying letters from Miss Bryan to her friends in Pennfield, New York.

On leaving Woodruff's Grove he took the old Pottawattomie trail down the Huron river, and about five miles north of Brownstown he passed through a Wyandotte village, some forty rods long. After leaving the village, composed of some fifty wigwams, as he reached the woods, he heard an Indian whoop. A little curious as to the meaning he hurried on, and soon heard another whoop in a different direction. Fearing some mischief was meant he started into a run for Brownstown, while the two Indians, as he judged from their whoops, were pursuing him, the one from behind, the other from his left. He thought he ran about four miles ere he reached Brownstown. The Indians pursued him till near the town, when they retreated.

Remaining at Brownstown over night, the next day he went to the home of his friend, Col. Case, who lived near the Detroit river, opposite Grosse Isle. Here he related his chase by the Indians. "You met," said Col. Case, "with a great escape. I would not have passed through those woods as you did for the wealth of all Michigan." He related then this story: "Not long since the Wyandotte chief was knocked down, scalped and thrown into a hog-pen by a white man. This deed had so incensed his tribe that they had sworn to avenge it. Had those Indians outran you, they would have wrought their vengeance on you."

Years afterwards, Asa Langley, of Battle Creek, told Mr. Mason this same story. The man who performed this cruel act was a Kentuckian, and came into Michigan with Langley from Kentucky. He supposed he had killed the Indian chief, but he was found by some one who removed him from the hog-pen, and he was cared for and eventually got well. Deacon Mason was three days making his trip in the steamer Niagara from Detroit to Buffalo. There were then on the lake the old Superior, Niagara, Wm. Penn, and the Henry Clay.

From B. M. King, Esq., of Three Rivers, I obtained the following bits of early history relating to St. Joseph county. He came from Ulster county, New York, to Detroit, in 1832, and taking the old Chicago road proceeded to Ypsilanti, thence southwesterly on this old trail to Saline, Clinton, and on to Jonesville, all rude, woodsy hamlets that had sprung into being within the

last few years. At Jonesville Gen. Jacob Brown and one of his aids traveling on horseback overtook them. Gen. Brown was on a military expedition among the early settlers to muster together forces enough to fight Black Hawk, whom startling rumor reported coming with his savage hordes into the new territory to murder the defenseless pioneers. The settler's wife then, as she was busied about her household work in the log cabin in the lone woods, thought, as she heard these rumors and saw the dusky form of the Pottawattomie pass by the window or darken the door, of the Indian barbarities among the New England settlers, of the cruelties of Haverhill, of Cherry Valley and Wyoming. Yet there were many who rested undisturbed amid these reports, which finally proved untrue, although the settlers assembled for defense in various parts of the country.

From Jonesville Mr. King went to Bronson's Prairie, to Sturgis Prairie, to White Pigeon, then to Eschol's and on to Three Rivers. At White Pigeon he found a rude beginning of a town. John S. Barry and I. W. Willard were the merchants there, and Vanderwalker, later of Kalamazoo, was undersheriff. There was a grocer by the name of Pratt and a settler by the name of Swan. The first grist-mill in this region was undoubtedly built by Clinger, near Mottville on the St. Joseph river. Wm. Taylor kept the famous old tavern at Mottville, so long known and patronized as the boarding-house, hard by the Grand Traverse of the St. Joseph. Wm. Taylor was with Col. Mullet in his surveying expedition in this territory, and was in the celebrated Indian fight at Battle Creek in 1823 or 1824. He was among the few who were spared to tell of that wondrous battle. He was the first sheriff in St. Joseph county.

My informant remembers taking many a meal at this noted old tavern, when Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, in their capacity of landlord and landlady, furnished a most excellent table and extended the true hospitality of a frontier life to their guests.

The next grist-mill was built by Judge Wm. Weeks, at Constantine, and Niles Smith built the first store there; Charlton, so long and favorably known was his clerk. There were also two twin brothers by the name of House selling goods at Constantine about this time. They were soon followed by John S. Barry, who came from White Pigeon and remained in trade here till the day of his death.

McIntaffer built the first house in Three Rivers, in what is now known as the Canada side, in 1830 or 1831. There was not a building then on the Three Rivers side. George Buck lived on the Lockport side, and the place was called Bucktown and the township Buck. Mr. Buck built the first tavern in the place, John Smith the first store, and old Esquire Ulerich—the *old* applies to time, now in his advanced age at Mendon—taught the first school in a private house on the Lockport side.

George Buck, in the wild-cat banking days, went to Kalamazoo to borrow the gold and silver deposits from the bank there, in order to be ready to stand the examination of the bank commissioners, who were soon to be in Three Rivers. He had gone through the woods with a one horse wagon, and on his way back to Three Rivers with his deposits he lost his road and had to camp out in the woods over night. He slept in his wagon with the gold under his head; but he got home the day following. The Three Rivers bank, of course, passed, after an examination by the commissioners, and Buck took the deposits back to Kalamazoo the next day. This is one phase of the old wild-cat bank-

ing system. Whether Buck got at Kalamazoo a keg of nails with a few gold and silver dollars sprinkled over the top, will ever remain a secret. As the bank commissioners of that day had many of these kegs to examine, and as they had magnificent distances to travel to get from one to the other, they did not go very deep in their examinations.

The people of Kalamazoo county were accustomed to go to mill to White Pigeon. Mr. Brown, formerly of Gull Prairie, told the writer that on crossing the Cookoosh, the grade being steep, ere he reached the bridge the wagon tongue dropped, the horses ran, broke the wagon, and one of them was thrown over the other, and both hung suspended by the harness from the bridge. He cried out to his friends: "Don't cut the harness; if you do, I can't get home." The horses were liberated and the harness saved, but it took him three days to mend his broken wagon ere he started home.

SHAVEHEAD.

We give here some recollections of a somewhat noted Indian chief called Shavehead, that we gathered from those who were acquainted with him, on Shavehead Prairie, in Cass county. The prairie was named after him; it was his favorite home, and here he spent the latter part of his life. He had in his more communicative hours, it is said, boasted of the white men's scalps he had taken in the battle at Frenchtown, on the river Raisin. He wore them as trophies about his person.

The old Chicago road, where it crossed the St. Joseph river, at Mottville, was called, as we have said, Grand Traverse, or portage. This road was the great traveled route through the southern part of the territory to Chicago. Here at Mottville, the old chief Shavehead, had stationed himself as the Charon to ferry travelers across the stream. There being no grist-mills nearer than Pokagon, the settlers in this part of the country went by this route to get their grinding done. Standing with gun in hand at this portage, Shavehead was accustomed to demand toll of every one who wished to cross the stream. One day M. O. Savary of Centerville, finding the old chief off his guard, crossed over the St. Joseph, free. But on his return, there old Charon stood, gun in hand to demand his moiety. Savary stopped his team. Shavehead came up and looked into his wagon, when the former, seizing him by the scalp-lock, drew him close to the wagon and with his ox whip gave him a sound flogging. Then seizing the old chief's gun he fired it off and drove on. Old Shavehead never took any more toll from a settler crossing the St. Joseph river at Mottville.

An old frontiersman, who lived not far from Shavehead Prairie, was very fond of the woods, of hunting and trapping. He and Shavehead were great friends, and often spent days together on the hunt. Their friendship had continued so long that the settler had begun to be considered a sort of Leather Stocking companion to the old Indian. One day a report reached his ears that Shavehead had said: "Deer getting scarce; whiteman (pointing towards the settler's home) kill too many; Injun no get his part. Me stop whiteman shoot deer." His old friend interpreted this; he knew its meaning, but said nothing. He and the old chief had another hunt together after this. Time passed on, and one pleasant day in autumn the two old friends went out on a hunt together, and at night the settler returned alone. The old Indian chief was never seen in that region afterwards. It was generally believed that the

reason Shavehead did not return was that he had crossed the river to the happy hunting grounds on the other side. And it is generally conceded that the settler thought he or Shavehead would have to cross the river that day, and that he, the settler, concluded not to go.

A REMINISCENCE OF CENTREVILLE.

Tom Langley was among the first who broke the silence in the wilderness where Centreville now is. He came there in 1831, and built the first tavern. Langster was the first lawyer. Langley was a man of gentlemanly manners, of ready and smooth speech, and quick thought and action. He was an old friend of General Cass. The latter had helped some of Langley's sons to clerkships in our State Department, and Tom paid him back in political influence. Tom Langley was possessed of enough natural politeness to have endowed a Fifth avenue hotel, from landlord down to boot-black. Had his ambition to play the agreeable and win applause been directed to the field of heroism, he would have made a Chevalier Bayard, as far as his natural endowment would have carried him. In regard to cast of character, nature had undoubtedly assigned to him the role of the landlord. But Tom was never really contented with this role as assigned him; he had breveted himself in it, and there he loved to play his part.

As a landlord, he not only championed the cause of every individual who sought the shelter of his roof, but he *chaperoned* him around his premises, the village, and surrounding country. His tavern, in his eyes, was a feudal castle, and he its lord, whose highest ambition was to entertain every guest with true courtesy and knightly cheer.

Years afterwards, Chester Guerney, the learned old lawyer and stout abolitionist, used to delight in "showing up" Tom Langley in some of his castle-building schemes. An eastern gentleman, whom Tom had driven about Centreville behind a pair of spanking bays, called at Guerney's office one day to consult him on business. While there he remarked: "Your landlord, Langley, must be an enterprising citizen." This was enough to start Guerney on Tom's track. He scented game ahead, as with a twinkle in his eye, he replied: "Yes; his enterprises astonish strangers, but they don't alarm his friends much. Do you allude to any particular thing he has done?" The gentleman answered: "Yes; he informed me that he was about the first settler here, and built your hotel, with other principal buildings; and that he erected your fine court-house." Guerney was too delighted at this to keep his seat, but arose, and going to the door, said: "My friend, please step this way. You see that small frame building across the way, with the sign 'Sam Scott, Grocer,' over the door?" "Yes." "Well, in an early day, when our circuit court went pioneering, it used to hold its sessions in that little structure. Tom Langley built *that*. And now he assumes the honer of erecting that splendid court-house standing in the center of our village green. That is Tom all over. Like the Irish witness who testified in court that 'he had known the gun ever since it was a pistol,' Tom Langley, with an equal stretch of his imagination, could say, 'I built that large three-story court-house when it was a little one-story frame structure.'"

PIONEER HISTORY OF COOPER.

BY HON. JOHN WALKER, OF COOPER.

The township of Cooper was organized in 1836. It lies in the northern tier of towns in Kalamazoo county. It derives its name from the daughter of Judge Cooper, of Cooperstown, New York, she being the wife of the late Horace H. Comstock, who was at that time a member of the legislature from this county. David E. Deming and his brother Cyrus P. Deming, from Vermont, were the first settlers. They erected the first house in the township in March, 1834, on section two, on the east side of the river. John Deming, son of David E., was the first white child born in the township, the date being Sept. 25, 1834. Mr. Deming was the first supervisor elected in the township. He also was elected county commissioner and state senator. He is still living and resides in the village of Plainwell.

Joseph Skinner, from New York, was one of the first settlers on the west side of the river; he built his house in the spring of 1835, on section 21. He plowed the first land on the west side of the river. While plowing, the Indians would follow the furrow, amazed at the animal that would dig up the ground so rapidly, and they would feel of the smooth furrows as they lay side by side, no doubt astonished at the rapid strides of the animal and the smoothness with which he rolled the ground from his side, but they were not afraid of the animal as long as Mr. Skinner held him by the horns. He carried the first mail from Kalamazoo to Cooper, Saturday of each week for a number of years, and he became so habituated to going to Kalamazoo Saturdays that he kept it up long after he quit carrying the mail. He is still living, and in good old age enjoying the fruits of his labors.

The same year came Barney Earl and his family from New York City, and settled on section 17. He was the first postmaster and served many years without fee or reward, giving his commission to the carrier in order that we might have an office in Cooper. He was elected associate judge and presided with Judge Ransom. He used to say that during the many terms that he was associated with him he never asked for his opinion but once, and as that case was not down on the calendar he refused to give his opinion. The judge decided without it. He was elected representative to the State Legislature, and was one of the number who sat for the first time in the new (now old) capitol at Lansing. He filled many offices of honor and trust in the township, and died at a good old age at his residence in Kalamazoo.

The same year Ephraim B. Delano, of Saratoga county, N. Y., settled on section seventeen, but also entered land on sections eight and nine. This was the first land entered on the west side of the river. He had the first choice of those beautiful oak openings and timber land which he lived to see waving with golden grain. Instead of the smoke curling from a few wigwams, he could now see it rising from more than twenty substantial farm houses. He was elected the first township clerk. He reared a large family, many of whom have settled near the old homestead. He died in 1871, on the land he first located. Allen Smith came from Ohio the same year and located on sections twenty-one and twenty-eight, now owned by Wm. S. DeLano. He was the first Sabbath-school superintendent, and now resides in Ionia county. Ira Smith came the same year and entered land on section twenty-one. He and

Jason Parmley brought the first threshing machine, which beat out the grain but did not clean it. They called it the "Old Whig." I think it was brought here in 1837. He still lives on the other side of the street from the land he first located, and after going to California and Pike's Peak, and seeing all the elephants, is contented to settle down and enjoy the fruit of his labors.

The same year Lewis A. Crane settled on the east side of the river on section two. He came from western New York. He was a man of genial and social temperament and drove the pain from many a desponding heart as he made his annual visit from house to house as supervisor. He was the first justice of the peace in the township, which office he held almost constantly; the office of supervisor he held for many years. Mr. Crane was stricken down suddenly in the vigor of manhood, his life of industry and usefulness being severed in a moment. His widow resides with her son on the land they first located. His daughter was the first bride in Cooper. Unfortunately for our magistrates, who were out of boots or breeches, she had to leave those flowery hillsides in Cooper and resort to the primitive grove in an adjoining county to have the nuptial knot tied and two willing hearts made one. Alexander Glen came the same year and located on section twenty. He was from Saratoga county, New York. He was the first Scotchman in the township, and was elected a justice of the peace for many years, and often in his official capacity attended weddings. On uniting one couple, as neither money nor turnips could be procured, he agreed to take a *knot maul* for performing the ceremony. But the bride did not prove as good as expected, or for some other reason not known to the writer the pledge was not kept, unless you strike the "k" from knot. In 1838 he located some land on section sixteen, where he now resides. He is the oldest man of the pioneers now in the township.

Thomas Chamberlain came the same year, 1835, and located on section six. He came from western New York. This part of Cooper, with section one of Alamo, was known as the Finch settlement, noted for enterprise and immorality as much as Sodom in the days of Lot. Mr. C., familiarly known as Dea. Chamberlain, was their peacemaker, as matters of difference or quarrels were always referred to him for settlement. He died in 1857. His widow lives with her son on the land he first located. Mathew R. Tift came the same year, and settled on section 14. He kept the first tavern in the township. We attended an election in his house in 1840. It was warm and most of the people came without coats and some were barefooted. Election was held two days and the pioneers used to spend those days in playing ball and other athletic sports. Mr. Tift held the office of justice of the peace, and other township offices for a number of terms, until old age admonished him to leave the active duties of life. He died at a ripe old age and his body now rests in that beautiful cemetery on the land he located and donated to the township.

Nathan Johnson, David Gurving, and Thomas Drayton came the same year and settled on the south half of section 20. Chas. Easton came the same year and settled on section 30, the land now owned by A. R. Allen.

William Lyman, with Nathan his son, and Mr. Allan, his son-in-law, came this year. Wm. Lyman located on section 15, now part of C. Thayer's farm. On this piece of land was the Indian settlement near the springs known as the Lyman Springs. Nathan Lyman located the land on sections 28 and 29, now owned by Abram Peer. Nathan Allen located on section 29, part of the farm now owned by Andrew Snider. Patrick Bunbury came this year and settled

on section 25. He was one of our best farmers, and by his skill and industry cleared up one of the largest farms in Cooper. James Elsie came this year and settled on section 24, part of the farm now owned by James McNab. Jas. Goodwin came this year and located land on sections 21 and 22, part of the farm now owned by Jacob Cline. The dwellings were small, most of them shanties with one roof. They were built of small logs with a stick chimney on the outside. The roof was covered with shakes or boards; the floor consisted of boards or split planks. The first mill was erected on section 27 by a Mr. Collar. It took two days to raise it, it being composed of heavy timber and the weather extremely warm. The people drank so much whisky or water that there was not enough left to run the mill; for this or some other cause it was abandoned. The next mill was erected on section 15, near the route of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad, by Francis Fitts.

Other early settlers who contributed to the wealth and prosperity of the township were Jonathan Travis, Truman Averill, Philo Vradenburg, Freeman Chandler, A. V. Monroe, Ichabod Hart, William Skinner, George DeLano, Luther Chamberlain, Henry Skinner, Joseph Lyman, B. R. Platt, Samuel Boyd, Ellery Hicks, Theron Norton, Milton Gregory, Rensselaer Hicks, and Henry Sherman. As an old pioneer once remarked, "there was not a lazy man among us." No wonder that Cooper takes the stand she does among her sister townships. Her assessed valuation for 1875 was, in real estate $436,000, in personal property $52,000; she paid $20,000 in bounties during the late war without incurring any debt, and filled her full quota of men without sending a drafted man into the field. She has two churches but no hotel, eight school-houses but no billiard saloons.

ON GOING TO MILL.

TRAVELING THREE HUNDRED MILES TO MILL; OR, WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GOING TO MILL.

BY ENOS NORTHRUP.

Our first crop of wheat harvested in Michigan was on Gull Prairie in 1831. As soon as harvested we threshed out a grist of twenty-two bushels, and my brother started me off to mill. The nearest mill was at Constantine, St. Joseph county, fifty miles distant. I started with two yoke of oxen. I had to ford the Kalamazoo, the Portage, Hog creek, and St. Joseph rivers. When the water was deep enough to come up into the wagon-box, I had to cut poles and lay across the box, and then lay the bags on top of the poles. There were no bridges or causeways then, neither were there roads; we had to follow the Indian trail. Night came on and I had to stop. I stayed that night with a family who were just moving into a shanty. All the accommodation I could get was shelter, being obliged to lie in one corner of the shanty on the ground. Of course I had a blanket with me. I put a bell on the oxen, and let them go. I was out early in the morning looking for the cattle, but could not find them. I hunted all day for them without any success. The next day I hired an Indian to go with me. We looked all day, and could not find them, and night coming on, the Indian struck a fire, and we ate our lunch of bread and meat; then wrapping ourselves up in our blankets, lay down and slept till morning. In the morning we got up, ate our lunch, and renewed our hunt

for the oxen. Got back to the wagon, but found nothing of them. Then I set out on foot for home, thinking they must have gone in that direction. I reached home Saturday night, but the cattle had not been seen.

Monday morning I started back on horseback, and with more provisions. When I had got as far as Prairie Ronde my horse got lame, and I left him and went on foot. I hired the man where I stopped over night to take my grist to mill, so as to have it ground when I should find the cattle. I hunted and inquired all the week for them, but could not find them, nor hear anything of them, and I started back for home. Found my horse had got over her lameness, so I could ride the rest of the way. On reaching Kalamazoo I inquired for my cattle, and was told they had passed there that morning, and I would probably find them out north on the marsh; and there I found them. This was the first time that they had been seen since I turned them out. As this was Sunday about noon, I thought I would drive them home, and take a fair start. Monday morning I tied the cattle together by the horns, put a saddle on the nigh wheel ox, and started back. When tired of walking I would ride the ox. In due time I got home all safe, having traveled three hundred miles, and spent nine days in hunting oxen in the woods—in all sixteen days' time, when labor at home was worth a dollar a day; also spent five dollars cash for expenses. In the meantime my brother's family at home lived on bread made of wheat ground in a coffee-mill, and sifted through a meal sieve This made splendid shortcakes.

THE ALPHADELPHIA ASSOCIATION.

ITS HISTORY IN COMSTOCK, KALAMAZOO COUNTY.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

The theory of holding property in common was advanced by Pythagoras, and was fully advocated and given to the world by the great Plato in his "Republic." The idea of man's living in common with his fellows is essentially primitive. It is certain that man early sought, not only the "elixir of life" and the "philosopher's stone," but the "golden mean of life," where labor bestowed her rewards on the true principle of merit; and health, virtue, honor, and happiness followed in her train. The earliest efforts of industry have been to eliminate the evils that beset her path, and to get rid of the ruinous effects of competition, that evil genius of society, by the substitution of a healthy emulation, that labor should ever be honored, and that wealth or capital which she creates, should ever be subservient to her. Philosophers have ever striven to find the mode of life that would endow man with the most health and happiness. The poet has sung—

"He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state."

From Abraham on the plains of Mamre, to the shepherds tending the flocks among the Judean hills, long before "they hung their harps on the willows and sat down by the rivers of Babylon and wept," all through those periods of

history, we find a tendency to pastoral communism. Coming down to the middle ages we find the monks occasionally trying communistic life. And reaching our own time, we shall have Louis Blanc, Saint Simon, and Charles Fourier in France, Robert Owen in Scotland, and his son, Robert Dale, in America, giving to the world the theory and practice of what is commonly known as socialism in Germany, communism in France, and Fourierism in America. From these, which essentially are one, communists, Alphadelphians, and the late coöperationists, with various other theories and theorists.

ORIGIN OF ALPHADELPHIA ASSOCIATION IN COMSTOCK.

On the 14th day of December, 1843, pursuant to a call for a convention published in the *Primitive Expounder* at Ann Arbor, 56 persons from the counties of Wayne, Oakland, Washtenaw, Genesee, Jackson, Eaton, Calhoun, and Kalamazoo, assembled in the school-house at the head of Clark's lake in Columbia, Jackson county. The object of the convention was to organize and found a domestic and industrial institution. These 56 men after a laborious session of three days, each session extending from morning to midnight, adopted the outline of a constitution which was referred to a committee of three composed of Dr. H. R. Schetterly, James Billings, and Franklin Pierce, for revision and amendment. A committee consisting of Dr. H. R. Schetterly, John Curtis, and Wm. Grant was also appointed to view three places designated by the convention as suitable for a domain. The convention then adjourned to meet at Bellevue, Eaton county, on the 3d day of January, 1844, when they would receive the reports of said committee on location, and revise, perfect and adopt their constitution. The committee on location went forth like those men of old, "to spy out the land," to select a goodly region suitable for a domain. The adjourned convention met on the day appointed and after listening to the reports of the committee on location, they chose the southeast quarter of the township of Comstock, county of Kalamazoo, as a permanent home, whose advantages the committee set forth in the following terms:

"The Kalamazoo river is a large and beautiful stream, nine rods wide and five feet deep in the middle, flowing at the rate of about four miles per hour; and with eight feet fall, which can be obtained, without flowing any land worth mentioning, by digging a race one mile and a half in length, it will propel 100 run of stone in the dryest season. The digging is easy and may be nearly all done with scrapers and teams." They then speak of "the place where the mansion and the manufactories will stand;" on a beautiful plain descending gradually toward the river, a plain 50 to 60 rods wide, skirted on the south by a range of hillocks about twenty feet high and running parallel with the river. Beyond these, some 10 or 30 rods, is a gentle, undulating plain, extending south, east, and west for miles, and being covered with the most thrifty timber your committee ever beheld, consisting of whitewood, black, white and blue ash, white and red oak, two kinds of beech, and two of elm, black walnut, soft maple, some cherry and especially hard maple in large quantity and the best quality." "There is a spring, pouring out a barrel of water per minute, one-half a mile from where the mansion and manufactories will stand." They say cobble stones for buildings and dams are plenty on the domain; and sand and clay for making brick, in abundance. "Iron ore is known to exist on the domain, but its extent is not yet found out. The Michigan Central railroad will run 1½ miles north of the proposed site of the

mansion. They found no cause for fever here; there were only two out of 150, in seven years, who died of fever. "The soil of the domain is exceedingly fertile and of great variety, consisting of prairie, oak opening, timbered and bottom land along the river, and about 3,000 acres of it have been tendered to our association as stock to be appraised at the cash value. Nine hundred acres of this land has been cultivated and nearly all the rest has been offered in exchange for other improved lands owned by members living at a distance.

The convention there perfected, engrossed, and adopted their constitution, which was signed by 51 members, nearly all fathers of families and respectable and thrify farmers, mechanics, and manufacturers. This number might easily have been doubled in Bellevue and vicinity, but the convention thought proper to restrict the membership, for the present, to those who had taken an active part in the enterprise. The following is a list of the officers elected at this Bellevue convention: President, Dr. H. R. Schetterly, of Ann Arbor; vice-president, A. Darrow of Bellevue; secretary, E. S. Camp, of Marshall; treasurer, John Curtis, of Norville, Jackson county; directors, G. S. Avery and Alanson Meech, Bellevue; Harvey Keith, Wm. Earl, and Dr. Ezra Stetson, Galesburg; Wm. Grant, Sandstone; Amos Picket, Anson Delamatter, and C. W. Vining, Columbia, Jackson county; Charles Mason and H. B. Teed, Battle Creek.

We pass on in our history and find the next scene laid in the township of Comstock, Kalamazoo county. The beginning of the history here consisted of the visit of the committee on location, of whom we have spoken. At that time the pioneers of this part of the county had enlarged their clearings into good farms. They were getting out of the woods and began to enjoy the fruits of their hard toil in making their improvements. It was at this time, December 23, 1843, that this committee came among them. Dr. H. R. Schetterly was the controlling spirit of this party, as well as of the association. He was a German, and had imbibed the views of Charles Fourier. He was a small, slender man, with dark hair and eyes and complexion; was a man of talent and an enthusiast on his special theme of Fourierism. With a Burr-like persuasiveness he soon won his way into the confidence, the homes, and the hearts of the old pioneers of Comstock. In the public meetings he held here, he pictured to their imaginations a life as picturesque as a Cooper could draw—a life of Arcadian healthfulness and enjoyment; of Spartan fidelity and frugality; a life in whose calendar the selfish "*mine*" and "*thine*" would not exist, for all would be absorbed in the more humane and harmonious "*ours*." He was an able and effective speaker, and could use the philosophy, the learning and logic of Fourier and Owen with most convincing effect upon his hearers. We can imagine the glowing picture he drew of the pastoral and happy life there was in store for his adherents, in their future mansion-home on the banks of the beautiful Kalamazoo. Here, surrounded by his wife and dear ones, the pioneer would realize the truth of the poet:

> "Here on this fertile, fair domain,
> Unvexed with all the cares of gain,
> In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
> He fed his flock, and penned his fold;
> His hours in cheerful labor flew,
> Nor strife, nor hate, nor envy knew."

From the first appearance of this disciple of Fourier among them, the set-

tlers were unusually interested in his new theory of living; and before he had been here three days, many of them were enthusiastic Fourierites, and anxious to join the association. Viewing the matter in the sober, calm reflection of to-day, we would as soon think of trying to cheat old Prof. Playfair, by inserting passages of a "Fourth of July oration" into the demonstration of a proposition of Euclid, as that this little black-haired German socialist should make Fourierites of such sturdy old pioneers as Lyman Tubbs, Amos Wilson, E. M. Clapp, Harvey Keith, David Ford, Joseph Flanders, Dr. Ezra Stetson, Wm. Earl, Roswell Ransom, James Noyes, Hannibal Taylor, C. L. Keith, P. H. Whitford, and scores of other early settlers who, like them, were noted for their practical hard sense, and shrewd discernment of men and things. But the truth is, the Fourierites came among them just at the right time, for the common hardships and suffering, which all alike had passed through, had established a genuine brotherhood among the old settlers. Their property, although not held in common, caused no envy, and created no distinctions. Their condition and surroundings were such as to foster a feeling of brotherhood. They helped each other not only at raisings, but in clearing off their lands, in husking their corn, and through all troubles, and over all difficulties. Wherever their aid or kindness could be of any avail, it was cheerfully given. If they were not all poor alike, there was no wealthy class, no special strife or rivalry, but they lived together, in the same community, as harmonious and happy as if they were members of one family; so that when Dr. Schetterly came here to found his domestic and industrial association, which was now called "Alphadelphia," he found many of the settlers, if not altogether, almost Alphadelphians to begin with; and hence his work here was comparatively easy in his school of reform. As evidence of this, we quote the first part of the report of Dr. Schetterly concerning the success of his labors, as one of the committee on location, in Comstock. It is as follows:

"GALESBURGH, Kalamazoo Co., Dec. 27, 1843.

"To the Fourier Convention to be held at Bellevue: Your committee arrived here on Saturday evening the 23d ult., and rejoice to say that an ardor now exists among the people in this place for entering into association which never can be cooled until their wishes shall have been realized. Two meetings have been held, of three hours' duration each, by your committee, and attended by crowded audiences, and more information is still solicited." Further on he quotes David Ford as saying; "No man must oppose a project so fraught with principles calculated to promote the best interests of mankind."

Under such favorable auspices the work of founding an association in Comstock was soon effected. It was first intended to build the mansion on the south side of the river; but the other side was afterwards selected for this purpose. The domain was intended to include the southeast quarter of the township of Comstock. The first year of the organization the association had possession of nearly all of section 23, the west half of 24, and a large part of the north halves of sections 25 and 26, The first meeting on the domain was held in the house of Harvey Keith, at 8 o'clock A.M., March 21, 1844. The directors were Spencer Mitchell, Anson Delamatter, John Curtis, H. G. Pierce, John White, Henry H. Reading, James Weeks, Wm. S. Mead, Albert Whitcomb, H. R. Schetterly, David Ford, and Benjamin Wright. The name of the association was to be "Alphadelphia, or First Brotherhood;" its officers, a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and twelve directors. At this

first meeting the above directors chose for president, Anson Delamatter; secretary, Henry H. Reading; and the association went to work. I cannot find the treasurer's name, nor the vice president's. The meetings were held in the houses of the resident members until the mansion was built. The Comstock members lived in their own houses, and those who came from abroad were accommodated with such homes as they could get, until a long shanty was built on the north side of the river, which was occupied as a general "tabernacle" by the new members until the mansion was erected in the fall of 1844. This building was originally some 20 by 200 feet, and two stories high.

The first school was taught by James Allen Knight, in a log building on the south side of the river. The pupils lived on the other side of the stream and crossed it in a boat used for that purpose. Afterwards Mr. Avery, the Shaker, taught school on the north side and was succeeded by Miss Nancy A. Tuttle, who married Levi S. Blakesly, the printer. Miss M. Hanchett also taught school there. They had no lawyer; they settled their difficulties by arbitration, and saved money and much trouble. Philander H. Bowman, of Jackson, was the physician; James Hoxie, of Bellevue, was the leading carpenter, Leonard Luscomb was the tailor, G. O. Ball and John Wetherbee, the shoemakers, Nelson Tubbs, the blacksmith, and C. L. Keith, the wagon-maker. The editors were Dr. Schetterly and Rev. Richard Thornton; the printers Levi S. Blakesly and C. W. Sawyer. The paper was called the *Alphadelphia Tocsin*. Mr. Thornton also published here the *Primitive Expounder*, which he had formerly published at Ann Arbor. This was a staunch Universalist journal. Most of the leaders of this movement were Universalists, and the preaching at Alphadelphia was mostly from ministers of that denomination, Revs. R. Thornton, J. Billings, and E. Wheeler officiating in that capacity generally. They also had preaching f rom ministers of other denominations. Their constitution says: "The religious and political opinions of the members are to be unmolested and inviolate; and no member shall be compelled to support, in any way, any religious worship." It furthermore provides for "the support of all resident members whose stock is insufficient to support them, in case of sickness or any other cause."

The constitution was explicit and ample on the subject of education, general health, and moral reforms. Any person of good moral character, of 21 years of age, could be admitted to membership by a two-thirds vote of the members present, provided he had six months' provision for the future, or the means to furnish it. They were to reward operatives in proportion to the labor or skill bestowed, and they were to equalize the labor and skill of males and females. The latter could become members at the age of 18, by the requisite vote of the members.

The organization having been thoroughly effected, the mansion built, the property, both personal and real, of every member, having been appraised by competent judges appointed for that purpose, and the amounts entered upon the books of the association as credit to each member for so much stock, at fifty dollars a share, Alphadelphianism was then ready to drive its team a-field and turn its first furrow. Then the busy hive of Alphadelphians could go forth to work, each in his or her special vocation; some as farmers, some as housewives, others as doctors, teachers, editors, and printers; some as mechanics, teamsters, tailors, brickmakers, men of all work, till all the professions, trades, callings, talents, skill, and labor of the association that could be made avail-

able, was turned into its proper field of usefulness. This was the great object for which the organization was effected, to live and work together in harmony and enjoy the benefits of each other's society and the fruits of their own labor, like a united, happy family. How far they succeeded in accomplishing this, their four years' trial, that ended in a total failure, plainly tells.

From the old census list taken by C. L. Keith, in May, 1845, I find the number of male and female residents on the domain to be 188. There must have been at this time, counting resident and non-resident members, over 300 in all. The total value of the association's real estate, as appraised March 9, 1846, by Lyman Tubbs and E. M. Clapp, of the general council, was $43,-897.21. The first death on the domain was that of the son of S. W. Vinton in 1844. The first marriage was in October, 1845, when Rev. Asa Bushnell made one for life, our old pioneer friend P. H. Whitford and Miss Emeline A. T. Wheelock. The Alphadelphia poet, C. H. Bradford, sonnetized the happy pair in the columns of the *Primitive Expounder*, where you will find a poem on the occasion of their marriage called the "Socialist's Bride." We have heard Mr. Whitford remark that he "went into the association with a a yoke of oxen and came out with a wife and a buggy." We don't know how valuable the buggy was, but every one of his old friends will say that he left the Alphadelphia domain with a great prize—his estimable wife.

A large number put their farms into the association; others put in various kinds of property; James Noyes put in his saw-mill, which was valuable in furnishing lumber to the society. That some of them lost much of what they put in; and that others sacrificed a great deal to get their farms back, or in taking "what they could get," as an equivalent for the property they had brought there; and that some lost all they put in; and that some went away richer than they came: I believe one and all of these to be true.

From their first meeting on the domain, March 21, 1844, till the last entry on the journal of the association, April 30, 1848, the presidents were Anson Delamatter, Benjamin Wright, Harvey Keith, Lyman Tubbs, and James Noyes. The first entry on the day book is—

ALPHADELPHIA.

1844.

July 23. Sold to H. G. Pierce.

Two pair of hose at 2s 6d	0.63
One spool stand at 1s 6d	.19
Two spools of thread 0s 3d	.03

The last entry is—

ALPHADELPHIA.

1848.

April 30. David Ford, Dr.

To use of Rogers' farm and pasturage $40.00

The last family on the domain was Hannibal A. Taylor's; when the county purchased the property in the spring of 1848, Mr. Taylor delivered it over to the purchaser as a "county house and farm." Dr. H. R. Schetterly, the guiding genius of the association, left with his family (just before Mr. Taylor did) and went to an institution of like character, called the "La Grange Phalanx," in Indiana. From La Grange he went to another society of the same nature, in Wisconsin, called the "Wisconsin Phalanx." From Wisconsin he came to

Michigan to take charge of the government light-house at Grand Traverse. Here he was some few years ago, and this is the last trace we have of Dr. H. R. Schetterly, the founder of the Alphadelphia association, in 1844, in Comstock, Kalamazoo county, Michigan. Most of the information contained in this history, I have received from C. L. Keith and Hannibal A. Taylor (old Alphadelphians) and from the books and papers of the association which they have in their possession.

That this system lacked the elements of success is as clear now to the minds of the old members as that effect follows cause. In trying to get information from some of the old pupils in this Alphadelphia school, they would shake their heads and reply, "Better let that be, we don't tell tales out of school." Others would say, "We can't tell you anything about it. When we left we banished every memory of the old domain from our minds and have not wished to recall them." Another would answer: "Too many large families, poor and hungry, who could do no work, or were incapable of supporting themselves, got among us and were a continual expense—a hole in the meal bag from first to last, to the association." The incompatibility of such a system with Yankee ambition, independence, and individual enterprise ever has caused and ever will cause its failure.

We have space for but few incidents. "Uncle" Lyman Tubbs was regarded as the patriarchal Abraham of the brotherhood. Wise in council, clear in his views, able in speech, he was of great value to the organization. And if in denouncing chicanery, he called it "tri-kany," or in telling them they were passing through a crisis, he said through a "cri-pus," he conveyed all the full sense and meaning of the words if he did not pronounce them according to the Websterian style. At one time the brotherhood lived a good while on buckwheat cakes. This gave the poet, Bradford, an occasion to court his muse. Here is a verse that still lingered in the mind of an old member:

"And if perchance a luckless wight
Should from his dinner bilk,
His supper then was sure to be
Cold buckwheat cakes and milk."

The school teacher, James Allen Knight, was passionately fond of taking down "the fiddle and the bow," and regaling his leisure hours with the sweet Cremonan strains that he knew how to make from the sensitive strings. But into the adjoining room of his friend, Avery, the Shaker, these strains did not come in such sweet measure. What was pleasure to the fiddler was becoming torture to him who was compelled to listen to the fiddling. We give a verse of a poem that appeared in the *Tocsin* at this time, entitled

THE FIDDLER'S LAMENT.

"Oh Allen, oh, Allen, how you do torture me,
Surely you'll kill me as dead as a stone;
All the while sawing, and rasping, and scraping me,
Surely you'll scrape all the flesh from my bones."

It is no discredit to any of the Alphadelphia association that they belonged to it and helped to carry out its contemplated reforms. Their object was the noble and beneficent one of aiding their brothers in other parts of the country to

"Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in the good for all mankind."

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND SABBATH-SCHOOL IN COMSTOCK AND GALESBURG.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

This reminiscence is mostly from the pen of Mrs. W. B. Spaulding, formerly of Galesburg:

The organization of the first Congregational church in Comstock was effected on the 10th day of December, 1835, at the house of Deacon Sherman Comings, on Toland Prairie, Revs. Mason Knappen and Wm. Jones being the officiating clergymen. The following is the list of the members present at the organization: Seymour Loveland and Clarissa his wife, Stephen Loveland and Tryphena his wife, Eli Anderson and wife, Amelia and Louisa Anderson, Solomon Kingsley and his wife Nancy and daughter, Montgomery Percival and Eunice his wife, Betsy Percival, Samuel Percival and Lucinda his wife, David Hale, his wife and two daughters, Chas. Andrews and Caroline his wife, H. Logan and wife; John Powlison, his wife, and Abraham V., his son; Silas Joy, wife, two daughters, and one son; Sherman Comings and wife, Caleb Smart and wife. At this meeting Caleb Smart, David Hale, and Sherman Comings were chosen deacons.

This was the first effort at planting the "rose of Sharon" in this wild region by the Congregationalists. The above-named individuals constituted the little flock who watched and guarded it during its early years, that its growth might keep pace with the wants of the young settlement. Left almost alone, with no settled pastor for the first few years, with what anxious solicitude they regarded their tender charge, while it was struggling through the varied hardships and untried experiences of its pioneer life.

Now and then some wandering minister, passing through the settlement, was discovered and prevailed on to stop and preach to them. But though such occasions were "like angels' visits, few and far between," they were highly prized by this hungry and needy little church. Thus they lived on, waiting, praying and hoping for better times, when they could have some one to take charge of them, until 1837, when they secured a pastor in the Rev. Mr. Shepherd. He remained "breaking the bread of life" to them for one year, when he took his departure, leaving them again literally without a shepherd. From this until 1839 they had no settled pastor, the desk being supplied occasionally by some itinerant minister, and now and then by Revs. Mason Knappen or Wm. Jones, from the neighboring settlement on Gull Prairie.

In 1839, Rev. Veron D. Taylor, originally from New England, but recently from the Bethel Church, of Buffalo, N. Y., accepted a call from the church to settle permanently as its pastor. He came, and was installed by the Rev. O. P. Hoyt, of Kalamazoo. Now the members rejoiced greatly, believing they had found a man "after God's own heart;" one in whom they could trust, and one whom they would always have to minister to them. He was ever diligent and faithful in the performance of his ministerial duties, not only among his own people, but he went out into adjoining towns, and many were added to the church both by letter and profession; among whom were Dea. Joseph Corey and wife, Dea. Philip Gray, and his son Isaac H. Gray and wife, John Powlison, wife, and three sons, Mrs. Bacon, Mr. Larkin and wife, Jas. Jacobs, Mrs. More, Solomon Cuykendall and wife, R. Taylor, E.

Judd, Mr. Pitkin, Geo. Pratt, Mr. Shoemaker, Mr. Vickery, Mrs. Botsford, Mr. Capell and wife, W. B. Spaulding and wife.

A Sabbath-school is organized, and Chas. Andrews is chosen superintendent; the church at Comstock and Galesburg are one, and the meetings are held alternately at each place. This is in 1841. Rev. V. D. Taylor and one of the brothers had a misunderstanding in regard to some business matter; a very slight affair, but mighty for evil, not only to themselves but the entire church was involved in a controversy from which they never wholly recovered. About this time the pastor proposed to some of the members, in private conversation, to withdraw from the Congregational church and organize a Presbyterian church at Galesburg. He advised them to call for letters at the next church meeting. This they did; that is, those few with whom he had conferred on the subject. The rest, a great majority, were ignorant of the whole matter. Had a thunderbolt burst in their midst there would not have been greater consternation; with this, too, was mingled indignation at the proceedings of their loved pastor, in whom they had always put the most implicit confidence. It *called forth prayer* and exhortation seldom or never heard from any people. Yet not in the least daunted, the pastor perseveres in his undertaking; severs the church, leaving that at Comstock to go on alone; he, in 1841, organizes a church on the accommodation plan, called the First Presbyterian church at Galesburg. This meeting was held in the schoolhouse about one-half mile west of the village. Willard Mills, Mr. Pitkin, and Solomon Cuykendall, were chosen deacons. As the finishing stroke to this whole affair, the Rev. Veron D. Taylor now tenders his resignation. This is accepted. Again is this little flock left without a shepherd.

The Presbytery about this time met at Galesburg. Quite a spirit of revival was manifest during its session, and the brethren proposed to hold a series of meetings. They engaged Rev. Calvin Clark, of Gull Prairie, to conduct these meetings. A great spiritual awakening follows; many are added to the church. Among these were Porter H. Whitford, Roswell Ransom, E. M. Clapp and mother, and Charlotte, Cornelia, and Mary McClary. At this period the church begins to cast about for another pastor "to go in and out before them." Isaac H. Gray recommends Rev. Asa Bushnell, of LeRoy. They "give him a call;" he accepts and preaches alternately at Comstock and Galesburg. The meetings in Galesburg were held in what was then called "Gray's Castle." This was situated on the lots on Main street now owned by Miss Mallock and McNaughton. In 1843 Mr. Gray needs his "castle" for other purposes. The church are again driven out shelterless, with nothing to rely on but their trust in God, their own scanty resources, and the cold charities of the world. Having no place to worship, they hire a room, first in one quarter, then in another. In 1844 we find them resorting to the unfinished kitchen of Deacon Corey's dwelling house. Here they met to worship for a while, but the Deacon's family being large they find it impracticable to meet there any longer. Then the earnest question arises among the brethren, "What shall we do? Where shall we go to worship?" Some one proposes to disorganize. Others exclaim, "We will never disband!" But winter is coming on, they cannot hold meetings in the open air. They cannot meet in the groves, "God's first temples." What shall they do? At this crisis Deacon Willard Mills, one of the members who is strongly opposed to disbanding, arises and says: "With the help of God, 'where there is a will there is a way,'" and he urges them to think, to pray, to agitate the question of

what is to be done. The thought finally occurs to him, that two or three men are owing him small sums, and one of them owns a saw-mill. Acting immediately on this he goes to see these men, makes arrangements for securing lumber, hires carpenters, and in six weeks time he erects a comfortable house of worship 18x26 feet, on the spot now occupied by Messrs. Brockway & Daniel's brick block. Here the little church continued to meet for worship with none to molest or make them afraid, for the space of one year. In 1845 they go unitedly to work and erect a commodious house on the site where the present brick church edifice now stands.

The people do not appear to be quite satisfied with Rev. Asa Bushnell, their pastor. He tenders his resignation; it is accepted. They now invite the Rev. Mr. Payson; he comes and preaches to them for two years, but eventually gets angry with the deacons and most of the members, and finally leaves in disgust with all. Yet, during his ministry here there was quite an extensive revival, as he with the aid of Rev. R. Avery, an Evangelist, held a series of meetings in which many were added to the church.

Rev. Mr. Hardy is next secured as a pastor. He preaches one year and resigns. In 1849 Rev. Asa Bushnell is recalled; he comes back fondly hoping that he is settled over this church for life. He builds the brick residence now owned by J. P. Bristol and removes here with his family. But before his house is really finished, his people begin to talk of a change, some thinking he is too prosy; others may have thought him too earnest an *abolitionist*, especially in the pulpit. With sadness and a heavy heart he again takes his leave of this people, over whom he has so long watched, and with and for whom he has so long labored, preached, and prayed. He left them never more to return as their pastor. And as his memory now recurs to those of his old flock who yet survive, it sheds the light of other days over these past scenes, and by it they can see clearly drawn the picture of that truly good man—Rev. Asa Bushnell.

Mr. Isaac H. Gray, who had so warmly recommended their late pastor, now, in 1853, introduces another name to the church, that of the Rev. Thos. Jones, whom he thinks the very man they want. Accordingly, with the consent of the people, he goes to Cass and secures Mr. Jones as their pastor, and he removes here with his family. But the church had no parsonage, nor any house for the parson. In this dilemma Mr. Gray comes to their relief and kindly offers the new minister and family a home in two rooms of his "castle." This is gladly accepted, and Mr. Jones resides here until he secures a residence of his own. He remained in charge of this church for some eleven years. During the first part of his pastorate the name of this church was changed from Presbyterian to Congregational. And it was during his ministry, in 1859, that the church building was burned; not without strong suspicion resting on some intemperate men of the community who had taken umbrage at the outspoken advocacy of temperance by the pastor and his church. Again is this people left without a house of worship. And again, in 1861, they earnestly go to work and build a new church edifice—our present large and commodious brick building. And for all this, who shall say how much we are indebted to the untiring energy, business ability, and true Christian courage of the Rev. Thos. Jones—the true friend in need, and benefactor of this church? Mr. Jones resigned in 1862. Then Rev. Edward Gale, of Ohio, was secured as pastor; preaching some three years, he resigned, and was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Dox, who ministered to this people about two years, when Rev. J. W.

Allen officiated as pastor for one year. He was followed by Rev. W. F. Day, who remained with us five years, resigning in 1873, when Rev. L. M. Hunt, our present pastor, succeeded him.

Of the trustees of the old organization, only two are now living—Milo B. Bostwick, and E. M. Clapp. Of the original members, only four are with us in the church—Dea. W. Mills and wife, Dea. J. Corey, and Mrs. Powlison.

THE HISTORY OF OUR SABBATH-SCHOOL FROM ITS FIRST ORGANIZATION.

The Sabbath-school at Comstock and the one at Galesburg included the various denominations, and were first founded in 1837. They worked together unitedly and prosperously on the union plan, until 1844. Mr. Chas. Andrews, now of Augusta, a Congregationalist, was the first superintendent of the Sunday-school at Comstock, and Deacon Thos. Merrill, Baptist, since deceased, was the first superintendent at Galesburg. During the winter of 1842, Deacon Merrill went east, leaving his school without a leader. At this juncture Deacon Willard Mills volunteered his services as superintendent until Deacon Merrill should return. On the return of the latter he withdrew from the school, and, taking their portion of the library, he organized a Sabbath-school for the Baptist society in the old Galesburg school-house, situated on Ralph Tuttle's land, west of the village. In this old building was held the first revival in this region, conducted by Rev. Calvin Clark, and to the great good then accomplished many yet living here can testify. This old pioneer school-house and church was finally moved into town, and is now known as the "Truax House," on Washington street. Our Sabbath-school was now left to the care of the Methodists and Congregationalists. Deacon W. Mills was by unanimous vote chosen superintendent of it, in which capacity he acted for many years; so long at least, that the children and young people began to look upon him as their particular property, while he, on the other hand, seemed to consider himself as the legitimate spiritual father of all who in any way were connected with this school. The Methodists continued with us in happy unity until they erected their house of worship. The superintendents of this school have served in the following order—the time with some may be at fault: Deacon Thomas Merrill acted from 1837 to 1842 or 1843. Deacon W. Mills was then chosen and acted for some years or more, and was followed by Rev. Asa Bushnell, pastor of the Congregational church; he served as superintendent but a short time, and was succeeded by Deacon Mills again, who remained until he removed to Gull Prairie, in 1848, when Porter H. Whitford was made superintendent, and served in that capacity for one year. Deacon W. Mills, returning in 1850, was tendered his old position as leader of the school, and remained at its head until he went out as colporteur for the American Bible Society, in which good work he started in 1856. During the time given to this work, Deacon Mills supplied between two and three thousand destitute families with the Bible, and in the meanwhile he organized many Sabbath-schools in different parts of his field of labor. During his absence in this work his place of superintendent was filled by his brother, Sylvester W. Mills; and on his return he again took charge of the school and remained at its head until he resigned in 1863, when Daniel Sumner was chosen to supply his place. Mr. Sumner served but a short time, when he left and was succeeded by Deacon N. L. Randall, who had charge of the school for some four years; at the expiration of this time David B. Hull was chosen superintendent, which office he held till his death, which took him from his field of

earthly labors in the fall of 1874, when John W. Williams was elected to fill his place. Mr. Williams is still superintendent.

It is something worthy of remark that during these long years there have been so few deaths among the children in this Sabbath-school. Among those who have been transferred to that "better land" we present the following list: Sarepta Mathews, E. Brown, Solon Smith, Carrie McCollum, Anne Freeze, Settie Smith, Ann Proctor, Sarah Ford, H. Allerton, and Anne Malloch. There may be a few others whose names we can not recall.

Many young men reared in this Sabbath-school went at their country's call to take part in the fierce struggle for the preservation of the Union, who, "when the war was over," returned to us again. Some starved in Southern prisons, or pined away in Southern hospitals, or fell bravely fighting for their country's flag on Southern battle-fields.

Many Christian men and women have gone out from this Sabbath-school and settled in homes of their own in various parts of the country. Many we know to have become active and efficient Sabbath-school teachers or superintendents, or worthy members or officers of other churches.

Very many years ago our superintendents introduced the temperance pledge in this school, which most of the children have signed. And to our knowledge there has not one man gone from this school into active life who became a drunkard or a rum-seller. That's noble, and bespeaks a volume of good for this school. Circulate that pledge, that the temperance influence may reach the inmates of every home in our village, and of every home in your vicinity. This is an important part of our Sabbath-school work.

The old plan in regard to lessons was seven verses a week, one committed each day, and we think there was more scripture permanently retained by the pupils then than now, where there is more space included in the lessons, but less permanent good derived from the recitation.

"Circles are praised not that abound
In size or space, but the exactly round.
So life and learning doth excel,
Not in doing much, but doing well."

The first lesson at the beginning of each year was the ten commandments. Aside from that the lessons were confined to the New Testament.

The old "Well Spring" was among the first Sunday-school papers taken by this school. Then came the "Child's Home," and then our present paper.

The modern system of "Lesson Leaves" was introduced during Deacon Randall's superintendency. The old school got its "Lesson Leaves" from the Bible, and they relied implicitly on them. This is the fountain of all religious instruction.

The "bird's-nest" class was started in Deacon Mills's term, in 1858 or '59, and the class still exists in the school.

The first union concerts were started some fifteen years ago, and have been held once a month in one or the other of the churches alternately, until of late. What has become of them?

The numbers, from time to time, that have been added to the church from the Sabbath-school, have been considerable. The most of the additions to the church have been from this school. Until within six or eight years we have had a valuable and interesting library. The school for thirty-five years has not been discontinued. We believe the school attained its highest number in Deacon Randall's superintendency—reaching then 186. 'Tis said by Deacon

Randall that at one of the school concerts there were recited one thousand verses of Scripture, several pupils reciting one hundred apiece.

THE BRANCH UNIVERSITY AT KALAMAZOO.

The State gave a fund of $8,000 with which to endow eight branches of the University. There was a department for the education of females in all of the branches except those at Niles, Pontiac, and Detroit. A clergyman was appointed as principal in each one of these branch Universities. The State withdrew its support from the branches in 1846, for want of funds to carry them on, and gave it entirely after that to the University at Ann Arbor. Some $30,000, I think, had been used to defray the expenses of the branches during their existence.

The Regents of the University consisted of the highest State officers and a few individuals appointed by the Governor. Of the latter, Dr. Zina Pitcher and Major Jonathan Kearsley were the most active. They had constituted the Baptist school in Kalamazoo a branch of the University at Ann Arbor. It remained as such till the State constitution was changed in 1850, which freed the University of all its branches. The normal and union schools have taken their places and are doing the work they were intended to accomplish. But the branch system appears to have been the one for its day. It really awakened a new zeal for learning in Michigan. None other could have answered so well in a new country. The leading men of those days were active friends of education, and many of them were thoroughly educated men; and to their foresight and wisdom we are indebted for our splendid school system.

The old branch building, a two-story frame structure, stood among the burr oaks on the northeast corner of the park; truly an "academic grove," worthy of Plato and his pupils. A spirit of old classic mythology seemed to pervade the place; one thought of a *genius loci*, and nymphs and dryads hiding among these oaks that half embowered this seat of learning and half hid the entire village with their beautiful foliage. What that famous old school has done for Kalamazoo, this county, or the State, who can tel ? The Kalamazoo branch was widely known and was very popular at home and abroad. Its students had gone out over this State and many others. Probably no similar institution in the land had a more intellectual class of students, or one more eager for learning. To come here was to be inspired with a desire for a complete education. A draught from this "Pierian Spring" made the aspirant thirst for more. There was an atmosphere about the institution that stimulated, incited, and urged on all who came within its walls, to higher attainments. The great object of the school was to fit students for the University at Ann Arbor, or to take a full course here or at some other college. Where so many were eagerly striving for a full education, the student was a dullard that was not inspired with them.

The course of instruction was ample and most thorough. It embraced, to those who wished it, the college curriculum. To have come from the Kalamazoo Branch for admission to the University at Ann Arbor, was ever *prima facie* evidence with the faculty at the latter of good scholarship. This was during the palmy days of the old branch, and the ambitious day for learning throughout the State. Heretofore, save a few private schools in some of the larger villages, the people had nothing in the line of educational facilities

above the limited log school-house course—reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and grammar—and when by Gen. Crary's favorite system of education, branch Universities were scattered here and there over Michigan, we felt as if Yale or Harvard, or England's Oxford, Eaton, or Cambridge were brought so near to us that we could all go to college, and most of us went. These seven schools being established, they flourished and grew strong. Starting so long before the Central University did, they became, 'tis said, too burdensome for it. We know these branches were heavily laden with fruit, and perhaps encumbered the main tree too much. It was thought they or the tree must die. To save the latter the branches were cut off. It may be that they had grown and ripened into their full usefulness; having had their day, like "old Sol," they must take their exit, how much soever we might wish to have them light us further on "in the flowery path of knowledge." But while the branches existed, more students of both sexes (our pioneer girls were in college with us then) were educated in Michigan, than from the same number of inhabitants in any equal time in similar schools, there have been since. And we can say better educated. There was not so much wealth then as now, but there was a more earnest desire for education among the masses. They did not strive so much to make money as to make men. As a general rule, the more you make of the former the less you make of the latter. Labor is the motive power in securing an education. Men will labor to secure what the Latins called the *otium cum dignitate* of life, leisure and distinction, where they would shrink from intellectual toil.

You will find that our educated men and women came from the poorer classes. You may say that the stimulus of necessity urges them, or what you will, you will still find that the children of wealthy parents are not generally inclined to seek an education. Having a competency and ease, they are satisfied; and as regards intellectual toil, they have "no spur sharp enough to prick the side of their intent."

"Man is *naturally* indolent, and were not appetite, self-love, and passion strong he would die out, body and soul." The intellectual achievements in our schools, like other great achievements, are only attained by the resolute, the ambitious, and the brave. And if those achievements are higher, purer, and nobler than all others, it is because the motives, objects, and aims that inspire them are the highest, purest, and noblest.

The students, as we have said, could prepare here for the University or any other College; or they could go on here in the course and enter Sophomore or Junior at the University, or they could graduate here, the text-books here corresponding with those at the University, but the branches could not give *diplomas*. I refer now to the branch under charge of Dr. J. A. B. Stone and his accomplished wife. To them this school owed much, very much of its celebrity. He had succeeded Prof. Dutton, a man of rare excellence as a teacher and scholar. This branch was established in 1835. Geo. B. Eastman was the first principal; David Alden the second; William Dutton third; Dr. J. A. B. Stone fourth and last.

The daily course began thus: The school-bell rang at fifteen minutes before 9 o'clock in the morning. Students must be in their seats at nine. All assembled, both sexes, in Dr. Stone's room below. First, reading the Scriptures, then prayer, then singing by the school choir. After this, Dr. Stone usually gave a ten or fifteen minutes' lecture, in which useful instruction, hints, and valuable information were given to the students. Then the class

recitations went on during the day, always thorough, and always made interesting. Our teacher had the power to awaken an interest in our studies. And here let me revert again to the morning lectures, for in them we got the direction and inspiring draught for our school work. Here he, at times, in his happy and instructive manner, gave just such a lecture, or "talk," as the students from time to time needed. Time was our capital, and its minutes, hours, and days, if we improved them well, would yield rich and rare treasures to us. These instructions were full of wisdom.

He never separated morals from anything we had to do in our school course; they belonged to everything we did in life. He was unwearied in creating "moral thoughtfulness" in every student, ever endeavoring to direct our steps aright, to shape our course and inspire us to go on improving by pointing to noble objects ahead—noble examples of scholarship, as well as of exalted virtue. He would say, "morals and mathematics, excellence of character and scholarship go together, for be assured that the Christian is the highest style of the man and the scholar." Again, he would say, "shoot an arrow at the sun every morning." "But we can't hit it," was the answer. "You will hit higher than if you aimed lower," he would reply. To the idle he would say, "Do something. If nothing more, whittle a stick, and thus learn to bring things to a point." He urged the student to start right; the first step led to the last. Let each lesson be a perfect one, then every one following would be attained so much easier. We would thus become proficient in every branch we studied. There were too many smatterers and dabblers in learning. "These general scholars," he said, "will get a little here, and a little there, but not enough of any one thing to do them any good. Lessons first; if friends bother you, lock the door of your room; lounging and Latin do not go well together." He strove to develop the whole character, moral and intellectual, and his influence as an educator was so effectually exerted over his students in the school-room, that it went with them wherever they went. Their teacher absent was their teacher still. The management of Mrs. Stone's department, in the upper room, was of the same character. And none of the surviving students, who attended either department of the old Branch, but can, to-day, attest to this fact, that their instruction did not cease with the school; that we were taught in it that education was a *life work;* that we would ever be in school wherever we went; that a schoolmaster would ever be with us instructing us, until we graduated into a higher school above.

Highly gifted by nature as educators, and richly qualified by their profound and varied scholastic attainments for their professions, both Dr. and Mrs. Stone, by their long and eminently successful labors in the cause of education in Kalamazoo, have written their names on the brightest pages of its school history; she as the Madame Campan in her department, and he as the Arnold, at the head of this Rugby school of ours.

Dr. Fitch says that a student went from the Detroit branch to enter Yale College. This was probably in 1840 or 1841; he applied for admission to the junior class. The Yale faculty declined to examine him, saying: "No one could be qualified to enter Yale who studied in Michigan." The student insisted on an examination. After a long time, to punish his temerity, they began, thinking they would very soon show him that he had "small Latin and less Greek" for even a Yale freshman. But they were sadly disappointed; book after book he went through without a single mistake. They were

astonished and told him with a smile, "he would do." He did make one mistake in the *binomial theorem*, which he soon corrected, as he had taught algebra successfully as a tutor in the Detroit branch. That student is now Hon. Edward C. Walker of Detroit, who graduated with as much honor as he entered Yale. This early opinion of Michigan schools and scholarship was prevalent in the east at that day. They found out afterwards that our backwoods schools were taught by the ripest eastern scholars, and that students here were in every respect equal to those in the east.

The list of some of the first students: From Climax were George, Enos T., and Lafayette W. Lovell, Louisa, Catharine, and Nelson Eldred; from Grand Prairie were Elizabeth and Jane Drake; from Kalamazoo those who first went to the University were Paul W. H. Rawls, Fletcher Marsh, and Edwin Dunham; from Battle Creek were James Mason, Morgan Beach, James and Sovier Dolson, Sidney Dunning, A. D. P. Van Buren, Durfee Mason, and Hoyt Seymour; from Centerville were Joe and Frank Brown, and Miss Benedict; from Union City were Wm. G. and Mary Goodwin, Amelia Kellogg, Winslow D. Howe, and Darius Davidson; from Gull Prairie were Dwight, Elizabeth, and Charles S. May, J. E. Powers, Rev. Leonard Slater's children, Rachel Bowne, Miss Harkness, Andrew J. Eldred, and Alfred Otis; Harvey Bush from Charleston. From Kalamazoo were Wells R., Jane, Charles, Elia, and Geoge Marsh, Abby, Minerva, and Joseph B. Cornell, and Z. Foote, Mary and Delia Kood, Charles and Henry Beckwith, Willis and Antoinette Ransom, Eliza and Lydia Hayes, Caroline and Marguerette Walter, Emily and Caroline Swayze; from Judge Mitchell Hinsdill's family, remarkable for scholarship and love of literature, were Edwin C., Norman, Myron, George A., Genevieve, Joseph, and John; Mary, Cornelia, and George Clark, Henry and Elizabeth Hoyt, Isaiah J. Babcock, Jas. S. Duncan, Mary, Sarah, and George Fitch, George and Hannah Trask, Laura Barrows, Sarah Weaver, Minerva and Mary Heydenburk, Helen Rice, Wm. Eames, Jerome Barrett, Richard, Henry, and Lewis Starkey, and sister, Edward and Clarence Eddy, Amelia Arnold, Harriet Gibbs, Ellen Rice, Dennis and Emily Gray, Mary Gregg, Elias Cooley, Lyman C. Barker, Charles Watson, John Goodrich, and many others, whose names we can not recall.

Of all the recollections of my school-days, none are dearer to me than those connected with the old Branch. Some of my old schoolmates are here to-day—some of those young men who over thirty years ago were of our school set here, striving for an education. And here are those who, when young ladies, entered the lists with us for achievements in our school day contests in the old Branch. Time has dealt lightly with them. Those dark, brown, or auburn curls may be slightly touched with gray, but their smile is just as winning—their eyes as bright—in fact

> "They look the same looks—speak no other Greek,
> Than your eyes of school days begun last week."

As I came to Kalamazoo this morning and looked over the the old school ground, I was reminded of those touching lines by a schoolboy poet:

> "I wandered to the village, Tom, and sat beneath the tree,
> Upon the school-house playing ground that sheltered you and me.
> But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know
> Who played with me upon the green o'er thirty years ago."

Pioneer friends, that glorious orb sinking in the west reminds me that the day is near spent. Ere we part, let me hope that it may be our good fortune

to end our days in the same splendor, and that when the evening of life comes we may sink to rest with the clouds that close in our departure, gold-tipped with the effulgence of a well spent life."

THAT GLORIOUS FIFTH—HOW IT WAS CELEBRATED IN 1845 IN KALAMAZOO.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

"Hans Breitman gif a barty,
Where ish dat barty now?"

As the 4th of July in 1845 came on Sunday, the people of Kalamazoo selected Saturday, the *third*, on which to celebrate our national birthday. This was called the "*cold-water celebration*" by those who were displeased with it, and who, afterwards held another one on Monday, the "5th of July," which, in contradistinction to the former, was called the "*hot-water celebration.*"

Of this celebration we purpose now to write. The 5th of July, 1845, will long be remembered by the old citizens of Kalamazoo. You have now only to mention the "5th of '45," to an old townsman, and you wake up reminiscences in his mind that will set him aglow with the desire to narrate the deeds, incidents, and adventures of that eventful day. Those "deeds" have never been chronicled; and in our attempt now to give them to the public, we can only write of the meagre part we remember. So many of those "adventures"

"Have gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,"

that we shall ever regret their full history had not been written down on the spot. But so it is. The day had its Achilles but no Homer to sing of it.

The leading event of that day began thus: Sometime during the early forenoon a knot of townsmen had assembled in Jim Walter's grocery, when D. E. Kendall, taking the cue from the remark of some one about "treating to a drink," "passed the hat around" to see how much money he could raise to "get up" a pitcher of lemonade. He succeeded finely. A pitcher full of that beverage was made and soon drank up. As this enterprise had got noised about in the streets, others continued to drop into the grocery, and the hat was passed around the second time, when enough money was raised to make a *pailful* of this beverage. This was soon swallowed, and the "hat" put upon its passage again, when so much money was raised that it was proposed to get a large *Patent Washtub*, fill that, and adjourn to Tom Sheldon's door yard—that beautiful sloping lawn just across the way from the old Kalamazoo House. Kendall said, as he passed the hat around the third time, that he could raise money enough to buy out half of Kalamazoo. The tub was filled, and, on the sly, high-wines from Clapham's cellar had been mixed in with the lemonade. This made the drink more palatable than

"Lucent sirups tinct with cinnamon."

On arriving at the campus a thorough organization was effected, by electing the proper officers. Bill Stewart was put in as tubmaster-general, whose duty was to deal out the drink by the glass; sentinels were stationed at the gates opening into the grounds; runners were sent out into the streets, along the hedges, ways, and by-lanes, to solicit recruits, with the express orders to

bring all in, "peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must," and conduct them to the tub where, if they drank, they were considered initiated; if they refused to drink their heads were ducked into the tub, as a penalty, till they would drink. Few of course refused, because it was much more agreeable to drink than to be ducked.

The only one who foiled them was Barent Hodgboom, the sturdy blacksmith. He was caught as he was passing along the street, near the gate, and taken by a strong posse to the tub, where a foaming cup was presented to him, but he, "fearing *these* Greeks e'en bearing gifts," refused to drink. "Duck him," rung out the stern command of General Stewart, "*Duck him instantly!*" Three or four strong-armed men seized him and commenced to execute the command, when, with a sudden jerk, Hodgboom wrenched his arms from the iron grip of the officers, and away he darted, bounding like a buck over the fence into the street. The officers pursued but were unable to re-capture him.

Now the plot began to thicken. The band—Bradolph, John Hays, George Russell, and their ilk had joined them on their organization and discoursed the best of music. There was a busy, motley, ludicrous throng congregated about that "tub of lemonade," situated in the centre of the soft, grassy lawn, beneath the umbrageous burr oaks, in front of Tom Sheldon's residence. No Newport, Cape May, Saratoga, or Long Branch ever became so suddenly popular, and drew so great a multitude in so short a time. The thing was unparalleled—the heads of the people were fairly turned—Kalamazoo was really getting intoxicated over her "new spring"—not exactly mineral, or medicinal, or magnetic—but a fountain that flowed and sparkled with lemonade, and which, when once drank of brought on

"That real, old, particular, brandy, *punchy* feeling."

In fact it was a "Pierian spring"—

"Whose shallow draughts intoxicated the brain,
And drinking largely *didn't sober* you again."

You could see evidences of this all around you. That cup once raised to your lips and *tasted*, you drank *on*, and those who *drank on*—GOT DRUNK. You had only to look about you to see the straggling, reeling revelers on all sides; some scattered here and there, lounging on the grass like tired soldiers, trying to catch a little respite after a hard fought battle; while others, yet more sober, but very officious and loquacious, were trying to make themselves useful by waiting on the new comers about the tub, much to the annoyance of "Tubmaster-general" Stewart, who would frequently cry out: "*Gentlemen*, AS FAST AS YOU GET DRUNK FALL BACK; *this order is imperative and must be obeyed!*" This command of General Stewart's became famous and is often quoted in many parts of the country to-day. During the day the revelers, scattered in groups, had wandered throughout the town. Many amusing anecdotes are told of their adventures, exploits, and valorous achievements, of which we retain only an inkling. That old man with a scythe has all the rest.

As time wore on, the grounds around the "fountain" became fairly covered with the staggering, recumbent, lounging revelers. Here were lawyer and student, merchant and clerk, doctor, dentist, and drayman; artist, mechanic and laborer, man of business and gentleman of leisure, temperance man, teetotaler, and toper, all on the highway to that dreamy, happy land, to that boozy "Eldorado," where the wearying cares and toils of life cease to torment the restless mind.

The band had discoursed its choicest music as long as it could do so on the *perpendicular*, but they, after awhile, began "to weave" with the instruments at their mouths, while their lips grew so thick, and their fingers so clumsy, that their tunes sounded out in jangles. But some of them had taken the precaution to put a piece of codfish in their pockets, and would nibble on that occasionally, as many believed that this would neutralize the effect of the liquor in the stomach; hence they stood their ground much longer than any one else. But even *salt codfish* could not save them from the effects of this *drink*. As we have said, they began to reel and yield to the influence of this "mixture." Then their music grew out of tune, discordant and wild. At times you could hear nothing but the solitary "toot" from the "offclyde," or the "cronk," "cronk" of the trombone; or, again, the "blare" of the bugle, the "snarl" of the clarionet, the heavy sound of the bass, or the "r-rat-tat-too" of the small drum, straggled here and there, lost to time and tune. Finally, the last faint note of the band died out, and they, overpowered, sought the soft, grassy slope. How long they, with a large part of the revelers, laid under the shade of the oaks, after their delicious symposium, I will not attempt to say; but during the last part of the afternoon the whole party were aroused from their stupor by the clarion voice of Captain Luke Whitcomb, who had been elected to that office, calling on them to "get up" and form into line and be ready "to *march*." After repeated exertions of this kind, Capt. Whitcomb succeeded in arousing the forces *under* his command. "*Music!*" shouted that officer. Then there was a scene whose like we shall never look upon again. To see those men making the effort to arise and get command of their legs once more, to throw off their stupor, rubbing their eyes, yawning, and straightening out their limbs, and trying to adjust themselves and their general rig into natural movement again; it was a ludicrous scene to look upon, and grew more ludicrous as we witnessed their ambitious attempts to "sober up" and form into line.

Captain Whitcomb's commands were given in his own vernacular and peculiar nasal accent, and about as appropriately as those of a certain officer who had forgotten the military phrase he wished to use, and shouted: "*Ob-li-quee* to the right or left as the case may be!" It is certain, at any rate, that Luke's men ob-li-*queed* into rank most superbly. He then stepped forward, and in a splendid military style, gave the command, "march!" Off they started; some to the ground, some crooking and bending at the knee, some straight as Choctaws for a step or two, then obliqueed awfully; but all endeavored to *get under motion*. A funny looking procession as they, two-by-two locked in with each other, essayed to parade along the streets, Captain Luke marching at their head with a grand military step and strut. Says tub-master Stewart, "Cameron, you ain't as drunk as I am, let me walk with you," and he hitched in with his friend. Then their "quips and quirks and sallies of wit" were exchanged with each other, or with those they were amusing. The band leading, played their most animating tunes. As the procession marched down to the River House, and back to the American, and then along the various streets till coming up in front of the old Exchange, Captain Whitcomb cried out, "halt!" Mr. Landlord Hogle immediately appeared at the door, and taking the situation at a glance, he invited the company in; thinking that he, of course, would make something by their treating each other. "March!" instantly sounded out, Luke leading the way—not into the bar-room, but straight up the stairs into the dining-room,

where the table had remained just as it was left after a picnic dinner. Around this Capt. Luke and his men deployed, and commenced an attack upon the *viands*.

Hogle, somewhat alarmed at this movement, had gone upstairs after them, and while walking down the dining hall, a loaf of baker's bread went swiftly through the air and hit him in the back. Surprised and indignant, he turned round and demanded, "*who dared do that?*" and Captain Luke, with a leg of a turkey, part in his hand and part in his mouth, thundered out, "Yes, *I too demand* who *dared* do so mean an act? Whoever it was, let the villain step back two steps from the table, and he shall be punished!" Not a man spoke, not a man moved; when Luke said—"none of my men, Mr. Hogle, threw that loaf, I'll vouch for them." Hogle saw it was useless to parley, and submitted to the indignity.

After eating as much as they wanted and drinking toasts, Luke gave the command to *descend* to the street, when they marched about town till dark.

Among the incidents of this "day's doings" we remember the following: Alexander Cameron and A. J. Van Buren, the blacksmith, walked together most of the time in their marches about town; Hiram Underwood and Charley Gibbs, I remember as "soldiers" in the "campaign" of the "5th." It was during their rambles about town that one of the "campaigners" staggered up to W. G. Pattison (who was *sober*), in the middle of the street, and putting a hand on each of P's shoulders to steady himself, began a doleful temperance lecture; said he "was sorry to see him (Pattison) in such a state,—really drunk; a man of his standing in society; it was a sad sight for him to witness." Pattison was amused as well as annoyed by THIS temperance lecturer, and had no little trouble in getting rid of him. Another time during the day, Bradolph, the leader of the band, had succumbed to the "mixture" and was lying on the floor in a grocery. Bradolph always dressed with much neatness and taste. He had on a beautiful buff vest and light pants, and as he lay there one of the "fifth" came up and leaning, or "weaving" over him he begun to moralize on the evils of intemperance; he said his feelings were shocked to see so highly respectable a young man as Bradolph lying there intoxicated!" It would have been well for poor "Brad"[1] if his condoling friend had finished this temperance homily with his gush of sympathy; but he did not, for ere he got through the spirit came out of his mouth and was ejected all over Bradolph. The next day Bradolph presented to this sympathizing friend, a charge of so many dollars—for having spoiled a fine suit of clothes for him. There was a long talk. "Brad," I believe, never got his pay for that ruined suit.

The closing scene in the drama of this strangely eventful day is confined to the front steps of the "old bank building," then occupied by John P. Marsh, as a residence. Seated here, about 9 o'clock in the evening, were a group of Kalamazoo worthies, among whom were Sam. Rice, Eb. Walbridge, David Hubbard, John Goodrich, Charley Watson, and others. While sitting there upon the steps these mellow and social worthies became seized with the desire to "orate" and tell their experiences. Sam. Rice arose first, and spoke substantially as follows: "My name is Samuel A. Rice. I was born in Waitsfield, Vermont, and was early taught by pious parents to be honest and industrious, to live a sober and virtuous life. I have endeavored to follow these precepts thus far in life. Am a little drunk to-night but will be sober in the morning, by ——," and he took his seat. Then Eb. Walbridge arose and spoke his

say, almost repeating Sam's speech, word for word, save the place of birth, that varied. He was followed by David Hubbard, who repeated Eb's speech. And so it continued to the last one in the group; they all went on "being born" most of them in Vermont, "being taught by pious parents," etc., and they all were a "little drunk to-night, but would be sober in the morning"—the most unanimous group of social fellows that ever got drunk or made a speech. One of them afterwards remarked: "Sam. Rice struck the key note for us; if his parents hadn't been so pious, ours would have been the same, and in that case we would have been taught just as Sam. was." These speeches or this speech, was heard by one of the inmates of the residence, while sitting at an open window above them.

"The moon-light stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve,"

and lent a charm to the view on this occasion, bringing out in soft relief this interesting group, making speeches on the front steps.

Many of the revelers did not reach home that night. Strayed here and there, they slept along the sidewalk, on the grass under the burr oaks; Charley Gibbs and Bill Stewart got part of the way home, and then "took up" their lodging on the green sward, where they found "tired nature's sweet restorer." Some never knew where they slept that night. In fact, to all of them, after having drank of the mysterious "mixture," the day and its scenes were under a peculiar cloud and charm; they had been wandering through a strange region, full of delights and enjoyments, and having passed through it, they only had an indistinct recollection of all they had seen and enjoyed.

There were many people in Kalamazoo who had nothing to do with this "hot water" celebration; but it is generally conceded that those who once got a taste of it, invariably fell in with it.

Next morning, at the "old branch," the students (as some were supposed to have participated in this celebration) received a severe lecture from our worthy principal, Dr. J. A. B. Stone, on the evils of intemperance and dissipation. This reproof was well timed, and hit some of those participants, for their restlessness, as "the wounded bird always flutters," betrayed who they were.

TEMPERANCE IN PIONEER DAYS, WITH A FEW LEAVES FROM THE TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN OF AUGUSTUS LITTLEJOHN IN KALAMAZOO COUNTY IN 1844.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

The word temperance as used fifty years ago, when the first settlement was made in this county, did not convey as much meaning as the same word does to-day. A man might as well attempt to put on the boy's jacket as to undertake to crowd the modern meaning of temperance into the old word of half a century ago. *Then* the person who used alcoholic stimulants with moderation was called temperate; and he only who drank to excess, was called intemperate. Anybody, from a clergyman to a hodman, could take the "occasional glass," and still be considered an exemplary temperance man. *Now* the word temperance is construed to mean total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks

as a beverage. It may be said that, for a time at least, the early settlers to this region were from necessity, teetotalers; as there was neither the manufacture nor sale of strong drink, beer, wine, or cider in this entire border. An unwritten prohibitory law prevailed in this new land. What an Eden for that irrepressible reformer known as a prohibitionist! Here was a beautiful county without a distillery, brewery, cider-press, or a liquor-seller in it! But it did not remain so long; the spoiler came; for, as the village sprung up, and trade and manufactures started, the "serpent of the still" entered this peaceable, happy region, and with it came, in process of time, all the evils of intemperance.

Many of the old settlers yet remember the first distillery erected in this county. And what a resort it was for all who wished a draught from the fountain-head, or to get the "old brown jug" filled with whisky; an article that was considered indispensable at raisings, logging-bees, husking-bees, and all the "bees" and neighborly gatherings of the olden time. But there was another class who loved, still more than the old settler, to wend their way to this inviting retreat. It was the dusky children of the forest. That old distillery was the Indian's Mecca; and their trail leading to it was worn deep and smooth by their frequent pilgrimages thither. Here they came to get their supply of whisky, then trail back to their wigwams, have their *pow-wows*, or, in their own parlance, get *squi-be*. This last word is the Indian rendering of the French *usquibae*, or *scubae*, and from the same, by contraction, we get our word *whisky*. Whisky was the strong drink of the pioneer days. Bavarian, or lager beer, and the lighter drinks came in at a much later period.

Among the early emigrants to this county there were some staunch temperance men; none, however, who in this respect surpassed Titus Bronson, the founder of the "Big Village." He was a prohibitionist to the manor born. When the evils of intemperance began to appear in Kalamazoo, he was fearless and unsparing in denouncing the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. But as the county became thickly settled, the manufacture and sale of liquor increased, till intemperance in this State became as wide-spread as at the East. A few reformers had been at work in the older States as early as 1828; but it was not until 1840, when the seven Baltimore inebriates, like the patriots of '76, arose in their might, shook off a tyrant's servitude, and in honor of the great leader of those patriots, they called themselves "Washingtonians." Each new reformer felt himself a hero, and went to work to make way for the liberty of those enslaved by rum. They raised the banner of temperance reform, and gave the tocsin of alarm that aroused the whole country to a sense of its danger from the encroachments of the monstrous evil of intemperance. As they went from place to place throughout the land, thousands of hard drinkers deserted the cause of rum, and joined in the movement. The Washingtonian campaign resulted in the first great victory that was ever won over the forces of intemperance in this country. It was a great and glorious reform; one that did not stop until it swept over every State in the Union. This movement lasted two or three years, and then there was a lull—a calm after a storm.

The battle was again renewed in 1844. In that year there came into this part of the State a powerful temperance advocate. He stepped upon our boards no stranger to the discussion of the great temperance question. He was about five feet nine in stature, well proportioned and straight as a Choc-

taw. He had a face of clear intellectual cast, and an eye so black and keen that you shrunk from its glance. His voice was clear and strong, which he modulated so as to express his thoughts and feelings in all the varied range of emphasis and pathos. He was all activity, terribly in earnest, and at times vehement. His intense love of the cause of temperance had got into his blood and fired his imagination. Hence the dramatic power with which he drew the scenes and incidents in his lectures. His elocution was such that he could make a word mean just as much or just as little as he wished: it could bear a gentle message, or one full of "Greek fire." Having a fine command of language he never lacked the most fitting word, or the aptest illustration. "He was master of a terse and pungent rhetoric," and his wit was lively, keen or satirical. He was at times rash and even eccentric; but you bore with him on account of the great good he was doing the cause of temperance. This man was Augustus Littlejohn, in the rôle of temperance reformer.

He was of the noted Littlejohn faimly of Litchfield, Herkimer county, New York; a family distinguished for its talent. He was the sixth child among twelve children; the late Judge F. J. Littlejohn, of Allegan, was his next younger brother. Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island, and De Witt C. Littlejohn of Oswego, New York, were brother's sons. Judge F. J. Littlejohn was considered, in his best days, a very eloquent man. Senator Charles E. Stuart of Kalamazoo, good authority, says he has heard Judge Littlejohn when he surpassed, in power of eloquence, any man he ever listened to. Yet those who have heard both Augustus and his brother, the Judge, say that the former was the most brilliant, eloquent, and effective speaker of the two. This has reference to Augustus only as a lecturer. In the spring of 1844 Augustus Littlejohn came into Kalamazoo county. A citizen of Climax had heard him lecture at Allegan, and gave such a glowing account of him, that the people on the prairie, led by such men as Judge Caleb Eldred, Dea. Isaac Mason, and Dr. S. B. Thayer, invited him to come and start the work of temperance reform in Climax. He came; making his home with Dr. Thayer. During the while, the enemies of temperance had circulated a pamphlet which they said gave the history of a trial of Mr. Littlejohn by a church in New York State. Deacon Mason chanced to get this pamphlet, looked over its contents and put it into the stove. There was nothing more heard from that source. The old Methodist church, then standing by "Capron's Corners," was secured, and the work began. It was in the season of early spring, when the roads were breaking up, and, to use a western hyperbole—"the prairie mud was up to the top of the fences." Yet that old church building was the center of an unusual attraction for more than ten miles around. Every evening and part of each day, for two weeks, it was filled by a throng of people eager to hear this popular lecturer. The crowd was so great that to avoid confusion, at the close of the lecture the audience was requested to remain seated, and a man was stationed at the door, who, as a team drove up, announced the name of the persons or family that were to go in it; thus party after party would leave until all were gone.

The enthusiasm of the people inspired Littlejohn. He grew stronger and more eloquent as his work increased. We used to wonder at the variety and abundance of his resources on the subject of temperance, for they seemed exhaustless; at his fertility in expedients, for he was ready for any emergency; at his talent for extemporaneous speaking, for without a scrap of man-

uscript he came before his large audiences night after night, a complete master of his subject the ready, full-equipped impassioned orator.

At the close of his lectures in Climax, King Alcohol was arraigned before a proper tribunal, and tried for his crimes, Littlejohn acting as counsel for the prosecution, some one for the defense. The charges of murder and other heinous crimes were brought against the old king, and clearly proven. He was found guilty, and sentenced *to be burnt at the stake.* The sentence was carried out. A spot was selected for the place of execution, and a pile of logs reared on it. The procession was formed at the church, led by Billy Harrison and Jonas Bailey as executioners, who walked to the music of the death march carrying between them the "old brown jug," filled with whisky, representing the condemned criminal. Reaching the place of execution, a stake was stuck into the pile of logs, the criminal was bound to it, the death sentence was read, the pile fired, and King Alcohol was burned to death.

Littlejohn found a great many hard drinkers in Climax, and left most of them sober men. He was a consummate organizer. He knew just what to do, and the most direct and successful way to do it. Says an old resident: "He had wonderful power over an audience; let him have the topers before him in the crowd, and he would talk all the *intemperance* out of them, and talk so much *temperance* into them, that they would swear off drinking, and *sign the pledge on the spot.*" He aroused all the old workers in the cause, stirred up the luke-warm and indifferent, got every influential man and woman to aid in "beating up" recruits, and every good singer to join his choir and help

"Roll on the temperance ball."

At first the drinkers denounced him. But they soon found that did no good, for the meetings grew more interesting and popular, and everybody but themselves flocked to them. They were soon left alone; grew lonesome, and at the same time curious to know what this man said to make everybody rush to his lectures. So the hard drinkers also went,—to find as an oriental queen once did on a certain occasion—"that one half had not been told them." Neither did they leave, as before said, until they had "struck palms" with Littlejohn over their signatures to the temperance pledge.

"Uncle Billy" Harrison took Mr. Littlejohn, with his horse and buggy, from Climax to Schoolcraft, which was his next field of labor. Remarkable success attended him there. From Schoolcraft he came, I believe, to Kalamazoo. He came not on his own errand: it was in behalf of the people, and by their solicitation. The most prominent men in Kalamazoo, such as T. P. Sheldon, N. A. Balch, and others had invited him to lecture in that place.

The first meeting was held in the old Presbyterian church. A great number of people came to hear the new lecturer. To quote the remark of one present: "There were all that could get out doors, with something of a crowd in the house." The lecture was just such an one as Littlejohn knew how to give to start the work in a place. It made everybody eager to go the next night, and the exciting report about it and the man spread over the village, and out among the farmers in the openings and timbered lands, and over the beautful prairies scattered around Kalamazoo. At the close of the lecture a consultation was had as to where the next meeting should be held; the Presbyterian church being considered too small for the number that would come. It was decided to use the M. E. church for the entire course of lectures. While this matter was under discussion, Edmund Rice, a young lawyer of

Kalamazoo, arose and objected to Mr. Littlejohn's lecturing to the people here. He said he had a pamphlet which contained charges against the gentleman; he proposed to read them and give him a chance to refute them; and until they were refuted he should oppose his lecturing in Kalamazoo. At this the audience called for N. A. Balch, who was then prosecuting attorney. Mr. Balch arose and did all he could, in a short speech, to allay the excitement. As he took his seat, Littlejohn's voice was heard from the platform in front of the pulpit; he stated in most emphatic terms that he came there as a temperance lecturer, and as long as he had violated no law, he claimed the right to lecture where he pleased, and would consent to no trial of the kind proposed by Mr. Rice. While these matters were being discussed in the house, we could hear the mutterings of an angry crowd out doors, and now and then loud threatenings of violence to the lecturer. This came from a gathering of liquor men and their confederates, who came to break up the temperance meeting. This thoroughly aroused Littlejohn. He wished to know if there was any safety for a temperance lecturer in Kalamazoo; and as the noise from the crowd outside increased, he exclaimed: "Oh that Flavius was here!" meaning his brother in Allegan. At this juncture I. J. Babcock, one of the "branch" students, went forward to the front of the pulpit, and said in a strong, clear voice: "I see the object of this opposition; it is meant by threatening harm to Mr. Littlejohn, to defeat temperance reform in Kalamazoo; and I call upon the students and young men of this village to come forward and form a body-guard to escort him to his place of residence in safety." This had an electric effect upon the audience, for it brought to the front scores of young men, who gathered around Littlejohn, while he in his enthusiastic manner congratulated himself upon having such a brave Spartan band to defend him in the hour of peril. It is needless to say that he reached his residence in safety that night. The rabble finding so determined a body of young men guarding Mr. Littlejohn, soon dispersed and went back to the Kalamazoo House, where they organized an opposition meeting, which was addressed by some of their able speakers. They held several anti-temperance meetings afterwards, at which Belcher, Dr. Starkie, and Mowyer spoke, with the determination of drawing the crowd away from the Methodist church, and breaking up Littlejohn's lectures. But with all the eloquence of their fiery harrangues, these meetings ended in a signal failure. Thus terminated the liquor opposition to Mr. Littlejohn in Kalamazoo.

The next evening the Methodist church was occupied. A few had opposed this, and caused some trouble by keeping the door key. But Rev. James F. Davidson, then presiding elder in this district, and Dr. Cornell, a prominent member of the church, forced open the door. Mr. Davidson, thinking that the liquor rabble might attempt to break up the meeting in this church, as they had the previous evening, in the Presbyterian church, exclaimed, as he walked down the aisle, his tall, commanding form and defiant look showing him to be the man for the hour of danger: "Let them come; they will find me prepared; Littlejohn will lecture from that pulpit this evening, and as long as he wishes to stay here!" And he did lecture from that pulpit, every evening, for some three weeks, and as before stated, no more trouble came from the foes of temperance.

Littlejohn was a master of tactics in temperance reform. He had previously secured the names of all the clergymen, and other influential men, in the village; and in the evening, if he missed a prominent man, he would ask the

audience: "Is the pastor of such a church here?" If he was not, he would say: "He should be; this is his cause, and he should be here to aid in it." It was the same with other leading men in town. His strictures made them afraid to stay away. He got the "bell-wethers" to come out, and their flocks followed them. Nor did he stop till he had drawn nearly everybody into the service of the temperance cause. He secured all the good singers he could find outside of the church, and then laid the church choir under contribution. Among his temperance choir we remember Miss Mary Ann Marsh, her brother Wells R. Marsh, and other members of that family so highly gifted with music; Miss Laura J. Hubbard, Miss Mary Clark, Mr. Plant, then clerk for Clark & Gilbert, and many other excellent singers. The lecturer understood music. He could put more life into a choir, and get more music out of them, than any man I ever saw. An hour before the lecture was given to drilling the singers. They being seated in the front pews of the church, he, having taken off his coat, would say, "Now, all ready!" and starting the tune he would move up and down the aisle with arm extended, beating time; and as he strode along, cry out: "Heavier—heavier there!" and down came his foot; or, "Lightly—lightly now!" stepping slower and softly; thus directing them till they struck the chorus, then throwing his voice and the whole motion of his body into the song—stamp—stamp—he would stride along the aisle, the very impersonation of musical force. He would praise the animated singers, and rally the dull ones, to the latter sometimes exclaiming: "Don't give us that canal-boat singing; do, in all conscience, liven up; your dead level singing will put us to sleep." That was the age of temperance singing. There was reform in those songs. The old Whigs sang "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" into power; the temperance workers of this period sang the reign of intemperance out of ten thousand hearts and homes, and the reign of temperance into as many.

Littlejohn always treated the drunkard as his friend, and ever spoke in the most hopeful manner of his ability to reform. Here was his great power over the hard drinker; he not only made him believe that he *could* stop drinking, but he made him believe that he *must* stop. He used no tricks of rhetoric to captivate his hearers; nor did he turn his lecture into a farce by "acting the drunkard" to amuse his hearers. You would as soon have thought of seeing the minister mimic the sinner from the pulpit, as of seeing Littlejohn mimic the drunkard to please the people. His mission was not to "play the orator" before crowded houses at four hundred dollars a night. He was not "starring it" through the country on temperance, and delivering such witty and captivating lectures that his hearers went home so dazzled and delighted with them, that they they forgot all about temperance and kept on drinking just as before. There was no half-dollar fee at the door to keep out the class that needed his lectures, and let in a class that did not. His lectures were free, and furthermore, the class that were to be the most benefited by them were there in force. One night as Littlejohn had got fairly started in his discourse, old Farmer Fuller came into church, and with hat on his head, staggered down the aisle half way to the pulpit, when, hearing the speaker say, "'Tis a glorious cause," he stopped, and looking up at him, said: "You're right, Littlejohn, 'tis a glorious cause;" and he walked on to the steps of the pulpit, where he took a two-shilling piece from his pocket and presented it to Littlejohn, saying: "Take it for the glorious cause of temperance." The latter, who had stopped speaking when first addressed by this troublesome visitor,

now stepped down to him, and putting his hand on his shoulder, said kindly: "Old friend, just take a seat here in front till I am through lecturing, and then we will have a good talk." He did as requested, and remained quiet the rest of the evening. Whether he came on his own errand, or was sent by an enemy to temperance, it made no difference to Littlejohn; for as the old man grew sober, he in one of his impassioned outbursts against intemperance, hit the old veteran toper's case so fairly and effectually, that he went away not only a soberer, but a wiser and better man.

This is the same Farmer Fuller who, at a time when the streets in the village were very muddy, walked across Main street on the shadow of the ash pole the Whigs had erected, thinking it a log. George Torrey, Sen., then editing the *Telegraph*, saw this achievement from his office window, and the next issue of the *Telegraph* gave the whole incident, closing with this remark: "I believe the man was 'Fuller' of whisky than anything else." The writer of this sketch can vouch for the truth of this feat of Mr. Fuller's, as he was an eye witness of the whole incident.

Littlejohn always opened his lectures with prayer. The order was,—singing, prayer, singing, the lecture, then signing the pledge, when singing was turned to great account. It was at the time of signing the pledge that he reaped the full harvest of his labors. Few lecturers could equal him in making converts to temperance. Under his management it was a temperance revival and the people "experienced" temperance as they usually did religion; it came with a change of heart. This was before the "*feudal* days" of temperance reform. Before the Ivanhoes of License, and the Bois Gilberts of Prohibition had entered the lists and waged a relentless strife against each other's plan of reform. There were no feuds in 1844, among temperance leaders or workers. All were united. The ancient maxim, "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," was verified by the union of all the temperance forces brought to bear against their common foe, rum; and they came off victorious. When Greece united under one general, she conquered her foes; when she grew clanish and was commanded by ten generals, her foes conquered her. The cause of temperance is now suffering from the feuds among its leaders.

One evening while many were going forward to sign the pledge a tremulous, squeaking voice sounded out from near the door: "*Mr. Secretary, put down Myron Hinsdill, the reformed inebriate of Kalamazoo.*" This created a sensation; for two-thirds of the audience recognized, in that feigned voice, one of Kalamazoo's sterling young men, and as full of temperance as he was of drollery. "Put it down," says Littlejohn, repeating the name and full title. This was more than the audience could stand. A loud laugh upset all business for a few moments. Littlejohn soon found out who this inebriate was, and had a hearty laugh with him over the incident.

Learning that some of the principal citizens were not present at the first lecture, on account of the slight rain, he said at the next meeting: "God bless the people of Climax, they came through the mud over the tops of their boots for the love of temperance. There were no fair-weather temperance folks, no satin slippered ladies, no nine-dollar boot men, among them."

The personal appearance of Littlejohn at once arrested your attention. His gestures, like his face, had a language intelligent and expressive. Everything about him was earnest and telling. And when he got fairly under way, was fully inspired by his subject, and the stirring tones of his voice had

brought his audience to the *qui vive* of attention, you had Littlejohn at his best and felt the full power of his eloquence.

I cannot give a review or synopsis of one of his lectures. I would as soon think of giving a sysnopsis of a bob-o-link's song. They were stirring, powerful and most effective appeals for temperance. There was

> "The flash of wit, the bright intelligence,
> The beam of song, the blaze of eloquence."

Sometimes a beautiful exordium would preface the lecture on some subject akin to it. Every lecture was a fresh one; he never repeated himself, nor allowed his subject to lack interest; it was always deeply instructive. He knew so many things outside of his regular topic, and how to turn them to use that he often accomplished more by diversion than others would by direct argument.

The following instances will illustrate his method of adding interest to his lecture. At the close of his discourse one evening, he said: "I will tell the story of 'old Put.' at Bunker Hill, to-morrow night." The Methodist church was filled at an early hour the next evening. I wish I could give the story of 'old Put" at Bunker Hill as he told it. There was the old hero, mad with patriotism and love of fighting, beseeching, encouraging, stimulating his men to stand to the work; literally holding them to it by his own bravery. But when he saw they aimed too high, he sprang before them, and cried out, *shin 'em boys—shin 'em boys—give 'em jessie!*" This was the first time we had heard the phrase, *give 'em jessie.* At another time he announced that he would give, the next evening, "a description of the battle of Waterloo." That night the house could not hold all that came. But has any one who heard the description of that battle forgotten it? "Nobody could equal it," said an old citizen. "It was the grandest thing I ever listened to," said another. The closing scene where he represented the distress of Wellington waiting for Blucher, was the *coup de grace* of the dramatic. When he knelt down in front of the pulpit before the audience, and, wringing his hands in agony, exclaimed, "*Oh, that night or Blucher would come!*" the house burst forth in a storm of applause. It was grander than any stage acting we ever saw.

Littlejohn's course of lectures here was eminently successful. Kalamazoo was never so much excited on any subject, nor took so deep an interest in any reform before or since, as she did in the labors of this powerful temperance advocate. Although, at times, it took all the influence of his best friends to make the people submit to his rashness and eccentricities, yet, by his great power and fiery zeal in the cause, he established a permanent public sentiment in favor of temperance, from which the people have not receded, but on account of which they are farther ahead in temperance reform to-day.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

KALAMAZOO, May 31st, 1882.

It being uncertain about my being able to attend the State Pioneer meeting, I herewith send you a list of pioneers who have died since the last meeting, both State and County pioneers, whose names are of record: Isaac Moffatt died March 25, 1881; Martin Wilson died August 9, 1881; Maria Upjohn died February 17, 1882.

COUNTY PIONEERS.

Rodney Seymour, April 4, 1881; Abner Mack, June 27, 1881; James Henry, July 1, 1881; Wm. Fanckboner, April 12, 1881; John C. Hayes, July 13, 1881; Pelick Stevens, August 14, 1881; Samuel Crook, Nov. 1, 1881; James Taylor, December 25, 1881; Evert B. Dyckman, October 4, 1881.

Yours truly,

HENRY BISHOP.

KENT COUNTY.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND INCIDENTS OF THE EARLY DAYS OF RICHLAND AND GRAND RAPIDS.

BY MRS. S. L. WITHEY.

[Read at the Annual Meeting of the Society, June 7, 1882.]

In the spring of 1833 my father, Myron Hinsdill, came from Hinesburgh, Vt., to Richland, then called Gull Prairie. This journey was made by the Erie canal, then by boat from Buffalo to Detroit, from there to our destination by teams, one of which father brought with him.

This journey was enlivened by the usual incidents of travel in Michigan at that time; getting fast in the mud, having to pry out the wagons, jolting over corduroy roads, frequent getting out to walk over some bad place, etc. Most of the towns were mere stopping places. Ann Arbor was noted as a mud-hole. My mother used to tell that as we stopped here the landlord came out to assist in unloading the family. As he took out four little girls one after the other, he turned to father, and in rather emphatic language, enquired what he had brought them here for.

We were warmly welcomed by the family of Elder Knappen, whom father had known in Vermont, some of whose family had preceded us a little time; there we remained till a place could be provided for us. Father set about building a log barn for his horses. When this was up and roofed, mother proposed we should occupy it ourselves, and relieve the Knappens; accordingly a floor was laid, a stick chimney built, and we took possession, with two pieces of furniture brought with us, a small light-stand with leaves, which served as our dining table, sideboard, and bureau together, as they were often made in those days, which is still a nice piece of furniture. Where we obtained our bedsteads I do not remember. Father went to the southern part of the State and brought back six wooden chairs and one small rocking chair—the latter I still number among my household goods. In this primitive way my parents, who left a fine old homestead at the east, commenced life in Michigan. Very soon a young woman who came with us to assist mother, accepted an offer of marriage from some man in want of a housekeeper, and mother, who was a frail, delicate woman, was left to struggle with four small children and fever and ague, without the common conveniences of life, and a house hardly a shelter, for when it rained, oh how it did leak! Every dish was put to use to catch the water. As the warm weather came on we did most of our work at a fire out doors. One incident of this style of living I well remember. Mother had prepared the bread ready to bake in a tin oven before the out door fire,

and gone to bed to have the regular ague shake, which came daily at the appointed time, leaving an older sister and myself to keep up the fire and watch the bread. Childlike, we were soon busy at play, and were only aroused to a sense of duty by seeing two great hogs walk off with poor mother's bread.

The contest here with ague was fearful, and ague usually had the best of it. At one time of our greatest distress a cousin of father's, a young man, came to see us and proved a good Samaritan indeed, for he stayed and took care of us when we were all sick.

Our physician was a Dr. Demming. The music of wolves was a common entertainment at aight. Sometime during this season we had a narrow escape from a violent wind storm that passed through the region, and blew a large tree which stood in front, on to the house, crushing in a part of it. Mother saw it coming in time to gather us into the back part, near a small window, from which we were taken out unhurt but badly frightened. A Mr. and Mrs. Baker, riding through the woods during the same storm, were killed by a falling tree. A baby sister that died that November, sleeps by their side. I understand that these graves have an enclosure near the center of the present cemetery of Richland.

That winter we lived in a house owned by Deacon Gray, more up town; that is, nearer the center of the prairie. Of this winter I recall but little, save going to meeting on an ox sled. How this happened I don't know, as my father had horses.

The next spring uncle Mitchel Hinsdill came, with his family, to Richland. The two brothers had located farms adjoining, just west of the prairie. Father had a piece cleared and wheat in when uncle came. They both commenced to build on their farms, not far apart; uncle's house was done first, as much as houses were usually finished in those times, and both families moved into it. Here, in September, a brother, Chester B. Hinsdill, was born. Before cold weather our house was ready, and we took possession, although it was not plastered, and blankets served for inside doors for a time, and a carpenter's bench was part of the furniture.

My mother's mother, a dear old lady over seventy, came and spent the winter with us. It was a comfort to mother, but grandmother mourned over our hardships; and most of all, that we little girls must be brought up in such a place without opportunities for schooling.

Our winter evenings were enlivened by visits from our neighbors who often came several miles for the purpose; the refreshments were generally hickory nuts, of which the woods had yielded an abundance. Father often read aloud for our entertainment evenings. I have a vivid remembrance of his reading Cooper's Leather Stocking. The evening he read the scene of the shooting of the panther over Charlotte's head, Mr. Foster Gilkie was with us; he almost comes before me as I recall it, with his peculiar "hm, hm." Sometime that winter father went to a point where those large hollow sycamore trees were to be had; mother and some of us children went along for a visit, and we came home in the bright moonlight, riding inside the tree as it laid lengthwise on the sled; these trees were much used as smoke houses, corn cribs, etc.; several large specimens were standing near Kalamazoo a few years since. During the winter of 1835–6 father made a trip on horseback to the Grand River country. Here, the spring before, his cousin Hiram Hinsdill had gone with his family. Father seems to have been captivated by the prospect, the fine rapid river and the high hills seemed more like his old New England home;

he fancied it would be more healthy and was quite ready for a change. Accordingly he let his farm, and soon after sold it, and the last of May or very first of June, 1836, started for Grand Rapids. This journey was much through the woods by blazed trees, no sign of a road, and took several days. On the way, as we were stopping for the night, where we found a log house without floor or roof, the first stage passed us with Mr. George Cogershall and family, bound for the same haven. Temporarily we staid at Mr. Hiram Hinsdill's till the building known as the old National, which father had purchased of him, could be made habitable. Our first move was to a new barn just in the rear of the new house; for be it remembered that just as fast as people could find a place to shelter them they must make way for later comers. As soon as a few rooms neared completion we moved in. That summer was mostly a holiday to us children. We gathered flowers everywhere, strawberries on what was Prospect Hill, leading altogether a Bohemian life. We had a school for a time, Miss Page, afterward Mrs. Judge Bacon of Monroe, at the importunity of several families who had young children, acting as teacher. It held its sessions in a new barn a little to the southeast across the street from the present Morton House. Being built of boards set up endwise, with a floor of boards laid down without matching, no school committee was vexed with the matter of its ventilation.

Here I had my first struggles with Webster's spelling book. This summer we used, on pleasant Sundays, to cross the river in a canoe, to attend service, at Mr. Slater's mission chapel. He preached in the afternoon in English, and occasionally came over to the east side and preached in a log house built by a Mr. Lincoln. That fall the mission was removed. I remember Mrs. Slater coming to bid us good bye. The great event of that autumn was the first Indian payment, in October, on the west side of the river. About 1,500 Indians waited for nearly three weeks for the specie to come to pay them. The chief amusement of the white people was to go over to visit them. Father took us children. Their camp fires and wigwams, the men decked out with paint on their faces, feathers in their head-dress, long strings of beads, or pieces of tin strung together around their necks, tin bracelets on their arms, the squaws not less brilliantly attired in their fine embroidered petticoats, blankets, leggings, and moccasins to match; the temporary shops with piles of goods, the white fleecy Mackinaw blankets; these objects mingled with the bright autumn landscape made a picture well calculated to live in the memory. The squaws were exceedingly deft with their needle; you would often see their petticoats ornamented a quarter of a yard deep with narrow ribbons of different colors sewed on in patterns, most neatly done; their bead and porcupine quill work was often a marvel of ingenuity. It is a great pity that some really fine specimens have not been preserved. The sight of Indians, of course, became a familiar one to the early settlers. I do not remember that we ever had serious apprehension of trouble from them. A seat by the fire when they were *chic-sa-naw*, cold, or a generous slice when they were *buck-a-tah*, hungry, generally insured a friendly feeling.

That summer of '36 seems to my recollection a long one; the arrival of so many strangers, the rapid changes, the hurry of people to get some place to live before cold weather, the feverish excitement of speculation, crowding so many events into the space of a few months, seem in memory more like so many years. To recall the state of things, I extract from a letter of father's to a brother-in-law, dated April 23, 1836:

"I have applied for five lots of pine land up Grand river, but there is such a press of business at the land office one cannot know under six or eight days whether he can get it or not; and if two men ask for the same land in one day, they must agree which shall have it, as it is set up at auction. There have been four or five hundred people at Bronson for a week past, all waiting to get lands. If I get the pine land it will cost about $2.25 per acre, and a great bargain at that. If land buyers increase, as we have reason to expect, when navigation opens there will not be a good lot in the territory at Congress prices, and then I see no good reason why land will not be worth $10 per acre."

The resort of people to every device to supply food and the common necessities of life, was only equaled by their ingenuity for entertainment. During the ensuing winter debating societies, singing schools, masquerade parties, any thing to divert themselves was in order. Among the most conspicuous of these, were the meetings of the Grand Rapids Lyceum. This society was organized in a room over the old yellow warehouse, used as an office by Dr. Charles Shepard, on Waterloo street. Its moving spirits were C. H. Taylor, Noble H. Tenney, William A. Richmond, C. I. Walker, George Martin, W. G. Henry, Simeon M. Johnson, and others who came a little later. Its public meetings were held in the dining room of the National, the gathering place for everything. This society was ably maintained for many years, and started a valuable library; some of these books are still doing service in our present public library. It should have an article by itself by an able pen, for here was brought out the latent intellectual force and forensic ability that was conspicuous on the platform, the stump, and at the bar, years after by many of that little coterie of then young men.

And the women of that time were no whit behind the men for all true womanly grace, intelligence, refined manner, and accomplishments of head and heart. A long search might be made in vain to find nobler specimens than were collected at every social gathering,—"Phantoms of delight" truly to many loving hearts.

Among other amusements I might mention the singing for the benefit of new comers of "Michigania" by my sister Ellen E. Steel, afterwards Mrs. P. R. L. Pierce, then a Miss of thirteen; her clear, rich voice is still remembered by many who heard her in after years in various church choirs. Mr. W. G. Henry and my father had both belonged to the Vermont militia and brought with them their training suits, a bright scarlet coat with brass buttons, to be worn with white pants, and a long scarlet feather in the hat. Mr. Henry's plume was tipped with black, father's with white. These played conspicuous parts in various costume entertainments and came to a most Christian end; as both coats were made up by fair fingers into emery balls and sold at various fairs for the benefit of the Congregational church.

The higher interests of religion and education were not neglected, as appears from another letter of father's dated Grand Rapids, February 25, 1837. "We have two schools in our house, one instructed by my sister, who came out here last fall, the other by Mr. Smith, of your village (Casnovia, N. Y.) We have had from eight to ten boarders all winter, on the temperance plan in full, and have most of the good custom. Strangers from most all parts of the Union visit our place, and are much pleased.

"Property has advanced one-third or more since you were here, so much *I think* people are crazy. Society has improved very much. A Presbyterian church was formed last Oct., with 22 members and 10 added since, and we

have as talented a society of young men as can be found in your State. Provision is very high: Flour $15 per barrel, oats $1, potatoes $1.25, pork $14 per hundred, butter 37½c., and other things in proportion; board $4,50 per week; cash plenty, most of it paid out for land. I have had more silver and gold in my house this winter than a pair of horses could draw."

As this extract gives such a picture of the times I give it entire. The church spoken of was soon changed to the Congregational polity, that element predominating, and is now the First Congregational church of Grand Rapids. I remember distinctly the scene of the organization, which took place in that same dining room of my father's; the little company as they stood up to assent to the articles of faith, and afterwards celebrated the Lord's supper, with the bread on a common plate, a pitcher and tumblers for tankard and cups. So true were these early settlers to their faith and training that the same roof sheltered the family, the church, the school, and Sunday-school. While faithful to their own convictions, their conduct was marked by liberality towards others. Every preacher who could lead a Christian service was welcomed.

In March of 1837 my brother Henry M. Hinsdill was born, the second native white child; Napoleon Godfrey, a son of Richard Godfroy, having preceded him a short time to claim the first honor.

In August of '37 our family circle was enlarged by the arrival of an uncle and family, Truman Kellogg. They made the journey round the lakes and up the river. He had previously purchased a farm east of the town, on Lake avenue. His house stood on the present site of the Paddock house. Having decided taste for horticulture, he took great pains to procure and set out choice varieties of apples, peach, plum, grapes, and all other small fruits. Indeed, for several years his place was the nursery for all this region. He also planted considerable ground to the Morus Multicaulus shrub and commenced the manufacture of silk. For several years they raised the cocoons and wound the silk. The family still possess many specimens of this earliest of Grand Rapids manufactures. This uncle, although one of the quietest and most unobtrusive of men, was an avowed abolitionist, took their papers and advocated quietly their opinions. In his correspondence he used paper which had for a heading the figure of a negro kneeling and lifting his manacled hands to Heaven in supplication. The engraving was done by a colored man. Some of the letters from his friends at the south imploring him not to use this paper in writing to them as it actually endangered them, are curious reflections of the public sentiment of the times.

There were many persons and families that I well remember and might sketch did space in such an article permit; the Campaus, Guilds, Winsors, and Godfroys were here when we arrived. Many more came that and the succeeding year. Among others, Lovell Moore, W. G. Henry, Gen. Solomon Withey, Jacob Barnes, Samuel Howland, William Holdone, H. K. Rose, Kendall Woodward, Leonard Covell, C. H. Taylor, James and George Nelson, Hosford Smith, Dr. Charles Shepard, Dr. Wilson, Noble H. Finney, C. I. Walker, William A. Richmond, George Cogershall, and Deacon Abel Page and others.

The night before New Year's of '38 we were witnesses of a custom we had heard some rumors about. A company of men composed of French, Indians, and half-breeds, masked and dressed in most grotesque and fantastic fashion, with horns and every instrument of hideous noise, rushed through the houses of several of the citizens, howling and dancing. Everything the house afforded

for refreshment was brought out, hoping thereby to hasten their departure, but they only threw it on the floor and stamped it down, to the damage of the house and alarm of housekeepers. So disgusting was the performance and general the disapprobation, it was never repeated. What it meant or where it originated we never learned. The best French families seemed to know as little about it as the rest of us. In February of '38 great anxiety was felt at the condition of the ice in the river. One evening just in the midst of a spirited debate at the Lyceum, came a cry of alarm. Every one started to the scene of trouble. It was an anxious night, followed by an exciting day. At midday the ice in a vast body began to move and piled up in a solid mass twenty to thirty feet high, forcing the water suddenly back on the little town, so that many barely escaped with their lives. The Almy and Page families were taken from their houses in boats. Mrs. Almy was brought to our house very much excited after her narrow escape. The whole scene, accompanied as it was with a heavy, rumbling sound and the rushing of the water, is spoken of by eye-witnesses as grand and awe-inspiring beyond description.

The spring of '38 was marked by an event of family interest—the marriage of aunt Mary Hinsdill to Mr. C. I. Walker. During the summer my father's mother came from Vermont to visit us. Father spent much of his time this summer looking and surveying land. In November he was taken down with bilious fever, and died on the 17th. He fell at the age of 39, a victim to the exposures and hardships of a new country. His remains were interred in the Fulton street cemetery, just purchased but not platted.

In recording this bit of family history connected with the early settlement of our State, and bringing to mind many persons contemporary with my parents, I am reminded of what precious material our foundations were laid; if truth, integrity, intelligence, and heroism are traits of nobility, truly the pioneers of our fair peninsula were a right royal race.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

AARON DIKEMAN, a pioneer of Grand Rapids, died May 28, 1882, aged 86 years. His wife died ten weeks previous to his decease, a few days after celebrating their sixtieth anniversary. He was born in Norwalk, Fairfield county, Connecticut, in 1796. He was of a long-lived ancestry, his father being at his death, 86 years of age, and his mother 96. When fifteen years of age he went to Lansingburg, New York, where he learned the trade of jeweler. On reaching his majority he went to the city of New York, where he started in the jewelry business, which he carried on in that city for twenty years. While there, in 1823, he became a member of the Phœnix Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons, and he remained a worthy member of that fraternity till his death; being one of the organizers and a first officer and charter member of Grand River Lodge, No. 34. In 1837 he came to Grand Rapids, which has since been his home, and opened the first jewelry establishment north of the Michigan Central railroad line in this State. From that time for thirty years he was seldom absent a day from his bench and his counter, making fifty years in all, of unremitting personal application to his trade and business. During the time, he acquired a fair competency, and built up a fine mercantile establishment, which, at the age of 71 years, he turned over to the hands of his son, our present mayor. He had little taste for public position or display, but in 1838 was chosen county treasurer, which office he filled for three successive

terms, and subsequently served as alderman of his ward for two terms. In the earlier days, too, he became interested in the steamship navigation of the river, building the steamer Empire, which for many years plied between this city and Grand Haven, though from that enterprise his principal profit was in the satisfaction of seeing the impetus that it gave to business and improvement. In 1858 his establishment and stock in the jewelry trade was destroyed by fire; but he immediately started again with unbroken courage. He was one of the original members of St. Mark's church. Mr. Dikeman and wife had eleven children, of whom only four survive them—Caroline, wife of Edward S. Marsh; Mary, wife of J. H. Haxton; Lois A., and Edmund B., who is now mayor of the city.

ALFRED X. CAREY, an old resident of Grand Rapids, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. E. D. Collins, March 29, 1882, aged 71 years. The deceased came to this city in 1844, since which time this place has been his home. For the first two or three years he was engaged in a general mercantile business. From about 1846 for three years he was captain of the steamer Algoma, on Grand River, for Henry R. Williams. About 1849 he leased the old National Hotel, which he managed for two or three years. He was the first city marshal, 1850–51. In 1852 steamboat captain again. In 1853, with John Lyman and H. R. Williams, he purchased a steam tug, which he ran for some months in the harbor at Chicago. In 1854 he was one of the company that built the steamer Olive Branch. He then, with John M. Fox, bought the Buena Vista mills at Bear Creek in Plainfield; soon afterwards bought out the Fox interest, and took into partnership Robert M. Collins, and the firm ran that mill for about fifteen years. In 1860–61 he was a member of the Common Council. He was a delegate in 1860 to the Republican National Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for president. About 1869 he purchased an interest in the Valley City mills, with J. B. Moon and R. M. Collins; Jacob Barnes, a year or two later, becoming a partner, and this mill was run by A. X. Carey & Co. till about five years ago. He was also one of the projectors of the Grand Rapids Savings Bank in 1870, and its president for several years. He had two children. His son, Charles H., went into the army, and died in the service at Jackson, Miss., July, 1863. His daughter, Elizabeth D., widow of the late Capt. R. M. Collins, resides in this city. His wife, an invalid, survives him, and is cared for by an adopted daughter of Mrs. Collins.

REV. DANIEL BUSH was born in Canada West, May 6, 1810, and came to Grand Rapids, December, 1840. Died August 1, 1881.

JOHN M. GORHAM was born at Boston, Mass., December 22, 1825, came to Michigan in 1843, and died August 5, 1881.

CANTON SMITH was born at Scituate, R. I., October 26, 1822, and came to Michigan in 1837. Died March 29, 1882.

LENAWEE COUNTY.

LENAWEE'S PIONEER LAWYERS.

BY JUDGE C. A. STACY.

Read at the annual meeting of the State Pioneer Society June 8, 1882.

The first settlement in Lenawee county was made in June, 1824, at Tecumseh. The same summer and fall settlements were made in Blissfield, followed a year or two afterwards by settlements at the city of Adrian and in the town of Raisin.

ISAAC STETTSON.

In 1827 Isaac Stettson came into the county, first stopping at Adrian, then returning to Detroit, and after a short stay there he returned to Tecumseh, and settled there, staying until about the time of the Black Hawk war in 1832, when he left there for Illinois, where he is said to have died about the year 1834. He came from the State of New York; was a well read lawyer, but loved the frontier life and moved on to newer settlements as the population increased.

NATHAN WILLIS.

In the same year Nathan Willis came to this State from Connecticut, settled in Tecumseh, lived there until 1833, then removed to Wisconsin where he died in 1839. He was a plodding, industrious, painstaking man, correct and careful in his professional and business affairs, and when he left was the oldest lawyer in practice in the county. He was a cousin of the poet, Nathaniel P. Willis, who then lived in N. Y. city, and his habits and mental capacity in its practical matter of fact view of things bore a marked contrast to the idealism of the poet.

Both these men, while leaving their impress upon the young settlement here, can hardly be traced, and I find but three or four persons in the county who recollect them at all, and but a single person now living can give any account at all of their character or habits or the time of their coming to or departure from our county.

PETER R. ADAMS.

In 1830 Peter R. Adams moved with his family to Tecumseh, arriving there July 26th, of that year, and with the exception of a short absence in the State of Kansas he has ever since that time resided at Tecumseh. He was born in Tioga county in the State of Pennsylvania, studied law at Danville, N. Y., completed his legal studies in the State of Pennsylvania, in the office of the afterwards eminent Pennsylvania judge, Ellis Lewis, and was admitted to the bar in 1825, in Tioga county, where he remained until his removal to Michigan with his young wife in the spring of 1830, and final settlement in Tecumseh. He came with his family through Pennsylvania to Pittsburg and Erie; along the lake shore from Erie to Cleveland and Detroit,

then all small villages between which the clearings were small and the forest almost broken; past Toledo, then a small hamlet; along the border of Lake Erie whose waters were then seldom whitened by the sails of the few vessels or broken by the paddle wheel of the two or three steamers which then floated on its bosom, and performed all the labors of the transit of the few people on the borders of the great lakes. The contrast between the means of transit and travel and its amount by both land and water then and the vessels and steamers now plying the lakes, and the railroads speeding along and serving the wants and pleasures of the great people who have grown up in the northwest since he came here as seen by him this very season is wonderful, exceeding anything he could have imagined at that time; and as described by him to the writer since his return home, seem more like the dreams of the enthusiast or the romancer than the chronicles of living facts which have grown up under the eye of the early pioneer.

Mr. Adams continued in the practice of his profession until 1842 when he retired from the profession on account of ill health with a well earned competence and a fine professional reputation, since which time he has spent most of his time as a scientific practical farmer, adding to the knowledge of the world by his successful agricultural labors. As a member of the legislature of the State, and of the Constitutional Convention of 1850, and in various other public trusts confided to him by the people of the State and county he has left the impress of his intellect upon the institutions of the county and the State.

Mr. Adams and his wife are still living in Tecumseh,—he, the only remaining member of the bar of the county previous to the adoption of the first State constitution,—with children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren to cheer their declining years. Long may they both remain with us to gladden our hearts and remind us of the trial and hardships of pioneer life and as an example to this generation of the fruits of a well spent life. [Mr. Adams died in 1883.]

EZRA ST. JOHN.

Ezra St. John came to this county and settled at Clinton in 1834, and practised his profession until his death in 1839. I remember him as an active energetic man older than most of the people then settled here. He left a family there and one son only recently removed from Clinton.

ALEX. R. TIFFANY.

In 1832 Alexander R. Tiffany moved to this county from Palmyra, Wayne county, N. Y., where he was admitted to the bar about 1819, appointed first judge of the county court in 1823 and held that office until he removed to Palmyra in this county, a village founded by a party of settlers including Judge Tiffany and family from Palmyra, New York. Under the territorial government he was appointed prosecuting attorney, was eight years judge of probate for the county under the State government, member of the constitutional convention of 1850 and also of the Legislature of the State. He was author of Tiffany's Justices' Guide and Tiffany's Criminal Law, was one of the best common law lawyers, a close student, a zealous and able advocate, an honest man; his memory is revered and held in warm affection by our people.

ANDREW BACKUS.

About this time Andrew Backus removed to our county and settled at Tecumseh, where he lived until about 1855. He was an able lawyer, held the office of register in the land office at Marquette in the upper peninsula four years, and finally removed to Detroit in 1855 and retired from the profession. His father was one of the ablest lawyers and judges of the State of Connecticut, where Mr. Backus was born and raised. He was the best versed in elementary law of our early lawyers. Kind, genial, of fine social qualities, the young lawyers looked up to him for advice and instruction which he was always ready to give, at a time when few books and small libraries rendered the study of the law much more difficult than at present.

ORANGE BUTLER.

Orange Butler settled at Adrian in this county about the year 1833. He came here from the State of New York, where he was admitted to practice. He practiced law a short time, attended court in the fall of 1836, and in April, 1837, but afterwards engaged as a contractor on the Toledo railroad and left the profession. He afterwards removed to Lansing, soon after the removal of the capital there, where he was engaged in land operations. Was elected justice of the peace, and served a number of years, and died about the year 1855.

PETER MOREY.

Peter Morey was born and raised in Cazenovia, Madison county, New York, was educated at the academy in Hamilton, studied law with Slomer & Gridley there, was admitted to the bar in 1831, settled in Cazenovia in 1832, moved to the village of Eaton, from whence in the spring of 1835 he removed to Tecumseh, Michigan, where he resided until the spring of 1837, when he removed to Detroit. He was appointed Attorney General by Governor Mason, holding the office four years, and soon after the expiration of his office moved to Tecumseh, and after a few years removed to Adrian, where he resided until his age and infirmities compelled him to stop the practice of law, when he removed to Marion, Ohio, and then lived with his daughter until his death in the fall of 1881, at the age of 83 years. Mr. Morey was a fine scholar, a courteous old school gentleman, an active politician of the democratic school, public spirited, and foremost in all public improvements. Kind to the poor, charitable to the full extent of his means, nobly seconded socially and in kindness and charities by his noble wife, who still survives him, and whose kindness and active benevolence and untiring industry in the church and in society are still remembered with grateful feelings by the pioneers in Detroit, as well as in Tecumseh and Adrian. Mr. Morey was an able lawyer, talented and energetic. His labors in the office of Attorney General in the early history of our State, have left their powerful and beneficial impress on the judicial and legislative history of our State which can never fade away.

ALLEN HUTCHINS.

Allen Hutchins came about the year 1833 to Adrian from Orleans county, New York, and practiced his profession here until 1836, when he was appointed Receiver of the Land Office at Ionia, then being organized. He returned to

Adrian to reside after the close of his official term, and the death of two or three of our oldest citizens makes it impossible for me to learn more particulars of one who as late as 1836 was one of the leading politicians of our county. He died a few years after his return to Adrian from Ionia. He was reputed an able lawyer and business man.

AHIRA G. EASTMAN.

Ahira G. Eastman came to this State in the fall of 1835, was admitted to the bar that year and practised law here until about the year 1858, when he removed to Van Buren county where he resided until his death last year. Mr. Eastman was a careful, prudent man, and performed well and faithfully the duties devolving upon him in his profession.

CONCLUSION.

In the foregoing notes I have presented a short sketch of all the lawyers who resided here before the adoption of the State constitution, and I believe it includes the name of every lawyer down to the time I came here in August, 1836, who had practiced the profession in the county of Lenawee. In the fall of 1836 and the following winter the new lawyers increased rapidly both by immigration and admission here to practice. But I have not been able to give a satisfactory sketch of the bar of the county since our State was admitted. I have collected the names of nearly one hundred young men who have at various times resided in and practiced law in our county. I leave to other hands the taking and perfecting sketches of their lives and labors among us. It would be of great interest and value to the county and State, and must be done soon or it cannot be done at all.

Of the lawyers here before 1836, but a single one remains in the county and only two are now living.

A little over fifty years have passed and the county which was then a wilderness with a few groups of savages passing back and forth across its borders, has now a cultivated and intelligent population of over 50,000 people, with churches, school-houses, manufacturing buildings and machinery, and beautiful dwellings, and all the appliances of civilized life, reared, erected, and brought forth by the intelligent labor of our people, because little outside wealth has ever been brought here to assist in these improvements. In all their labors for the improvement of our county, our profession has done its full share. Its moral, political, and social force has always been on the side of progress and advancement. In remembering what they and the other pioneers have done for our county and State, let us always bear in mind their trials and sufferings in their pioneer life, and emulate their love of country and humanity, their hospitality and their virtues.

MEMOIR OF ALONZO LOCKWOOD SMITH.

BY FRANCIS A. DEWEY.

When we review from day to day, and see our nearest and most worthy citizens leaving us, it causes the tears of sorrow to course down the saddening face. When the portals of the tomb closed over the mortal form of A. L. Smith, it caused a deep well of grief to full four hundred of his friends and neighbors who were present at the burial services. Our departed friend was born in Columbus township, Chenango county, State of New York, April 25th, 1814. His younger days were passed in the vicinity of Paris Hill, N. Y. In the month of September, 1835, he came to Woodstock, Mich., with his father's family, where land had been purchased on both sides of the turnpike on section ten. Immediately after he came here he assisted in building the Brooklyn flouring mill from the basement to finishing the whole structure. March 29, 1837 he was married to Miss Lovina Blackmar of Cambridge, by whom he had five children, all now living and married except one, who died at the age of 16 years. The citizen pioneer begun his clearing on the pleasant and now fertile farm in the year 1839. Farming was his business until the day of his last sickness. In town affairs he has manifested much interest, was road commissioner for several years, justice of the peace four years, school inspector over twenty years. He resided here over forty-six years, and is probably as well known as any one in Woodstock. When he first came here there were but a few log shanties in the town. They have gradually been replaced by comfortable, and in many instances, costly farm mansions with beautiful outbuildings and delightful walks. He was honest, enterprising and liberal to a fault. No one ever went from his house hungry if he knew it. The writer of these lines has often been cheerfully and sumptuously entertained in this now bereaved and saddened home. Through all the privations and sickness incident to a pioneer life, also, all the varied experiences of after years, he has manifested an unfaltering trust in God, a cheerful hope, a tender sympathy, a devoted Christian and warden of the Episcopal Church for more than forty years, with a charity which thinketh no evil. He has left to his children, grandchildren and wife, the rich legacy, the precious memory of a beautiful and well spent life. His father was instantly killed by a horse in the year 1868. His brother, of Alpine, Kent Co., died in 1876, by falling from a loaded wagon. Now by injuries received February 2d, in falling from a load of hay at Woodstock, Alonzo Lockwood Smith departed this life March 16, 1882, aged nearly 68 years.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY F. A. DEWEY.

Memorial Names of Lenawee County from January, 1881, to June, 1882.

Town.	Name.	No.	Month.	Age.
	1881.			
City	Ebenezer L. Selleck	1	January.	84
Raisin	Anna Iveson	2	"	92
Franklin	Frank Osborn	3	"	62
Tecumseh	Salmon Haight	4	"	75
Rome	David Smith	5	"	95
Palmyra	Mr. Moore	6	"	80
Madison	R. B. Packard	7	"	75
Macon	James East	8	February.	70
Franklin	Mr. Lancaster	9	"	87
Franklin	John Pawson	10	"	75
Seneca	Oliver Furman	11	"	84
City	Charles A. Jewell	12	"	70
City	Mrs. Ruth Ingals	13	"	94
City	Patrick Kelly	14	"	84
Ridgeway	Henry Clark	15	"	72
Adrian	James Patteson	16	"	65
Adrian	Mrs. Gramer	17	March.	70
Tecumseh	Mrs. R. M. Gilman	18	"	73
Adrian	Abram Van Dorn	19	"	70
Cambridge	Newman Curtis	20	"	70
Adrian	Hannah Hitchcock	21	"	83
Blissfield	Mr. J. D. McAllister	22	"	70
Madison	Marvin Nash	23	"	78
Ogden	Amasa Cowel	24	"	81
Hudson	Simeon Vanaukin	25	"	91
Hudson	Mr. G. H. Galiger	26	"	75
Dover	Mrs. Severhill	27	"	81
Medina	Mr. Holmes	28	"	83
City	Lydia B. Drown	29	"	81
Rome	John Hicks	30	"	73
Dover	Mrs. Amy Barcly Scoville	31	"	82
Rome	Wm. Nixon	32	"	83
Fairfield	Wm. Nelson	33	"	70
Ridgeway	Stephen V. Miller	34	April.	77
Raisin	Harriet M. Farlin	35	"	67
City	Lemuel Martin	36	"	80
Madison	Noah M. Woodford	37	"	70
City	Sophia Wilson	38	"	86
Medina	Mr. Osterbout	39	"	70
Tecumseh	Dougald McCaughn	40	"	75
Raisin	Anna Woolsten Comfort	41	"	86
Ogden	Erastus Brockway	42	"	79
Blissfield	James Miller	43	"	77
Tecumseh	Lucinda Thorp	44	May.	82
Hudson	Darius Dwyer	45	"	74
Macon	Job Burleson	46	"	70
City	Anna Eliza Crane	47	"	63
City	Mrs. P. Galvin	48	"	70
Dover	Mrs. Brackly Shaw	49	June.	90
Blissfield	Dr. R. B. Newcomb	50	"	59
City	Wm. E. Kimball	51	"	71
Rome	David Jerrolds	52	"	74
Clinton	James Berrham	53	"	74
Clinton	Charles E. Freeze	54	"	40

Memorial Report—CONTINUED.

Town.	Name.	No.	Month.	Age.
Tecumseh	Jane Helm	55	July.	63
Franklin	Eli Knight	56	"	72
City	Mrs. T. J. Ludlow	57	"	73
City	Elisha C. Smith	58	"	67
Fairfield	Herman Robb	59	"	81
Franklin	Cyrus Saviers	60	"	77
Madison	Ann Eliza Waltmire	61	August.	73
Raisin	Mrs. Thos. Chandler	62	"	75
Blissfield	Mrs. Lorin Root	63	"	87
Madison	Delia Tayer	64	"	85
Tecumseh	Wm. Moir	65	"	63
Clinton	Mary Owen	66	"	76
City	Hallman Richards	67	"	74
Woodstock	Oliver Ferril	68	"	46
Medina	Joseph Hagaman	69	September.	70
Ogden	Betsy Case	70	"	80
Deerfield	Mary A. Hall	71	"	62
Macon	Henry Mangus	72	"	78
Tecumseh	Robert Culbertson	73	"	73
Clayton	Amos Soper	74	"	84
City	John Marshal	75	"	70
Rome	John Conner	76	"	77
Rollin	Rhoda A. Briggs	77	"	71
Seneca	Adam Flagler	78	"	75
City	Mary Clay	79	"	81
Rollin	Emeline Haskins	80	"	70
Franklin	Mary Welch	81	October.	57
Ridgeway	Isaac L. Kniffin	82	"	66
Macon	David Berdan	83	"	75
Blissfield	Mrs. M. Leach	84	"	60
Cambridge	Mrs. Umphrey Agen	85	"	70
Rome	Mr. Mart Cure	86	"	65
Tecumseh	John W. House	87	"	78
Tecumseh	Alice E. Lewis	88	"	47
City	Mr. G. D. Moulton	89	November.	77
Blissfield	Joseph I. Talmadge	90	"	75
Blissfield	James Westerman	91	"	77
Tecumseh	Wm. Richards	92	"	74
Raisin	Elizabeth R. Comfort	93	"	53
Tecumseh	Mahlon Sherd	94	"	76
Franklin	Rodman Reynolds	95	"	86
Seneca	Alfred Ryder	96	"	75
Franklin	Andrew Burtless	97	December.	50
Tecumseh	Horace Brewer	98	"	65
Ridgeway	Samuel Irner	99	"	75
Raisin	Joseph H. Haveland	100	"	46
Hudson	Cornelius O. Flynn	101	"	70
	1882.			
Cambridge	Mrs. Nelson Kinney	102	January.	64
Clinton	Dwight Saxon	103	"	60
Adrian	Nellie Van Dorn	104	"	91
Adrian	Rufus Merie	105	"	75
Woodstock	Robert Drake	106	"	68
Cambridge	Wm. Clark	107	"	55
Tecumseh	Hiram Sherman	108	"	75
Rollin	John R. Hawkins	109	"	72
Franklin	Albert Kemp	110	"	52
Rollin	Mrs. Roswell Lamb	111	"	76
Macon	Jefferson Fuller	112	"	66

Memorial Report—CONTINUED.

Town.	Name.	No.	Month.	Age.
City	Patrick Gaffney	113	January.	71
Franklin	Richard Wilson	114	"	81
Clayton	Lemuel Johnson	115	"	66
City	Truman Perry	116	"	75
City	J. C. Moody	117	"	66
City	Alexander Maxwell	118	"	57
Riga	Henry Delker	119	"	60
Tecumseh	Mrs. R. B. House	120	"	33
Adrian	Mrs. N. S. Wheeler	121	"	48
Rollin	Harrison Baker	122	"	72
Cambridge	Norman Blowers	123	"	35
Cambridge	Beers Taylor	124	"	68
Tecumseh	Elizabeth N. McNair	125	"	74
Weston	Mrs. Courtright Knapp	126	"	76
Seneca	Lorin Dower	127	"	76
Madison	E. T. Watson	128	"	74
Franklin	Joseph Slater	129	February.	77
Clinton	Mrs. McDonald	130	"	75
Cambridge	E. S. M. Steves	131	"	75
Tecumseh	Rev. E. N. Nichols	132	"	85
Raisin	Butler Holliway	133	"	68
Hudson	Rachel Dunham	134	"	42
Hudson	Jesse Smith	135	"	88
Fairfield	Samuel Hagaman	136	"	75
Franklin	Rev. John Smith	137	"	77
City	Caroline Berry	138	"	50
City	Louisa K. Choate	139	"	77
Rome	Thos. Johnson	140	"	83
Blissfield	Fred Beagle	141	"	48
Rome	Norman C. Baker	142	"	78
Ogden	Jonathan Russell	143	March.	83
Woodstock	Alonzo L. Smith	144	"	68
Macon	Ira Sewart	145	"	82
Rollin	John I. Smith	146	"	79
Clinton	Morris Sage	147	"	68
Franklin	Clark Bebee	148	"	84
Hudson	Philena Pratt	149	"	91
Palmyra	Horatio G. Pope	150	"	76
Rome	Leonard Reynolds	151	"	82
City	Dr. Parley J. Spaulding	152	"	77
Dover	Peter Brookman	153	"	82
Macon	Sarah Spaulding	154	"	90
Rome	Mrs. Jerome B. Halsted	155	"	75,
City	John Mumford	156	"	84
Macon	Martha V. Y. Miller	157	"	77
Raisin	Minerva McRay Lovett	158	"	60
Franklin	Betsy Ayers	159	"	88
Clinton	John P. Silvers	160	April.	79
City	Laura Bixby	161	"	87
Hudson	Orin Rockwell	162	"	72
Dover	Joseph Steward	163	"	69
Rollins	Mrs. Hodge	164	"	75
Adrian	Chester Howland	165	"	78
Woodstock	Nahum Lamb	166	"	89
Madison	Mary Basset	167	"	93
City	Nathan Crum	168	"	74
Woodstock	Joseph Pratt	169	"	77
Ridgeway	Jonathan Wilkes	170	"	69
Ridgeway	Andrew Coryell	171	"	82

Memorial Report—CONTINUED.

Town.	Name.	No.	Month.	Age.
Ridgeway	John Swick	172	April.	75
City	Lorenzo Tabor	173	May.	67
Cambridge	Mrs. Mary Stephenson	174	"	68
Dover	Gilbert Gage	175	"	82
Tecumseh	Luke Wood	176	"	80
City	Mary Jourleman	177	"	89
City	Mrs. Dr. Merrick	178	"	71
Clinton	Mrs. Elizabeth Goheen	179	"	84
Madison	John D. Ramsdell	180	"	65
Rome	Sally Beach	181	"	75
Cambridge	Jeptha Fleming	182	"	50
Tecumseh	Hannah Mosher	183	"	79
City	Thomas J. Ludlow	184	"	80
Palmyra	Isaac Davis	185	"	80

In the above memorial names there are 185 who have left their pioneer homes for the tomb in the last 17 months. Of that number nine have departed between the age of 50 and 60, 28 between 60 and 70, 87 between 70 and 80, 39 between 80 and 90; also, nine between 90 and 100; David Smith of Rome was the oldest, 95 years. The average age was a little over 72 years.

Death has called away a large number of our most respected, worthy, and historic pioneers of Lenawee county. There are but few remaining. It is saddening to contemplate that in a few years more those noble men and women will all have gone to their final resting place.

Cambridge, June 5, 1882.

MACOMB COUNTY.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Macomb County Pioneer Society, for 1882, was held in the opera house at Mt. Clemens, on Tuesday, June 13th. About two hundred pioneers of Macomb county were present, besides several from adjoining counties. The music for the occasion was rendered by a choir trained for the purpose, and led by Mr. S. H. Davis, of Romeo, who, together with Mr. S. H. Ewell of the same place, used to teach singing school in the county forty years before. The pieces sung were the good old-fashioned minor fugue tunes which were so dear to the people of half a century ago. The strains of that music reminded President Cady that he was chorister of a company of singers fifty-five years before, who used to meet and sing on the very site of the opera house.

After the election of officers, Mr. G. H. Cannon read for Hon. Wm. Andus, who was absent, a paper on the Clinton and Kalamazoo Canal, and the Detroit and Shelby Railroad. This was followed by a paper written by Lew. M. Miller, of Lansing, on the "Early Banks and Bankers of Macomb County." The latter paper awakened many reminiscences, and President Cady said he was a stockholder in the bank, but lost nothing, as he sold out his interest

very hastily. Mr. S. H. Ewell remarked that he had been held accountable for the failure of the Utica Bank, to which Mr. Miller made reference, as one day he presented ten dollars in bills for redemption, and it cleaned out the institution. They never redeemed a bill after that.

As reminiscences were in order, President Cady mentioned the fact that some fifty years ago the board of supervisors of Macomb county, then embracing a large part of Eastern Michigan, held its first meeting in Mt. Clemens. The board was composed of six members, and met in a grog-shop belonging to Mr. Cady, just north of the court-house, where Dahm's new block now stands. The board voted to have some whisky, got drunk, stayed up all night, and adjourned the next morning without paying for the whisky. Mr. Cady said quite a temperance sentiment existed among a certain class of people, who would drink nothing but cider. So he mixed five gallons of cider with five gallons of whisky, and it was high fun to see the temperance folks boozy on Cady's cider.

Mr. George H. Cannon read a paper on the "Life of Judge Wellington R. Burt," who died in 1858. He was the inventor of the solar compass, and one of the most remarkable men of the early northwest.

The evening was spent in reminiscences of the early singing and singers of the county, Mr. S. H. Ewell reading a paper on the subject, interspersed with vocal illustrations of how they used to sing. Messrs. Davis and Ewell sang the old campaign song of "James K. Polk of Tennessee," and Mr. H. H. Cady followed with an interesting recital of musical experiences forty and fifty years ago, when he was chief chorister among the singers, and came to the front on all public occasions. He sang a French song with amusing effect. The pioneers then sang an old hymn and adjourned, feeling that it was good for them to have met and talked over "ye olden time."

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF MT. CLEMENS AND VICINITY.

BY REV. H. N. BISSELL.

[Read before the Mt. Clemens Lyceum, March 23d, 1858.]

In pretending to offer a paper upon this subject, I do not presume to enlighten all those whom I address. There are probably some present who were actors in the early scenes that transpired here, and who could entertain us this evening with the narrative of events in which they participated. I have sought to snatch from oblivion some of those events, and record them, that I might, with you, enjoy the pleasure of looking back to the infancy and childhood of this village. The work should have been done a quarter of a century since. There were then many who could give a brief history of their own and of others' experience here; and I would this evening much rather have listened to some one who could recall twenty-five years of the past, and who might have heard much of the twenty-five years preceding, than myself, who am, comparatively, a new comer here, to be the speaker. What I shall say, will relate chiefly to events transpiring here before 1830, and to those speaking English as their native language—those who began improvements here and became permanent settlers, the points at which improvements began, the trials and deprivations of the early settlers; and in doing this, all will perceive that I am indebted to those of whose history I speak, or to others

who were actors with them, for the information here given. There are but few *records* from which the historian can gather the material for a connected narrative. I find that memory often fails to give exact dates, and it may have failed to give facts just as they transpired. If I may succeed in awakening interest to find facts, and put them permanently on record, I shall receive one reward for my labor. Much, no doubt, there is of interest that might yet be saved.

The review of life in a new settlement, should interest those who reap the fruits of early labors and deprivations. To the pioneers themselves the review is like the pleasure those take who were school-boys together, and who, meeting late in life, sit down to recount their childhood's sports; or like that which the branches of a family feel, as they gather from distant points at the old homestead, and sit down to review, and in memory live over again, the days they spent under the same roof. They love to go over the paths they early trod, the ground on which they early played, and point out the sites where occurred the most eventful scenes of early years.

There is not only pleasure, there is profit in reviewing the early character of a new settlement—the ends for which it was begun, the influences early at work to give character to it, and the fruits of these early influences. There is philosophy to be learned here which those may apply who are in future to act in laying the foundations of other communities. It is a new world to the beginners, and they commence a social life which is to mingle its virtues and vices, its joys and sorrows, its prosperity and adversity, its friendships and enmities, its trusts and jealousies, like the individual lives of which it is composed. Much depends upon the influences early thrown into a community, what its future history shall be. Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, is sung of *individual* character, and may with equal propriety, apply to communities. It is like the founding of an empire whose first vigor, education, and faith determine what character, protection, and prosperity it shall give to its subjects or citizens. The philosophy of the early settlement of this vicinity is worth noticing. It shows that the use the aborigines made of their victories over the whites prepared the way for future victories of the whites over them. The rationale of this is the difficulty of engrafting barbarous habits upon the civilized, or civilized habits upon the savage. The history of this country proves the difficulty in both cases. The attempts to civilize the Indians, have mostly proved abortive. They have succeeded only where a tribe could be *located*, and by necessity compelled to toil for their support. Migration tends to barbarism, frequent migration implies it. Fixedness of abode is essential to progress in civilization and refinement. Little can be done in arts, sciences, literature, or religion by communities ever on the wing. Nomadic tribes can not have many of the accompaniments of civilization; they would be a burden. Tents instead of houses, the uncertain subsistence of hunting and fishing, instead of a steady dependence on Providence for the reward of toil, either in tillage of the ground or in the mechanic arts. Whatever is done to make one home pleasant, must soon be undone to prepare for a new and distant home. The attempts made to educate Indian youth, by the early settlers of this country, prove how difficult it is to change the early habits.

Upon this subject Dr. Dwight says: "An Indian student cannot be obtained ordinarily without extreme difficulty. What is at least as unfortunate, his habits are in a great measure fixed before he can be brought to a

place of education, and more resemble those of a deer or fox than of a civilized youth. In the literal sense he must be tamed, and to tame him is scarcely possible." So upon the other side. When the Indians surprised a colony of whites, slew a part and took the rest captives, it often proved true of the latter, as they learned by sad experience, that they had only *caught a Tartar*. But few of the whites, even when they were mildly treated and long guarded, would become so accustomed to savage life as to prefer it to civilization, and when an opportunity to escape offered, they would take the life of their captors, if necessary, to secure their freedom, and return to the embrace of friends, and often with this advantage: They had partially learned the Indian tongue, they had learned their mode of warfare, they had learned how to influence them, and from the mastery of mind which civilization gives, they had greatly the advantage over the savage. They had learned where the best lands of the Indian tribes lay, and could direct the future settlers to the most desirable locations. And often those who had been captured took root in the soil where their captors resided, began to clear their farms and rear their families, invite about them other settlers, spoil the ground for the chase, and drive the aborigines further back. Long captivity could not dispossess the mind of its preference for civilization. The idea of toiling for bread remained, and awoke to activity as soon as a reward for toil was offered. It was thus that the early settlements began in this vicinity. Messrs. Cottrell and Thorn on the St. Clair river, Messrs. Tucker, Lovelace, and Connor on the Huron river (as the Clinton was early called), and Mr. Leith at Grosse Pointe, had been the Indians' prisoners, and probably it was by their agency that these early settlers were introduced to their western homes on the grounds claimed by their captors. They became a fixture, and when the day of conflict between the two races came, the Indians reaped the sad fruits of former victories. These men became thorns in their sides, and having learned the Indian character, became their most formidable enemies when they met on the field of battle.

William Tucker was probably the first white person speaking English ever brought into this region, who afterwards settled in this immediate vicinity. He was taken by the Indians when about 11 years old, and also a younger brother, Joseph, who afterwards went to the upper lakes to hunt with the Indians. Three of them, including Joseph, went with a canoe to a desolate island and never returned to the company. It was supposed their canoe floated away and left them with no resources for support or escape. Three human skeletons were afterwards found on the island, supposed to be those of the three lost. The father of the two boys was shot down by the Indians while they were gathering their wheat harvest in Virginia. The Indians were Chippewas, and this is supposed to have occurred during the war between the French and English in 1753, '4, and '5. William lived with the Indians whose center of operations was at Detroit, and with them roamed through the forests which then covered this vicinity, in their hunting excursions, and learned where the best lands lay, and where to make his future home. When about eighteen years of age he visited his childhood's home. He married Catherine Hazel, at Stovers Town, Virginia, August 8th, 1773. He then came to Detroit, where he lived till the Revolutionary war commenced. He was employed in the army as an interpreter of the Indian language, and continued there till the close of the war. In the spring of 1784, he removed his family to the banks of the Huron river, and erected his cabin on the site where his son,

Mr. Charles Tucker, now lives. A deed of land is now in the possession of Charles Tucker, signed by ten Indian chiefs, conveying to William Tucker six miles from the mouth of the Huron river, on its northern bank, and three miles back from the stream. It bears date September 22, 1780. It was not signed by the British Governor of Canada, and therefore proved valueless when this territory was wrenched from British control.

Richard Connor and his wife were originally from Maryland. The maiden name of Mrs. C. was Myers. She was taken by the Indians, when three or four years old, on the Monongahela river. Her father hid the children as the Indians approached the house, and then ran to the river, swam across, and as he ascended the opposite bank they shot him. As the Indians were looking for plunder, one of the children becoming frightened, they were discovered and taken. Two of them were recovered. The other was kept and brought up by the Indians as a servant. She was afterwards bought by her husband, Mr. Connor, for two hundred dollars, which price he was obliged to pay before he could marry her. There was an agreement that if she had children the Indians might have the first born. In fulfillment of this contract, James, the oldest, was permitted to stay with his mother one year, when he was taken by the Shawanoes (or Shawnees) and kept till he was five years of age. His parents then bought him for four hundred dollars. His head was shaved like an Indian and he could speak only that tongue. In 1775 Mr. Connor, with his family, joined the Moravian missions at Schonbrun. In 1781 all the missionaries laboring at three different stations on the Muskingum, in Ohio, were taken prisoners and brought before Col. DePeyster, at Detroit, charged with acting in concert with the United States troops at Pittsburg. Early in July, 1782, several of the Indians who had been connected with the mission arrived in Detroit, and some white brethren, among whom were Richard Connor and his family.

"Having obtained permission from the Chippewas in their behalf, DePeyster advised the Moravians to settle on the Clinton (then known as the Huron) river, and to bring their Indians there. He furnished them a vessel and provisions, and such utensils as they needed, together with two milch cows, and some horses, and his lady also made them several useful presents. On the 20th of July, 1782, Zeisberger and Jungman, with their families, and Edwards and Jung, single missionaries, set out with nineteen Indians from Detroit, and arrived at their new home on the Clinton river the next evening. They named it New Gnadenhutten in remembrance of their old home on the Muskingum. It was a perfect wilderness."*

Soon, more of their dispersed converts were gathered to them, and a flourishing settlement was in prospect. Though we have not the precise date of Mr. Connor's arrival, yet he was there with his wife and four sons, James, John, William, and Henry, in 1783. December 16th of that year, his youngest child, Susanna, afterwards the wife of Elisha Harrington, was born, and was baptized by the Moravian mission on the 21st. She was probably the first child born in this county of parents speaking the English language. She died in 1848, aged 65 years. John, son of William Tucker, was born November 12th, 1784, and was the first male child born in the county of American parents. The commandant at Detroit had made arrangements with the Indians that this settlement at Frederick should continue until peace was

*See Judge Campbell's paper.

restored between Great Britain and the United States. They remaining after this event, the Chippewas on whose lands the mission was located, became jealous of them, and on the 20th of April, 1786, the whole was abandoned with the intention of returning to Ohio. Mr. Connor, being advanced in years, preferred to remain, and this made it a centre for other settlers. A section of land was granted him by government, he having taken possession of it prior to 1796. He died April 17th, 1808.

Elisha Harrington a native of Massachusetts, removed first to Pennsylvania, thence, through Ohio, came to the St. Clair river in 1805, and to Frederick in 1806. The next year he married Susanna Connor, and remained in the settlement until the war of 1812. A Mr. Ebarts, a Dutchman, unmarried, early cleared five acres and built a log house on the place now owned by Mrs. Stevens. He went to Ohio when the war commenced, and lived not far from Sandusky.

About 60 years since, John Lovelace who, with his sister had been taken captive by the Indians, commenced on the farm in Harrison, now owned by Nathan Moser. He cleared two or three acres, but erected no building thereon. He had a section of land granted him; for, according to the practice of those days, a squatter, as the political term is, could hold a section, if it did not interfere with any prior claim. Lovelace sold to Joseph Spencer of Detroit, and he to Mr. Clemens. John Connor bought it of him, and moved there before the war, about fifty years since, and began improvements in earnest. About 1797, John Brooks came and built a distillery, near where the Phelps House now stands. This was the first improvement made within the village corporation. Brooks continued the business, until Messrs. Clemens and Wisewell came to this place, and bought the property of him. As there was a scarcity of raw material to keep the factory in operation, Mr. Wisewell procured a quantity of rye, which he brought into this region and distributed among the settlers for seed, to be returned when the harvest was gathered. Mr. Edward Tucker hurried some of it into the earth, late in the season, and claims to have raised the first crop of rye in this region. Wisewell soon sold his right in the improvements made, to Mr. Clemens, who was, until the war, almost, perhaps quite, the only capitalist, transacting business at this point. He built a tannery on the bank of the river near the site of the "variety store." He owned a farm lying upon both sides of the river, and had, also, a small shop of goods for carrying on a trade with the Indians. They were quite sure to come in the spring with a supply of sugar, which they were ready to barter for whatever they needed, and sometimes for what they did not so much need. Christian Clemens was from Germantown, Pa. He was in business awhile at Detroit, and came here, not far from 1800. His first dwelling was a log house built on the site of the brick store, just below Mr. White's market. To this, he afterward added a frame building, and made it his residence until he built the dwelling house in front of Dr. Lee's residence, 1825, to which he soon removed. Giving his name to our village, he has a monument which will probably endure while the world stands. There were a few families who had a temporary stay here as laborers, before the war, but who, of themselves, made very few improvements. Most of them were in the employ of Mr. Clemens, and acquired no right in the soil, nor sought to provide themselves a permanent abode.

James Connor, son of Richard, of Frederick, had taken up a section of land, and erected a log cabin on the farm in Harrison, now owned by E. W.

Hall. A log house also stood down the river near the site of the glass factory. Another, built by Mr. Clemens, stood on the corner, near the site of E. J. Tucker's store. This was occupied for a time by Mr. Burns, an uncle of John Hayes, of Marcellus, who was here in the employ of Mr. Clemens when the war commenced. A log house was also built over the river, opposite the Phelps House. A distillery, also a log house, stood a little above the ship-yard of J. Saunders, built by Henry Connor and a Mr. Grey. These improvements constituted the village before the war of 1812.

The family of William Tucker had branched off and begun improvements above and below the homestead, where their several farms, or those of their heirs, now lie. He had nine children, Henry, Mary, Sarah, William, Edward, John, Jacob, Charles, and Nancy. Eight of these had families. Three of them are now living. When William Tucker returned from Virginia after his marriage, he brought a family of negroes, who lived with him when he settled on the Huron, and at one time numbered eight persons. Each of the sons of William Tucker afterwards received a section of land around the point where he had made a beginning, provided he could extend it far enough in any direction and not interfere with another grant. These which I have specified include most of the improvements made by those speaking the English language, before the war of 1812. When this was declared it struck terror to the hearts of the settlers. The British, ever ready to provoke a thirst for blood in the minds of blood-thirsty savages, offered a premium of five dollars a head for the scalps of Americans. As the Indians were none too honest in the barter, and could divide one scalp into three or four, and make them pass for small ones, it raised the price of the life of a citizen of the United States to fifteen or twenty dollars. The stealthful character of the Indian made it unsafe to sleep within reach of his rifle or tomahawk. Most of the families in this vicinity were compelled to flee to Detroit, to find what shelter they could within its defenses. From Frederick all fled; and E. Harrington, leaving his family in Detroit, was ordered into Canada. He went down to Niagara, crossed over into New York, and coming around through Ohio, joined Col. Johnson's regiment. Richard Connor's sons were also in the army, and some of them engaged in its fiercest conflicts. The Indians occupied the houses left at Frederick, burned the barns, killed their cattle and pigs, ruined the orchards by making hitching-posts of the trees for their horses, and soon turned their thrifty settlements into a scene of desolation.

At this point, all expected the Indians might attack them at any time, and sweep off the settlers. A little company was formed of the few that resided here to keep watch day and night, and stand in their defense if the Indians approached. As the headquarters of the chief and his tribe was in the vicinity of Salt River, the settlers here were greatly exposed. Mrs. Clemens was accustomed to tell her children as they retired at night that they might all be killed before morning. The family soon moved to Detroit. Mr. Clemens remained here a part of the time during the war attending to his property; sometimes by his bravery, intimidating the Indians, at others by his skill and shrewdness conciliating them. His coolness, self-possession, and partial acquaintance with the Indian tongue saved him when exposed. The Indians could generally be bought off from a bad purpose by an offer "to treat," and sometimes were made to promise they would return to their wigwams before drinking their firewater. If they did so, they were not likely to return the same day. When he left, the Indians had possession. They took leather from the vats in the

tannery—they occupied the house, burned holes through the floor, consumed every cow, pig, fowl, and whatever breathed, that could be converted into food, so that there was nothing left for subsistence when the family returned to their once comfortable home. They took several horses belonging to Mr. Clemens. After the family had removed to Detroit, there came into the city one day, quite a company of Indians. They stopped near the house, and Mrs. Clemens looking out, saw a squaw holding her favorite family horse. The squaw sold him to the owner for five dollars. Provisions for the settlers were brought from Ohio, until they could raise something for themselves.

The families down the river were partially protected by the influence of their father's name. Wm. Tucker died March 7, 1805. His name always had influence with the Indians. They always befriended his children on his account. The families that chose, staid on their farms during the war, and none were hurt. The Indians would sometimes threaten them when intoxicated. They once lifted their tomahawks over the heads of Charles and Henry Tucker, but the mother caught the Indian by the throat, and he desisted. They appealed to the chief, and he bade his warriors be quiet. There were, at times, from one to two hundred around the premises, and were not scrupulous in laying hands on what they wanted. They took fourteen horses from the vicinity, also a yoke of oxen of Edward Tucker, and driving them to Malden, sold them for eighty dollars in gold. They seized cows, young cattle, pigs, and flour. They knocked down a hog, dragged it into the house of Wm. Tucker and skinned in on the floor, ordered the kettle for cooking it, salt for seasoning, as if they were lords of all they surveyed. Rather expensive guests, for it cost the Tuckers over one thousand dollars to entertain them, at the various visits they made during the war. Four of the brothers ers (Henry, William, Edward, and John) took some part in the war; Henry lost his hearing by a discharge of cannon. Some of them removed their families to Detroit. In times of greatest danger, the women and children were gathered into a fort on the right bank of the river, where all would spend the night, and the men would go out by day to till their grounds. Their sympathy had many appeals from those whom the Indians had taken prisoners. A few families among them made up a purse of one hundred and seven dollars and ransomed one. Mr. Charles Tucker gave a horse, saddle, and bridle to redeem another.

John Connor came from Maryland to Detroit before 1800. He moved to his farm in Harrison, in 1810. He had married a daughter of Captain Thorn, who sailed the first schooner that cleft the waters to the head of Lake Huron. When war was declared, they took their children every evening, crossed the river, and went to the house of James Connor for greater safety. Soon after the British took Detroit, Mr. Connor was on his way to market and was taken prisoner. Mrs. C. was left to care alone for herself and children. She and William her son, would watch from the chamber to detect the approach of Indians. When she learned that her husband was captured, and found her family exposed, she took her five children in a canoe and rowed to Detroit. There the care of the family devolved upon her. Their lives were often in peril. The soldiers tried to quiet their fears. Mrs. C. was herself sick. Their cow, which they so much needed, they shot, and cut up for beef. When their table was spread with a frugal meal the Indians would step in and clear it before the family could get a morsel. Mr. C. was sent off into Canada, and was absent nearly a year from his family; was obliged to cross to the States and

return through Ohio. He joined the army and did good service for his country. In 1815 he returned with his family to the farm. Desolation reigned there. Every live creature that could furnish food had been killed. His industry and energy soon restored thrift, and made the place pleasant and valuable. He sold the farm fourteen years since, and died at Romeo, January, 1857. Mrs. C. was kind to the Indians, and beloved by them. When Mr. C. married a second time they thought they had a stepmother.

After the contest in this region was over, the Indians sometimes took a prisoner and carried him off to learn the news. Seven of them, well armed, once lay in ambush on the place formerly owned by John Tucker. He was out looking for his cattle, and came near their lurking place, but he was armed, and they knew him, and knew his mettle, and dared not touch him, feeling assured all would not be alive when he was captured. They crossed the river, took two Frenchmen (Messrs. Nicholas and Geor), carried them off, detained them a few days, and then brought them home. This was after Harrison took the country, and the Indians had returned to their wigwams, and to the *ennui* of savage life. They had nothing to feed their curiosity at home, and were desirous to know what was going on abroad.

Joseph Hayes, who came west through the Genesee country into Canada about 1800, and after the war settled at Marcellus, was living on the St. Clair river when war was declared. Also Nicholas Boyer, a Frenchman, who, during the war, was taken captive with three of his children, by the Indians at Frederick. As the Indians came down the St. Clair from the upper lakes to engage in the war, they stopped where these two families lived. There were six hundred of them, called Dixon's Indians, on their way to Fort Meigs. The parents bade the children hide. John Hayes, and Abigail, his sister (afterwards Mrs. Butler), with two Boyer children, ran and crept under the barn. They could just squeeze under, and from their retreat could see the movements of the Indians, though themselves unseen. The parents pacified the Indians as best they could. After killing and eating one of their cows, the savages departed down the river to the butchery of American citizens. When they returned they were filled with rage, and flourished their tomahawks over the heads of Mr. Hayes and wife, threatening immediate death, which they every moment expected, and which was averted only by their being able to speak a few Indian words, and persuading them that they wished the red man no harm. Their lives were spared, but to save themselves another similar visit, Mr. Hayes removed his family to Detroit, coming through this place, and camping all of them one night in the distillery, then standing on the site of the house opposite Dr. Lee's residence, which would furnish them more room than any dwelling-house then standing.

I find in the *Advocate* of February 28, 1856, an article taken from the *Free Press*, relative to the Boyer family, a part of which I will give. It was related to the writer of it by Mrs. Cecilia, wife of E. Campau, of Springwells: "Mr. Boyer (father of Mrs. Campau) came to Frederick in 1813. In October of that year, Mrs. B. was in their garden and saw Indians stealthily approaching the house. Suspecting mischief from their manner, she concealed herself. They entered the house. Mr. B. and four children were in the house; also a friendly Indian (Tick-ke-sho) who happened in a little before. Satisfied from their long stay that they intended evil, and that she could render no assistance, Mrs. B. determined, if possible, to escape. The Indians searched for her, and

passed near her several times, but without finding her. After they returned to the house she started for the woods. The oldest child, about twelve years of age, lay dangerously sick. The Indians took all the others prisoners, and when about to go were deliberating what to do with her. She knew enough of the Indian tongue to understand their conversation, and heard them say they 'had better kill her, or she would starve to death.' She told them she was very sick and must die soon, and begged them to spare her life. All but two Indians left the house. She understood why they remained. She crawled from her bed to a chair, and there sat expecting death, but begging them to spare her, as she was but a child and could do no harm, and must soon die. One of them sprang towards her, raised his weapon for the final blow, but ere it fell the other cried: 'Stop!—don't kill the child; she is very sick, and will soon die; let us leave her here.' They left, and she crawled out of the house, fearing they might return, and tried to get to the woods, and by resting herself every few feet, crossed the river on some logs, and lay down exhausted. After lying a few hours she saw the friendly Indian that had been taken prisoner, apparently looking for her track, which he found, and soon came to her. At their first camping place the Indians had made him sit down with his back to a small tree, and tied his arms with bark behind it. They had counseled together, and agreed to send a man back and kill the girl the next morning. They then lay down and went to sleep. The friendly Indian, by rubbing the bark thongs against the tree, wore them off and stole away. Having found Cecilia, he tied her upon his back and carried her to her uncle, Michael Tromble's. Once when they stopped, she tore some strips of calico from her scanty clothing to tie up her stockings, and in doing so dropped a piece. The mother, while wandering in the woods, found this, and knew from it that one of her children must be alive, as the Indians had gone in a different direction. She soon reached the same house, and there learned of the captivity of the rest. The shock the child had received, instead of killing, cured her. The father and children were afterwards ransomed."

Upon the return of peace between the United States and Great Britain, the settlers returned to their homes; Elisha Harrington to Frederick, in 1817, to begin anew upon his desolated premises. On reaching there he found that eight men from Canada had taken possession, and were intending to hold it; but finding it a doubtful contest, they surrendered the lands to their rightful owners, and went to Utica, to make a beginning. James Connor, the oldest son of Richard Connor, returned in 1818, and began tilling the farm now owned by Robert Welts.

Joseph Hayes came to Marcellus in 1819, and made a beginning where his son, John Hayes, now lives. This was the first improvement made there. Mr. H. died August, 1845. His widow, cheerful, buoyant, patient, even in her advanced years; ever manifesting the generosity characteristic of the pioneer, died at the same place, January 29th, 1856, aged 70 years.

If the farmers gathered a harvest from their lands, Detroit was the nearest market they found for their produce. The road by the lake shore was the only outlet in this vicinity by land. John Hayes tells us of a lesson in pioneer life he early received after they came to Marcellus. There had been a saw and grist-mill before the war, at Frederick, but it being out of gear, and his father's family hungry for bread, he mounted the horse, with two bushels of wheat for a saddle, and threaded his way through the blind roads,

or by marked trees, to Rochester, in Oakland county, to get it ground, making him a journey of about forty miles.

At the close of the war, Mr. Clemens returned with his family to this place. In October, 1817, John Stockton, who had married one of the family while they resided in Detroit, arrived. The first framed structure was then erected, which was an addition to Mr. Clemens's log house.

In 1818, Daniel LeRoy and Dr. William Thompson came. Dr. Thompson built a log house near where the Mt. Clemens mills now stand. They remained here but a year or two, and then removed to Pontiac, to lay the foudation of a village there.

Macomb county was the third in the State, and was set off in 1818. Before this period justice was dealt out to the settlers in this region at Detroit. The Justice resided there, and courts were held there. Edward Tucker acted as constable here in 1805–6. As imprisonment for debt was then lawful, he was often put on the chase for absconding debtors, or for those who forgot when their paper matured. After serving his papers upon such, he would wait on them to Detroit, and there they would plead poverty so importunately that he sometimes threw in his own services, paid the Justice's fee from his own purse, and let the prisoner go. An excellent antidote he thinks such practice for that office-loving mania with which many are now afflicted. The first session of the county court was held at the house of Christian Clemens, Monday, July 13, 1818. He was chief justice, with Daniel LeRoy and William Thompson for associate judges. John Stockton was clerk. Mr. S. was the first justice of the peace in this village, and from his record cases frequently came to the county court. He was also the first postmaster of our village. With a few more offices he thought his family would surely starve. Ezra B. Prescott, a lawyer from New England, bringing his credentials, was admitted as attorney and counsellor to plead at this court. The first case was Mitchell and Leo Tromble, *vs.* Joseph Dupree. It was continued and tried by jury July 12th, 1819. Verdict for plaintiffs, $36.50. The first bill of indictment was found by grand jury for assault and battery, about the same time, showing that the organ of destructiveness was early developed into activity in this region. The first tavern license was granted to Mr. Thorn, now in St. Clair county. The first for this county, to Judge Clemens, February 10th, 1820. There were not houses enough to accommodate the whole grand and petty jury when attending court, and they were compelled to disperse to the nearest lodgings they could find. Edward Tucker says he was obliged to take nine of them home with him, two miles down the river. In 1819 a square timbered log court-house was built by Capt. Benjamin Woodworth, on the site of the present building, with a jail in the lower, and a court-room in the upper story. This served the varied purpose of jail, court-house, school-room, or meeting-house, until 1839, when it was set on fire by a prisoner in the jail, and consumed. The present structure was built by the residents of the village and neighboring settlers in 1841.

After Messrs. Leroy and Thompson left, L. W. Bunce, Joseph Connor, and Elisha Harrington were appointed associate judges. Thomas Ashley was admitted as attorney July 11, 1820, and with this machinery justice began in earnest to be meted out to the inhabitants of Macomb county, then stretching north to White Rock, on Lake Huron. In 1820, Thomas Ashley came from Batavia, N. Y., and built a framed house on the corner east of the bank, in which he kept a hotel. He practiced law in New York, and also after he

came here. He bought about twenty acres of land in the northwest part of the village, where now Messrs. Weeks and G. B. Van Eps reside, and began improvements there. Acting in the triple capacity of landlord, lawyer, and farmer, he found plenty to occupy his time, and during his brief life gave the villagers an example of untiring industry. He died Oct. 8th, 1827. Chauncy Cady, his step-son, accompanied him to this place.

In the same year Ezekiel Allen came from Genesee county, N. Y., and built a tannery on the bank of the river, upon the lot where his widow now resides. He also built the store now occupied by J. Dickinson, and a framed house where Stephens & Chapaton's store now is. He resided for a time in a log house built by Judge Clemens, on the site of C. Sturtevant's dwelling. His books show that his tannery and shoe store furnished the comforts of life, in his line of business, for the inhabitants from Frederick to Belvidere.

Thomas Wattles was the first blacksmith who used the hammer and anvil in this village. He built his log shop where Mr. Guerber's house now stands, in 1820. Another, John Miller, about the same time built a shop where now Elisha West drives the same trade, and also built a house on the corner west of it. He soon removed to Oakland county. In 1821, Messrs. Funson and Rust built a schooner on the lot in front of C. Sturtevant's house. It was moved toward the river on log wheels, by a team of forty-eight ox power, with the designs of taking it a little down the stream before launching it. But the earth proving too soft, and the rollers becoming easily imbedded, it was pitched into the water by the nearest route, the force of gravitation furnishing very timely aid. The profuseness with which soap was used to smooth the ways, somewhat disconcerted the housekeepers—it threatened to exhaust the few soap tubs then in town. It was named the Harriet, in honor of Mrs. Lee. Capt. Russ first sailed her. The craft ran mainly between this place and Detroit. It made one trip to Mackinac and the Sault.

Ellis Doty was the first merchant who established himself in this village. He came in 1822 from Chautauqua county, N. Y., and built a house on the corner now occupied by Mr. John Connor, and exposed his wares for sale in a cabin on the corner south of it.

Dr. R. S. Rice was the first physician who practiced the healing art here for any length of time. He began in 1823. Drs. Thompson and Chamberlain had preceded him here, but neither remained more than a year. Before he came the sick were often obliged to send to Detroit for a physician. He spent about four years here and then removed to Detroit. He left in 1827. The same year Dr. George Lee came from Ontario county, N. Y. On arriving at Detroit, he was told of an opening in this village, and left Detroit on the schooner Harriet, Capt. Hayward commander, for this port. Was four days performing the voyage. The forests then hung over the river, so as often to entangle the rigging.

Dr. Henry Taylor came from Cayuga county, N. Y., to Rochester, in Oakland county, in 1824. He came through this region on an exploring tour in 1825. He says there were scarcely a dozen families in the county in 1824, besides those at this centre and vicinity. He removed here in 1826, and first stopped among the families of Tuckers down the river. A part of the first three years he spent in teaching school in that neighborhood. He removed to this village in 1829, where he has been faithfully and successfully fighting the varied forms of disease for the last thirty years.

In 1820, Henry Halsey erected a building for a pottery on the site of H.

O. Taylor's store. The room was early used as a hall for religious worship. Mr. H. died in 1821, and his was the first body that was interred in the village burial place. It was then an entire forest, and H. Cady was among those who began the clearing for that purpose. The previous interments had been near the site of J. Batty's dwelling house. No trace of them now remains.

In 1823, William McDonald, a saddler by trade, came from New Jersey, and erected a building on the now vacant lot north of the Presbyterian Church. This building answered the threefold purpose of tavern, dwelling house, and saddler's shop. He afterwards purchased a tract of land in the township of Macomb, in this county, where Messrs. Burgess and Funson had begun at an early day, and lived there till October, 1856, when he and his partner closed their lives within ten days of each other.

Silas Halsey came about the same time, and built a tavern on the corner now occupied by E. & E. W. Hall.

In 1825, the old house in front of Dr. Lee's residence was built, and was then proof that architecture was progressing in this settlement.

The village plat was first laid out to correspond with the angle made by the river, as many of its streets still show. But upon opening the Fort Gratiot turnpike, it was desirable to have it traverse the village as directly as possible, and the lane was opened that passes Dr. Taylor's office.

Nun Moe, a cooper by trade, came from Vermont and occupied a log shanty near the ship-yard. He soon removed to Frederick, which place he afterwards left for Utica, where he has since died.

In 1828, Alfred Ashley erected the Phelps House, and opened a hotel there. He died at New Baltimore, September 7th, 1857.

In 1829, Horace Cady erected a building, which, by several additions, has grown into the Empire House. The corner was not then as prominent a place as it has since become, for the Shelby Road was then a fact lying in the future, and the road to Frederick lay by the place lately owned by A. C. Smith, onward to the bank of the river near the residence of A. Moross, and up the river to Frederick. Before the war, and for some time after it, communication between the two points was mostly by water. The river was the road to mill, when it was in operation at Frederick.

We must necessarily omit the names of many who had an early residence here, and perhaps, for want of information, shall neglect some whose efficient action demands extended notice. This point seems to have been one of rendezvous for many, who, after recruiting and reconnoitering, started on expeditions to other parts of the county, or to the counties around. Seven men had gone from this point as early as 1826, to make a beginning at Romeo. We may see from the review we have given, the corners occupied with dwelling houses or business offices, and an embryo village of log and framed buildings here before 1830. But memory does not recall more than twelve or fourteen families at that time, though many more had made a temporary residence here.

It is time to notice some of the commencements made in the vicinity. In 1819, Messrs. Cook and Kitteridge took up a quarter section of land on the spot now owned and occupied by Horace Cady and Hiram Haskin, and commenced improvements. About the same time Messrs. Burgess and Funson commenced north of them on the McDonald farm. A Mr. Elliott soon came and purchased Funson's share of the improvement, and worked in company with Bur-

gess. That locality shows some of the earliest agricultural improvements begun after the close of the war. In 1821, Alfred Ashley, son of Thomas Ashley, began clearing on the North Branch, at Haskin's (then called Ashley's) mills. Horace Cady, who came from Genesee county, New York, about the same time, dealt some of the first blows upon the surrounding trees, that year. They built a dam and erected a saw-mill, which Mr. Cady ran through the following winter. In the summer of 1822, they made an addition sufficient to receive one run of stone for a grist-mill. The extent of land carriages on wheels at that time, may be conjectured from the fact that there was but one wagon in the county. That was owned by Judge Clemens, and when he did not need it, his generous nature placed it at the service of the first one who applied for it. As will be supposed, the rust did not gather very thick upon the tires. The Oriental mode of working cattle, that of lashing the yoke to their horns, and making them draw by the head, prevailed to some extent. It was mostly confined to the French. The snows of winter made every one who had mechanical skill sufficient to build a sled, the possessor of a carriage of his own, and invention was awake to fasten together timbers in some such shape that they would slide.

Mr. Haskin (grandfather of Lautius Haskin), from Sandusky, Ohio, bought Ashley's mills, about 1826, and his son came with him to the same place. Those who went early to the mills, were obliged to find their way thither by marked trees, as roads were not yet invented—at least the idea was not developed in this region.

A Mr. Tromble had built a mill at Frederick before the war, but it went to ruin. Job C. Smith, in 1826, built another. He dug a race from the pond to convey the water to the wheel. The stream undermined the mill, and it tipped over into the race. Lautius Haskin, who came in 1829, bought the wheel and crank and put them into his own mill. For mill-stones, I am told, the settlers were obliged early to depend on boulders, as burr stones had not yet migrated so far west.

Peter Atwood came to Mt. Clemens in June, 1821, from Genesee county, N. Y. He started in the spring, but heard it was very sickly here, and went into Canada, where he put in spring crops, and left his family to spend the summer, while he came to look a home for them. At that time there was but one steamboat on Lake Erie—the *Walk-in-the-Water*. Families migrating westward, furnished their own motive power. Mr. Atwood began on the Edgerly farm. He slashed twelve acres that summer, cleared five, and built a log house, which stood till 1833, when it gave place to their present dwelling. In the fall of that year his family came through Canada. They drove their cattle, sheep, and hogs. Mrs. Ashley took the supervision of the stock; drove on ahead, bargained for the feed they needed when they came to a hotel; and, if there was no landlord or groom about the premises, helped herself to all they needed, and called for her bill when the tardy landlord appeared—an example of energy worthy of imitation. They came by the lake shore from Detroit, and reached here in December. There was no road to their house. They kept the direction by grazed trees. Mr. Atwood died in 1826.

James C. Edgerly came from Canada (formerly from U. S.) in the spring of 1823. He began on the place three miles up the turnpike, now owned by Charles Moser. The orchard thereon is the fruit of Mrs. Edgerly's planting, raised from seeds they brought with them. Their home was for some time, the *Ultima Thule* of this settlement in that direction, which they could find

only by marking the trees. It was then an unbroken forest to Port Huron where the present road traverses, and only one neighbor when they reached there. Mr. Edgerly remained three years on the place where he began. He then removed to the village and spent three years, at which time he purchased the Atwood farm where he spent the remainder of his life. He died November 13th, 1856. We have some of the trials of pioneer life in those days, as follows: As Mr. E. was putting on the last few shingles of his house, he was attacked with the ague, which clung to him closely for nearly a year. Mrs. E. was also attacked with it soon after. It followed her forty days steadily, and from September to June following, she did not miss a fit of the ague as many days as the number on which she had two or three per day. When it was reduced to one paroxysm per day, she thought herself highly favored. If they could get help in the house one day in the week, it was all they dared expect. Sometimes they would crawl around with their trembling limbs, and see no other human face for a week. If they broke the ague, it would not stay broken, and they concluded to let it have its own way. Their house had to be calked mosquito tight, or they would lose the little blood they had left, and be unable to secure an hour of sleep during the nights of summer.

The next beginning made on the turnpike was by Hezekiah Canfield, on the place now owned by Mrs. Phillips. Lemuel Sackett and John Miller, his father-in-law, came from Monroe county, N. Y., in 1828, to locate land and find a home. They fixed upon the places on the opposite banks of the south branch of the Clinton, which they afterwards occupied. Mr. Sackett moved his family in 1829. They came up the river on a sail-boat (the Harriet), towed by one horse—Capt. Atwood, commander. They stopped five days at Ashley's Hotel, and then went into a log house at Frederick until their own was ready, which they entered in December. Their nearest neighbors, on the same side of the river, were at Frederick and Utica. A road was cut through, but it needed a skillful charioteer to dodge the stumps. Deer were plenty around them. Often four or five were seen in a drove. Late in winter, Mrs. Ashley, Mrs. Edgerly, and a Miss Trowbridge went up to visit them. They were the first ladies Mrs. S. had seen for about three months. Never had the human countenance seemed so sweet before. During the lonely weeks and months, it was a great relief if some passing stranger called, and asked the privilege of warming himself. When summer came, with it came the ague. It shook them both prostrate and helpless. Their little daughter Frances, one and a half years old, could bring them a little water, and this, some days, was all the nursing they had. Mrs. S., with a native dread of the serpentine race, was greatly annoyed by snakes. Wherever she went, she seemed to find one at every step. She charged her husband to kill all he saw, of whatever species, color, or size. One evening, as he returned home from his work, he reported sixty of the enemy slain. The "saugers" were the special hatred of man and beast. Scarcely could a team be driven near where one had been killed for several days thereafter. Even the odor, when inhaled by man, seemed poisonous.

The Indians, though they never made war upon the early settlers after the peace of 1815, were often very annoying, especially to those who had only read or heard of them as blood-thirsty and revengeful, and expected to find in them an enemy. They had but little true courage, and, unless maddened by strong drink, were generally controlled without difficulty. The land which Mr.

Sackett took up, had a small Indian clearing and burial spot upon it, and his plow would sometimes turn up the bones, and the implements that had been burried with the warrior. Occasionally a company of Indians would visit the spot, and hold a pow-wow there, carrying their lights and brandishing their clubs. Mrs. S., having early learned to suspect the aborigines, suffered greatly from fear of them. Often, while sitting at her work, she would be startled by seeing an Indian peering in at the window. With a tone of authority they would call for provisions, which she dared not refuse. She amuses herself and others by her narrative of an adventure with the Indians, which was agonizing in her experience for the time, but from which she escaped without fatal injury. One summer day Mr. S. was on Judge Connor's farm, at Frederick, gathering hay, to be absent over night. Just at night some eight or ten Indians came to the house and began to grind their knives and tomahawks. Mrs. S. was almost paralyzed with fear. She expected death was near. There was no one but her little daughter with her. At one entrance of the house there was no door fitted; it was guarded by blankets. Mustering the courage of a heroine, she barricaded this with chests, tables, chairs, and whatever might hinder their entrance, and making all as secure as circumstances would admit, she retreated to the loft with her child, and putting the gun where she might instantly lay her hand on it, prepared to exercise her right of self defense while she had strength to do it. The Indians retired after grinding their implements, to wait, as she supposed, till darkness might favor their deeds of butchery. She sat sentinel the live-long night, expecting their return, and, startled at every sound, prepared to lodge the contents of her gun in the first one that made his appearance. The dawn of day relieved her. Mrs. S. supposes the Indians enjoyed a good night's rest, little thinking they had so frightened her.

A circumstance showing the subdued and boyish spirit of the Indians, is narrated by Dr. Taylor. In one of his rides through this region, he had occasion to cross one of the branches of the Clinton, and came to its bank where quite a company of Indians were assembled. As the timber for bridges was yet standing in the forest, he was compelled to ford the stream. He rode his horse in a little distance, when the animal stopped and could not be urged forward or turned back. He called to the Indians to come with their canoe to his help. They only laughed at and insulted him, and seemed highly pleased at the fix he was in. At length his horse yielded to the rein and turned to go out of the stream. The Dr. thought he would give the Indians a short lesson on manners, and marched toward them as though in earnest. They all cowered at once, fled at his approach, and promised, if he would let them off on easy terms, that they would help him all he needed. One of them then took him into his canoe and ferried him over, while he led his horse through. He told the Indian to call at his house, then down the river. One morning, as they were at breakfast, the Indian peeped in at the window. With a cordial welcome, a hearty breakfast, and the present of a cat, he seemed amply repaid.

Occasionally a company of fifty or a hundred would visit the village, and, if they could procure enough to drink, would hoot, and yell, and dance, and brandish their clubs, so that the inhabitants would scud into their houses, bar their doors, and peep through the cracks for fear of them. If the Indians procured any money they were never satisfied until they had spent it all.

Maconce, the chief of the tribes in this vicinity, had one day been drinking until he became crazy, and starting for the river in the evening, he went hur-

ridly down its banks into the water and was drowned. He passed near the residence of Messrs. Clemens and Stockton. Mrs. Stockton, from her chamber, heard his footsteps as he passed, and the splash and a groan as he struck the water. It was about ten rods above the Phelps House. Mrs. Stockton's testimony was the only direct evidence that could prove to the Indians that he was not murdered.

Upon this occurrence, the inhabitants feared the Indians would become enraged and massacre them, and prepared themselves for defense. Some took their loaded guns to their bedside as they retired. Some prepared to gather in the court-house and there defend themselves. The Indians assembled here in numbers, and were much enraged. When the body was found and raised, there was a wound in the forehead, caused by the search for him; when the Indians saw it, they alleged that he had been murdered and thrown into the river. Judge Connor afterward met the Indians to explain the matter and pacify them, when it appeared that they in reality, as much feared the Yankees, as the Yankees did them. This was about 1825.

The French and Indians early had a custom of kissing each other at New Year's, when they met, and took some pains to meet early. One morning, an Indian, ignorant of Christian modesty, entered the house of Ezekiel Allen, as Mrs. A. was preparing breakfast, and chased her around the table, and through the house, till she called to a lawyer, Mr. Beach, who was boarding with them. He soon appeared and established Yankee decorum, and bade the Indian seek his like. They were then living where Stephens & Chapaton's store now stands.

The Indians were ever ready to exercise authority when there was no other one to do it. Entering a house very unceremoniously, they would easily determine whether they were masters or servants. If they found that the lady of the house feared them, they would order her around to procure for them the best she had. Occasionally they met with a lady like Mrs. John Tucker, who would take them by the collar and help them to find the door, when they seemed to need help. Or like Mrs. Peter Atwood, who, if they refused to obey orders, would sustain her authority by her uplifted hot shovel —its magic power to clear the premises of these troublesome neighbors was truly surprising. At times it needed a stronger hand. A drunken warrior once plunged at Captain Atwood with his knife. The captain caught his rifle, and giving the warrior a blow with it, broke his arm. The Indian then beat a retreat. Such was life with these poor children of the forest. Their physical energy was destructive to themselves, because directed only by childish intellects.

We now notice a few items pertaining to the literary and religious privileges of the early settlers. We can see from the brief review already taken, that this point had not the advantages which many settlements in our country, both east and west, have had when a colony, from some community enjoying the institutions of Christianity, has taken these with them to their new homes, and as soon as their heads were sheltered from storms, have erected the village school-house and the sanctuary. Those early here, were from different points of the compass, and mainly to find enjoyment, to accumulate property, or fix upon a comfortable dwelling place. Strangers to each other, many expecting to make only a temporary stay here, there was not that concert of action which has often secured choice privileges for very new settlements. Yet those

who had families here, knew the value of education, and manifested a laudable zeal in securing it for their children.

Probably the first schools in this vicinity, were those taught by the Moravians; but we find no record of these, and it is not supposed they taught the English language. The first school of which I find a trace, was taught by Joseph Roe, in the house of Wm. Tucker, in Harrison. This was sixty-three years since. Edward Tucker, was one of the scholars in the primary department. The teacher's wages were ten dollars per month, with board, washing and mending included. Mr. Roe acted in the capacity of a *learned man*, whenever occasion called for his services, and frequently read the Episcopal burial service at funerals, as there were none present to conduct any other religious exercises. He must have spent nearly ten years in this vicinity. After peace returned to the settlement, the families below, on the river, built a log school-house, but a few rods from the site on which Lafayette Tucker erected a dwelling house last year. No trace of the school-house remains. It was the first in the county. Benjamin P. Dodge, a British tory, was one of the earliest teachers that occupied it. Richard Butler taught school in it as early as 1824, and Dr. Taylor in 1827. The school drew scholars from five miles distant. Henry Harrington was one of Dr. Taylor's pupils.

Robert Tate, a Scotchman, and a Tory, taught school at this point as early as 1806. It was a family school, gathered at the house of Mr. Clemens. After he had fulfilled his mission here as pedagogue, he returned to Canada, whence he came. After the war, Ezra B. Prescott, whom we have noticed as the first lawyer admitted to plead at court, employed his leisure from professional duties in advancing the interests of education. He built a house just below the present residence of J. Stockton, where a German, Mr. Miller, now hangs out his sign of shoe-shop—the first framed house built in the village. To show his versatility of talent he lived a bachelor life, and kept house for himself. The ladies would sometimes intrude upon his premises, and always left, declaring their high appreciation of his talents for housekeeping.

The school was a literary centre for the settlers, and for want of artificial carriages to reach it, the children resorted to those which nature afforded. John Hayes, then a lad, would mount his pony, take on two of his sisters behind him, and away to school. Giving his pony the limits for ranging, through the hours of study, when their daily task was done they returned by the same conveyance. After the court-house was built, it furnished them facilities for instruction until 1843, when a frame school-house was built by subscription, on the lot west of the Presbyterian church edifice, now owned by Mr. Pelton. This was the literary institution of the village for about six years, when it was burned to the ground.

There was another class of institutions early established here, which have left their impress on our village, though we have reason to rejoice the institutions themselves have run down. I refer to distilleries. And while those who were here at an early day speak of them, it is cheering to see that all regard them as institutions belonging to the past, and unfit to have an existence at the present day—and this is true. In the first quarter of the present century, distilleries, bars, and dramshops were considered a necessary accompaniment of civilization, and though driving a deadly trade, the mind was not enlightened in the moral nature of the traffic. The physical effects of alcohol were overlooked. It was deemed essential to health. If cold, they must take a little to warm them; if too warm, a little to cool them; if hungry,

it was food; if thirsty, it was drink; if they had no appetite, a dram or two would awaken one; if full, a little would facilitate digestion; if exposed to malaria, a little would keep off the fever; if reduced by fever, brandy would help the system to rally; if sleepy, a little would make them wakeful; if wakeful, enough would put them to sleep; if melancholy, something must be taken to awaken good cheer; all aches and pains, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, could find in the decanter an antidote. All parties, festivals, anniversaries, celebrations must have its aid. Temperance celebrations there were none. The use of cold water as a beverage was not yet known. Its invention belongs to the second quarter of the century.

And now we have those, who have watched most closely the influence of the distillery, the dram shops, and the community where they exist, who acknowledge them fountains of death. Death to youthful bloom; death to manhood's vigor; death to honesty; death to industry; death to domestic peace; death to social affections; death to heavenly virtues; death to parental hope: death to filial promise; death to every heartfelt joy; death to physical, intellectual, and moral energy; early death to the body, endless death to the soul. Death preceded by degradation so deep as to shame the kindred of the dead —a drunkard's death. Poverty, misery, crime, shame, lamentation, mourning and woe, burdensome taxation and beggary are the portion of any community in which exists one of these fountains of death. Those who look over the past, point us to many victims who have fallen in this region. In any community where the distillery or the dram shop exist, may be seen traces of the trade in these wrecks of humanity already finished, or in process, which are the sure advertisements of the business. The ignorance of the past may be winked at. For those who *now* drive the deadly traffic in intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, and those who encourage it by purchasing such wares, there is no apology. No husband or wife, father or mother, son or daughter, brother or sister, can escape the curse which such business carries with it. No one knows but his dearest kindred will be the next victims.

There were at different times five distilleries at this point. One built by John Brooks, as we have noticed—the first improvement of the place. It was afterwards removed by Mr. Clemens, and run on the lot in front of Dr. Lee's residence. The Indians gave Mr. Clemens the name of "Whisky-nene" (whisky-maker). He afterwards moved the factory to the right bank of the river, opposite the Phelps House. There was also a distillery built before the war, on the Nun Moe place, not far from the present site of T. W. Snook's saw-mill. This was owned for a time by Connor & Grey. A fifth was built by Porter Kibbe, on the site of the ashery west of D. C. Williams's house. In addition to these, Judge Connor built one down the river, on the farm of E. W. Hall, which he ran for a short time, and another on the left bank of the river at Frederick. There was more grain raised than was needed for food, and as no artificial appetite for food could be formed, but could for intoxicating drinks, it was converted into the poison, and sent off on its work of death. High medical authority says that nine out of ten of those who, early in this region, used strong drink as a beverage, and continued using it through life, thinking it necessary for the health, have gone to the grave, their death greatly hastened by its use. The taverns early built here were not furnished for their business without a plentiful supply of the material, and the stores early opened were deficient in their stock of goods, without the article in question.

All this, though at that day regarded moral, had its effect, as it every where does, to lower the standard of character and conduct; it leads a community to seek and find their pleasures in sensuality and animal exhilaration, rather than in intellectual and moral entertainment; it paralyzes educational interests and leaves the mind a barren waste; it hands down its burden of ignorance, and inefficiency of character from generation to generation; it corrupts public sentiment; it destroys independence of character; it familiarizes the mind with degradation; and stamps a blot on a community which is quickly noticed by any careful observer; it makes it a sad duty for the historian.

There were three sources of evil influence in this region, with which truth had early to contend. One, this which I have named, was then common to our whole country. Another was popish influence. A third, the presence and influence of heathen tribes, the savages. From these sources, no healthful influence in favor of the moral character of the community, or the prevalence of moral truth could come.

The earliest forms of worship in this region were popish. And popery makes its own dark history. It does but little to cultivate the intellectual or moral powers, or develop them by healthful activity. We see its influence in the opposition manifested toward our public schools; in its discouraging the reading of God's word; in its substituting the traditions of men for the revelation from Heaven. We may see in the present condition of Mexico, of Brazil, of Spain, or Italy, what it would make this country if it might have its own way.

The first popish log chapel in the vicinity, was built down the river, on its right bank, opposite Charles Tucker's. This was as early as 1806. Here the candles were burned—this light being substituted for the light of truth, until about the close of the last war, when a log edifice was built on the opposite side of the river, a little above Mr. Tucker's residence. That was the center of popery, until a beginning was made by its votaries in this village.

With the influences early at work here, it can easily be seen that it was missionary ground, and that the truth would have much with which to contend. The little correct religious instruction enjoyed, and the many forms which depravity had assumed, left the standard of moral conduct in many minds low, and the conscience needed to be enlightened in the truth. Still there were those here, who welcomed the herald of the gospel truth.

The first missionary of whom I find any remembrance, is a Methodist clergyman by the name of Case. He was laboring in Detroit fifty years since, and occasionally visited this vicinity. He met the settlers where he could most conveniently gather them. As early as 1807 he preached at the house of Wm. Tucker, in Harrison. In that neighborhood a larger company could more conveniently be gathered than at any other point. He also met the settlers for worship at this center, and preached at the house of Judge Clemens, where missionaries ever found a home. At the close of the war, as emigrants from the east gathered here, missionaries followed them. Messrs. Pympton, Baughman, Janes, Runnels, of the Methodist connection, and Messrs. Moore, Monteith, and Wells of the Presbyterian, and A. M. Berry of the Episcopal order. These were here before 1830, preaching to the settlers, either at private houses, or in the shops, or at the court-house, as was most convenient. The seed of truth was early sown and took root in the soil. There was a Methodist class organized in Harrison, in 1824, and another here, by 1826.

There was no other church organization existing here until 1835. When there was no missionary here, the families assembled on the Sabbath and listened to the reading of the Scriptures, prayers, and sermons, and thus kept up for themselves the remembrance and observance of the Sabbath day.

Frequently the settlers went to Detroit for a clergyman, to attend a funeral of some of their number; at other funerals some one read from the Scriptures, or from the burial service of the Episcopal church. There were but few who were free to lead in devotional exercises, or to impart religious instruction, and sometimes the sick and dying, as they approached the eternal world, found no one to direct them in those solemn hours, or offer prayer in their behalf.

I had designed to notice the origin and growth of the religious denominations here, but have already taxed your patience. The organization of the churches and the building of church edifices, belong to the next decade, as well as much other history which would be interesting, and which, it may be hoped, some one familiar with it, may gather up and bring before us at a future day. If this effort may serve to awaken an interest to save the past from oblivion, one desired end will be gained. The present has its connection with the past and the future, and it is unworthy of us to live regardless of either, whether we act as philosophers, as statesmen, as philanthropists, or Christians.

THE CLINTON AND KALAMAZOO CANAL CELEBRATION.

BY JOHN N. INGERSOLL.

[From the "Detroit Journal and Courier."]

MOUNT CLEMENS, FRIDAY EVENING,
*July 20th, 1838.**

With a view of attending the celebration of the commencement of the Clinton and Kalamazoo canal, a work fraught with so much interest and prosperity to a very large portion of the people of Michigan, if not all of them, I embarked on board of the neat miniature steamboat Macomb, Capt. Allen, which left at 2 o'clock yesterday, for this place, with the representatives of Detroit, among whom were Governor Mason, Judge Wilkins, and District Marshal Ten Eyck. The Macomb took us up the lake in a style which would vie with the best among the larger class of boats. On reaching Belvidere, which is about six miles from Mount Clemens, we stopped for the purpose of receiving on board the chosen president of the day, Col. James L. Conger; but having been slightly indisposed, he was prevented from accompanying us to this place that evening. However, as the afternoon was one of "Fairy's own," we took advantage of it, and enjoying ourselves to the soul's content, we jogged on up the waters of the beautiful Clinton, whose narrow and graceful windings could not be discovered from any one point of the river over thirty rods, until we reached this delightful and most enchanting spot, so very appropriately designated Mount Clemens. Here hundreds of the good citizens of the village and their gentlemen committee of arrangements were in waiting for their guests, who were received from the boat with the cheers and shouts of the goodly inhabitants, amid the firing of cannon and the inspiring

* Mr. Ingersoll was at that time 21 years of age, just entering upon his successful career as a journalist.

sounds which flowed from a full and excellent band of martial music, stationed on the shore. The whole body of citizens, *en masse*, then escorted their guests to the top of the hill, where is kept the "Clinton Hotel," by my young host, Mr. Joseph Hubbard, at whose spacious house apartments had been provided for the Governor and suite, and who had also been appointed the caterer of the day, well meriting all the praise that was bountifully bestowed upon him, and to which we would add in his behalf our own small note of recommendation for his excellent management and the great attention paid his patrons.

At daybreak this morning a signal gun announced to the sleeping inhabitants of "the queen village" the dawning of the 20th of July, 1838, a day which will be recollected by the people of Michigan as the proudest that ever happened, or can again transpire while her soil remains a component part of *terra firma*. Were I to attempt to give an accurate and a minute description of the celebration of the commencement of this work, which will prove when completed, second only to that of the grand Erie canal, I should not only prove myself inadequate to the task, but find the space it would occupy far too limited for my remarks.

At sunrise a national salute of thirteen guns was fired. The music of the shrill fife, the enchanting sound of the bugle, and the harmonious beat of the drum (together with the discordant rattling of the bell of mine host immediately over the heads of his slumbering guests), all contributed to swell the importance of the day, and

"Change its stern *alarms* to *merry* meeting."

And now commenced the bustle of the day. Hundreds of the people from the surrounding country came pouring in, and with them the popular president of the day. Even the red men of the surrounding forest were attracted to the village by these uncommon hilarities of the white men, who told them that the former hunting grounds of the Indian should henceforth serve as a noble river, on the bosom of which the floating castles of their white neighbors would convey to them the luxuries of more eastern climes.

At eleven o'clock the citizens assembled at a bower very tastefully erected on the public square of the *venerable* court-house, at which place an oration was delivered by Robert P. Eldridge, Esq. The oration was one which reflected considerable credit on the mind of the orator. The time of commencement was announced by a gun, and as soon as the address was finished, a large procession was formed under the direction of Major Henry D. Terry, the marshal of the day, whose untiring exertions and gentlemanly deportment throughout the celebration gained him many and lasting friends who will ever proudly recollect his distinguished civilities shown them on the occasion. The procession then moved to the line of the canal, on section one, in the following

ORDER:

Marshal of the day.
Music.
President of the day, and the Governor of the State.
Vice-Presidents of the day.
Orator of the day.
Members of the Board of Internal Improvement.
The Reverend the Clergy.
Invited Guests.
Committee of Arrangements.
Citizens.

On arriving at the ground the president of the day, in a few pertinent remarks to the Governor, presented him with a spade, when, after a brief and appropriate reply by His Excellency, he proceeded to break the ground, amid the deafening shouts of "lookers on," the roaring cannon, and the mighty thundering of heaven's own artillery.

After all the customary field exercises had been gone through with, the procession returned to the bower on the public square, where a sumptuous dinner was in readiness, of which we should think over a hundred and fifty persons partook—the following gentlemen officiating at the head of the table:

President: Col. James L. Conger.

Vice-Presidents: Dr. Ebenezer Hall, of Mount Clemens; Hon. Judge Clemens, of Mount Clemens; Hon. H. Steevens, of Frederick; G. C. Leech, Esq., of Utica; E. Calkins, Esq., of Shelby; William Burbank, Esq., of Rochester.

After the cloth was removed thirteen regular toasts were drunk, accompanied by the firing of cannon and appropriate music. The volunteer toasts, as well as the regular ones, were witty and to the point. The best spirit and good feeling prevailed with all who were present, entirely forgetting all distinctions of a partizan character. At the festive board they were as one man, and never did I witness anything pass off more *happily* than the celebration of this auspicious day. In closing this letter I should not only do injustice to my own feelings, but neglect to speak the sentiment of all others from Detroit, did I fail to state that many thanks are due to the citizens of Mount Clemens for the very liberal spirit which has strongly marked their civilities throughout the occasion, and which will never be forgotton by their honored guests.

EARLY BANKS AND BANKERS OF MACOMB COUNTY.

A Paper Read by L. M. Miller, of Lansing, before the Macomb County Pioneer Society, Tuesday, June 13, 1882.

So far as can be at present ascertained, the first attempt to organize a bank in Macomb county, was made in the year 1834. At that time this county was one of the most thickly settled in the territory, having within the same boundaries as at present a population of more than six thousand. The center of that population was here at Mt. Clemens, then an ambitious little settlement, and one of the most important points in the territory. In common with the rest of Michigan, this village suffered great inconvenience from the scarcity of currency. Business was hindered. "The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker" had to barter and trust in many of their commercial transactions. Great enterprises were checked and all the possibilities of the country were lying undeveloped. Such a state of affairs could not be otherwise than irritating to those who had cast their lots in this community.

A conference of public-spirited citizens was held and a committee appointed to draw up a memorial to the legislative council. Who were most prominent in this movement and who composed the committee, we now have no means of knowing; but their memorial was duly presented to the council by John Stockton, then a member from Macomb and St. Clair counties, on January 20, 1834. It is mentioned in the journal as "a memorial from a committee of citizens of Macomb county, praying for the passage of a law to establish a bank at the village of Mt. Clemens."

Similar, though less formal, action was taken at about the same time by citizens of Shelby and the eastern part of Oakland county. They forwarded to the council two petitions, numerously signed, "praying that a charter might be granted to a bank to be called the Clinton River Bank, and to be located in the town of Shelby, county of Macomb." One of the petitions was presented by Elon Farnsworth, of Wayne county, on January 21, and the other on February 4, by Charles C. Hascall, of Oakland county. The memorial from Mt. Clemens and the two petitions from Shelby were referred to the committee on incorporations.

It did not seem expedient, however, to a majority of that committee, from the facts set forth in the memorial and petitions, to grant any charters, at that time, to any banking institutions in Macomb county. The committee, therefore, recommended that the prayer of the petitioners be not granted, and the recommendation was concurred in.

The reasons which led the majority to this conclusion are not set forth in the report of the committee. The whole matter is dispatched with the usual brevity of early legislative journals. To us there may seem something curt in this refusal to grant a request in which Gen. Stockton and his constituents were so much concerned. Yet who can now question the soundness of the committee's conclusions? One of the majority was Elon Farnsworth, to whose opinion, as Chancellor and Attorney General the State of Michigan was afterward wont to listen with attention and respect. Before he concluded that the proposed action was inexpedient, he had doubtless considered well the subject; and it is interesting to note that his conclusions at that time were truly prophetic. Before many years it became his duty, as Chancellor, to allow writs of injunction against the only two Macomb county banks under the old regime that ever rose even to the dignity of an injunction.

Nothing daunted by his first repulse, Mr. Stockton at once gave notice that "on a future day he would ask leave to introduce a bill to establish the Macomb County Bank, with a capital of $200,000." Upon his motion the concurrence in the committee's report was reconsidered and the report tabled. Having thus cleared his way, he introduced "A bill to incorporate the Bank of Macomb County," which passed safely through the various stages, until it reached the order of third reading. There it stopped, having received but five yeas to eight nays on the question of its passage. The next day, on motion of Mr. Hascall, this vote was reconsidered and the further consideration of the bill postponed until the next session of the council.

Of the provisions of Mr. Stockton's bill we have no knowlege. Merely the title appears in the journal, together with an incidental mention of $200,000 capital stock. It is probable, however, that its essential features were not very different from those of other charters granted to banking institutions in those days. Nothing more was heard of the "Clinton River Bank, to be located in the town of Shelby, county of Macomb." Its light had gone out in utter darkness.

THE FIRST BANK.

Mr. Stockton made no further attempt to organize a bank during either of the special sessions of 1834, nor did he broach the subject at the regular session of 1835. Meanwhile measures were well under way for the organization of a State government. During May and June a convention had met and framed a constitution, and that document was ready for submission to the

people. In the interim Governor Mason convened the legislative council in special session. It assembled on August 17, and adjourned August 25. During this nine days' session, just when the territory was merging into a State, was passed an act, destined to fill an important chapter in the history of Macomb county. It was entitled "An act to incorporate the Macomb and Saginaw railroad company, and for other purposes." It was not the "railroad company," but the "other purposes" that made the act conspicuous. The principal one of the "other purposes" was the granting of authority to the stockholders of the railroad company to establish a bank at Mt. Clemens, under the corporate name of "The President, Directors and Company of

THE BANK OF MACOMB COUNTY."

Gen. Stockton secured the enactment of that law. Whether he revived and remodeled his old bill or began anew, it is now impossible to determine. The Journal of that session might, perhaps, inform us; but that journal has long been a missing book, and it is even doubtful whether there is a copy still in existence. So we have but tradition and conjecture to guide us.

Strange as it may now seem to us, the combination of a railroad and a bank was no new proposition when made by Mr. Stockton. The same legislative council, to which he now proposed it, had already, twice before, been guilty of encouraging that kind of miscegenation. During the regular session of 1835, the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad Company, and the Detroit and Pontiac Railroad Conpany had been authorized by amenments to their charters, to establish each a bank; and it is significant to note that the first part of Mr. Stockton's bill was modeled after the original charters of those two railroad companies, and the second part after the amendments. Hence Mr. Stockton could point to two irresistible precedents for the passage of his bill. Furthermore, as railroad projects were then quite popular, he may have shrewdly incorporated one in his bill to help his bank scheme through. Whatever may have been the means adopted, the fact remains that he succeeded in removing enough of the opposition to his project to secure the passage of the bill; and it would be interesting to know whether Elon Farnsworth was finally won over to a support of the bill, or whether he persisted in his doubt of the expediency of granting charters to any banking institutions in Macomb county.

The bill became a law August 24, 1835. By its provisions Christian Clemens, John S. Axford, Neil Gray, Azariah Prentiss, James Brown, Rodney O. Cooley, and Lansing B. Mizner were appointed commissioners to open books and receive subscriptions to the capital stock of the railroad company, which was to be $1,000,000, divided into shares of $50 each. When 1,000 shares were taken, the subscribers were to become a body corporate, by the name of the "Macomb and Saginaw Railroad Company." A single or double railroad, to be located by Israel Curtis, Jacob Tucker, and Charles C. Hascall, was to be constructed from Mt. Clemens to Lapeer, and thence to the seat of justice of Saginaw county. Nine directors were to be chosen annually, on the first Monday of October, and a president from among the directors or stockholders.

Section 21 confers upon the stockholders of the railroad company the authority to establish a bank at Mt. Clemens, with a capital stock of $100,000, divided into shares of $50 each. The banking corporation was to be known as "The President, Directors, and Company of the Bank of Macomb County,"

and its affairs were to be managed by the president and directors of the railroad company. Bills might be issued in denominations not less than one dollar, payable on demand at the company's banking house, within usual business hours, in the legal money of the United States. Upon failure so to redeem its bills, the corporation was liable to be dissolved; subject, however, to the provisions of the act relative to banks, approved April 23, 1833, which allowed a limit of sixty days within which to make payment. Before bills were issued the entire stock of the railroad company was to be conveyed to the bank as security for their redemption, and the directors were to give collateral security to the territory for such redemption, until ten miles of railroad had been completed. Unless forfeited sooner, the charter was to remain in force for forty years. Many other provisions, limitations, and restrictions, which it is unnecessary to enumerate here, are incorporated in the charter.

The bank was not put into operation for more than a year after the charter was obtained. The majority of the stock appears to have been originally subscribed for by Gen. Stockton. Among the original subscribers appear also the names of Christian Clemens, Ruel Ambrose, H. H. Farley & Co., James Brown, S. F. Atwood, Aaron Whitney Jr., R. Steward, C. S. Mather, Rodney O. Cooley, DeGarmo Jones of Detroit, Enoch Jones, Edward Brooks, Ebenezer Hall, Isaac J. Grovier, A. B. Rawls, Jacob Beekman, E. G. Pratt, George Lee Jr., William Canfield, Mrs. E. R. Hawkins, Miss Louisa Clemens (youngest daughter of Judge Clemens and afterwards wife of Col. Henry D. Terry), Daniel Chandler, James Williams, William Roy, William Vandervoort of Tonawanda, N. Y., James Brown, and Israel F. Hatch and Lucius H. Pratt of Buffalo, N. Y. If there were other original subscribers, their names are lost, for the original subscription book disappeared very early in the history of the bank. It was destroyed for reasons best known to those who destroyed it. The following persons became stockholders at an early date by subsequent purchase: Aaron Weeks, James Sweeney, Cornelius O'Flynn, Charles A. Emerson, Dodge & Kibbee, Lewis Godard, George B. Martin, Richard Butler, R. Anderson, James C. Allen, Stephen White of Boston, Daniel F. Webster of Peru, Ills., Caroline Webster, Laura Weeks, Mary Stockton, John Norton Jr., J. H. Lathrop and S. F. Pratt of Buffalo.

In October, 1836, the following board of directors was chosen: Christian Clemens, Rodney O. Cooley, William Canfield, C. S. Mather, Enoch Jones, Edward Brooks, Daniel F. Webster, Aaron Weeks, and Isaac J. Grovier. John Stockton was elected president. By the first of February, two installments of stock, of ten per cent each had been paid in, and the bank was about to begin operations. Charles A. Emerson was then made cashier and bills were executed for the first time, bearing the signatures of John Stockten, President, and Charles A. Emerson, Cashier.

The first business transaction of the bank was of a decidedly peculiar nature. It dates by courtesy on Saturday, February 11, 1837, but was in reality executed on Sunday the 12th. William Vandervoort and Lucius H. Pratt, who then owned a controlling interest in the stock, as stockholders, took each $10,000 of the newly signed bills, leaving notes of $10,000 each in place of them. They also took an additional $20,000, without leaving any evidence of indebtedness, to create a credit for the Macomb county bank with the Commercial bank of Buffalo, as they said. With this sum of $40,000 they left the county on the Sabbath, and a knowledge of the transaction was for a long time kept from a majority of the directors. When it became

known, it created much dissatisfaction, and from that time date the hard feelings and mutual recriminations which characterize the history of the bank. Christian Clemens, Ebenezer Hall, Isaac J. Grovier and William Canfield speak of this transaction and others with much indignation.

Besides the regular issue of bills, another was contemplated somewhat later, but not effected. William Vandervoort caused to be engraved for the bank a plate of bills payable at Tonawanda, N. Y. Impressions were taken and a few brought to Mt. Clemens, but none were ever signed. It was very doubtful whether the bank could legally issue any such notes.

We have now reached the period of

WILD-CAT BANKS,

a few of which made their appearance in this county. This term is applicable to those banks only which were organized under the general banking law of 1837. Hence, although closely allied thereto, the Macomb county bank was not of that species.

When the legislature of 1837 convened, the whole State was wild on the subject of banking. Petitions for the organization of banks came from nearly every hamlet and four-corner settlement in the State. Among them were two from citizens of Macomb county for a bank to be located at Romeo, presented in the House by Linus S. Gilbert. The legislature finally passed a general law for the organization of banking associations, which was approved March 15. This act passed almost without opposition. Only four representatives voted against it, one of whom was Isaac Monfort, of Macomb county. Under this act were organized the famous "wild-cat" banks.

THE BANK OF UTICA

was the first one organized in this county under the general law. The petition to the clerk and treasurer of the county bears date at Shelby, May 13, 1837, and prays for the organization of a bank with a capital of $50,000. It is signed by Jacob Summers, Payne K. Leech, Jr., Asquire W. Aldrich, Benjamin L. Watkins, L. T. Jenney, Samuel Ladd, A. G. Deshon, Gurdon C. Leech, Orson Sheldon, L. D. Owen, John James, James Covel, Jr., and Jos. Lester. On the 22d, notice was given by Rodney O. Cooley, treasurer, and Amos Dalby, clerk, that books would be opened at Utica on Monday, June 26, and kept open for four days, for subscription to the capital stock. Copies of the notice were posted in twelve of the most public places in the county by Abraham Freeland, then sheriff. On June 7, John James was appointed temporary treasurer to receive the first installments on subscriptions, giving a bond to the clerk and treasurer, conditioned to pay over to the cashier, when appointed, on the order of the directors, when elected, the amount paid to him, or to return the same to the subscribers, if the organization of the bank should not be completed. The sureties on this bond were Gurdon C. Leech, Lyman T. Jenney, Orson Sheldon, and Payne K. Leech, Jr. On August 31 the newly elected directors, Jacob Summers, Orson Sheldon, Gurdon C. Leech, Payne K. Leech, Jr., Ephraim Calkins, Daniel W. Philips, William A. Davis, George Hanscom, and John James, with A. Freeland and Joseph Lester as sureties, in presence of Walter Porter and William Abernathy as witnesses, entered into bonds to the Auditor General, in the penal sum of $125,000, conditioned for the punctual payment of all debts, notes, liabilities, and obligations, as required by law. The next day a duplicate was filed with the county clerk, and then a

certificate, issued by the clerk and treasurer was filed in the office of the Secretary of State, showing the due organization of the Bank of Utica, with a capital stock of $50,000.

Jacob Summers was elected the first President and John James appointed Cashier. At some subsequent election Gurdon C. Leech seems to have been made President. Thus organized, the bank commenced business about September 9, and continued operations a little more than a year, when its legal tribulations began. In addition to the directors named above, the following persons appear as stockholders in the institution: A. G. Finden, E. Endres, J. S. Fletcher, Joseph Lester, Sheldon Owen, C. S. Madison, A. Keeney, S. Ladd, A. B. Adams, O. Steevens, L. D. Owen, and A. Bond.

On November 27, the bank made the following report:

RESOURCES.

Specie	$5,568 00
Notes of other banks, discounted bills, banking house and lot	25,721 86
	$31,289 86

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$15,000 00
Circulation	14,225 00
Deposits	2,064 86
	$31,289 86

Perhaps the bank owned a house and lot at that time, as reported among its resources, but the deed of lot nine, block six, in Utica, from Gurdon C. Leech and wife to the Bank of Utica, bears date March 10, 1838, nearly four months later.

On March 22, the bank paid a semi-annual State tax of $37.50, and contributed to the "safety fund" in the State treasury, for the redemption of its notes, just $23.21. The holders of its $14,225 worth of bills must have fetched a long-drawn sigh of genuine relief, when they read the State treasurer's report for 1838.

At the close of the year its affairs were in a sorry condition. Its liabilities were $33,753.04, while its only resources were $2,055.51 in real and personal property and $31,114 of discounted paper—more than $22,000 of which was due from stockholders and directors. The bank was utterly destitute of specie or any other ready means for the redemption of its notes. The bank commissioners took immediate steps to wind up the concern. A bill was filed in the court of chancery by the Attorney General. Chancellor Elon Farnsworth allowed a writ of injunction, January 5, 1839, and the days of usefulness of the Bank of Utica were ended. Its only reason for existence afterward was to play the part of shuttlecock to the legal battledoor. As Chancellor Farnsworth had allowed a similar injunction against the Bank of Macomb County, just 364 days before, he must have indulged in a grim smile as he thought of the inexpediency of granting charters to any banking institutions in Macomb county. Meanwhile the bank's magnificent "safety fund" in the State treasury, had shrunk to $3.34, and what finally became of that is uncertain. Like all the rest of the bank's valuables, it probably kept on shrinking to infinity.

Peter S. Palmer of Utica, was appointed receiver, February 4, 1840. His report, filed in April, shows $8,306.05 liabilities, of which $4,770 was for notes still unredeemed. The resources were only $7,835.56, of which but $6,775.32

were considered available. Notes and accounts against citizens of Utica were generally considered good, while notes of other "wild-cat" banks were accounted worthless.

The Legislature of 1842 passed an act to annul the corporate rights of certain banks, among which was the Bank of Utica. Under that act the receiver caused an appraisal of assets to be made, April 29, 1842, by James B. Cartter, James Covel, Jr., and C. B. H. Fessenden. This appraisal was signed by P. S. Palmer, receiver, by J. James, and Payne K. Leech, Jr. his agents. The total valuation was $2,462.77. Individual notes were appraised at from par down to fifty per cent; Shelby and Detroit railroad checks at par; the banking house and lot, which cost $2,015.98, at $806.39, or forty per cent; bank furniture, from seventy-five to thirty-four per cent; a claim against the Detroit City Bank at thirty-seven and a half per cent. Then follows a batch of notes, "wild-cat" bills and claims all thrown together without appraisement, too worthless to be considered! The shuttlecock had now been banged about by the battledoor, until it was too dilapidated for further use, and the game stopped here.

THE FARMERS' BANK OF ROMEO

was the next venture. On October 30, 1837, a petition was drawn up for the organization of a bank with a capital stock of $50,000, to be located at Romeo, and known as "The Farmers' Bank of Romeo." It was signed by Daniel Trombley, Jacob Coddington, George Finch, Martin F. Southwell, Asahel Bailey, Marvil Shaw, Isaac Brabb, James Thorington, Charles F. Snover, Benjamin Crissman, Abner Smith, Jr., Adam Armstrong, A. B. Cooley, Jas. Harvey, David Phelps, John A. Shaffer, A. B. Ayres, Ebenezer Kitridge, A. Prentiss, Orratus Hulett, Rufus Carpenter, John S. Axford, and Ephraim Graves. The books were opened for subscription on December 12th, in the "old red tavern." The capital stock was all subscribed, the requisite ten per cent installment being paid on the spot in gold coin, a scarce commodity in those days. John James of Utica was appointed temporary treasurer, and he gave the usual bond, with G. C. Leech, O. Sheldon, A. B. Cooley, R. L. Clark, A. B. Rawls, G. Gates, A. B. Ayres, G. Rix, and J. W. Dyar, as sureties, and H. A. Tutner and I. Cummins as witnesses. Directors and a cashier were chosen, and John W. Dyar was elected president. An order for plates was made on a New York engraver, and in due time the bills were received. They were deposited for safe keeping in the Bank of Utica, but the great collapse came before any of them were signed by the officers of the bank, and all idea of further business was indefinitely postponed. Yet some of the bills got out and went on their way rejoicing in forged signatures. Martin Buzzell, still living in Romeo, had a $2 bill of that bank presented to him in 1838, while doing business at Natchez, Miss. Not having much confidence in that kind of currency, he refused to take it.

Mr. John W. Dyar, still a resident of Romeo, informs me that the citizens of Romeo really wanted no bank at all; but a number of Pennsylvania "wild-cat" schemers had fixed upon that village as the scene of one of their nefarious swindles. In order to anticipate them, the more substantial business men of the village organized a bank, and with the friendly aid of Messrs. James, Leech, and Clark, of Utica, subscribed for all the stock.

THE CLINTON RIVER BANK

came next, and was the second of that name. The first, it will be remembered, was to be organized by special charter, and located at Shelby. The second was to be of the "wild-cat" species, and located at Mt. Clemens. Its capital stock was to be $50,000, and books were to be opened for subscriptions on January 9, 1838. The petition was dated and filed November 29, having been signed by C. S. Mather, Frederick Hatch, George Whitney, Porter Kibbe, G. C. Fletcher, E. L. Atkins, P. S. Fletcher, James B. Van Rensselaer, William Lewis, R. P. Eldredge, H. M. Dodge, James Williams, H. J. Higgins, and R. F. Eastman. But the crash came like

"An envious, sneaking frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring;"

and the Clinton River Bank No. 2 went to meet its illustrious namesake.

There was still another member of this "wild-cat" family, which, as Artemus Ward would say, was the most "amoosin' little cuss" of the whole litter. The general law having been changed somewhat, as to the mode of organization, a document was drawn up, on the 26th day of March, 1838, and filed in the office of the Secretary of State four days later, certifying that a banking association had been formed with a capital stock of $50,000, to be located at the village of Belvidere—or "Belvidere city"—and to be known as

THE BANK OF LAKE ST. CLAIR.

James L. Conger was its president; A. C. Hatch, D. B. Conger, S. A. Hathaway, C. W. Hussey, S. G. Langdon were its directors, and A. Wilcox, D. G. Gurnsey and Edward R. Blackwell were the other stockholders. Bills were elaborately engraved and printed in abundance, but before they were regularly issued the bank was swamped by hard times and the city by high water. Together they

"Came and faded like a wreath of mist
At eve."

The bills were extensively circulated by the boys of the adjacent country, and in some instances, no doubt, were passed as money upon the ignorant or unwary.

Having now disposed of the "wild-cats" let us return to our own domestic feline,

THE BANK OF MACOMB COUNTY.

That institution was not so easily killed. It had at least nine lives, to which it clung with a tenacity truly feline. Every known engine of destruction, from a private suit in chancery to an act of the legislature, was vainly brought to bear upon it. Finally it died, choked to death by its own financial stringency.

A sworn statement of the bank's affairs on June 8, 1837, shows its resources to be $61,331,71, of which $5,261,65 were in specie. Its paid up capital was $23,080; its deposits, $2,583; its circulation, $41,173. As the banking association commenced doing business in the little brick building on the north side of the public square, now included in John Roskopp's meat market, it probably occupied the same for some time before purchasing it, as the deed of lot 1, block 1, original survey of Mt. Clemens, purchased of Aaron Weeks

and wife for $2,850, bears date March 12, 1838. The business did not prove very profitable, and soon after the issue of bills it became necessary to suspend their redemption in specie. The longer the bank suspended, the longer it wanted to suspend, and suspension was the main feature of its business. In October the following board of directors was elected: Christian Clemens, William Canfield, Aaron Weeks, Isaac J. Grovier, Rodney O. Cooley, William Vandervoort, Lucius H. Pratt, Enoch Jones, and E. Brooks. Christian Clemens was elected president and Charles A. Emerson continued as cashier. On December 6 its resources were $95,570.87, only $5,657 of which were specie; its capital paid in was $35,420; its deposits $1,077.06 and its circulation $56,034.

But trouble was brewing. The evil genius of the bank was aroused. Hiram Barnam, a business man of Detroit, had 260 bills of $1 each; 179 of $2 each; 154 of $3 each; 255 of $5 each, and 66 of $10 each, on the Bank of Macomb County. With these bills in his fist, fire in his eye, and Cornelius Clark at his back, he stalked into the office between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of December 19th, and demanded an immediate payment to himself of $3,015 in the legal currency of the United States. Was the cashier taken back? Not at all; such scenes were not unusual. He coolly examined the bills, acknowledged their genuineness and the amount, but gave Mr. Barnam distinctly to understand—perhaps with ponderous emphasis—that he couldn't and he wouldn't pay those notes. All this in the presence of Cornelius Clark.

Mr. Barnam gathered up his wealth, shook the dust of that bank off his feet and departed in high dudgeon. He never stopped until he found himself in Detroit, pouring his tale of woe into the legal ears of Hale & Crouse. A bill was filed in the court of chancery, accompanied by the affidavit of Cornelius Clark. Charles A. Emerson, cashier, and Henry H. Brown, of Detroit, filed counter affidavits, and no further testimony was taken. Chancellor Farnsworth allowed an injunction, which issued January 6, 1838, and was served on the president and cashier, two days later, by Daniel Chandler, deputy sheriff. The bank was represented by Asher B. Bates and Henry N. Walker, and Peter Morey also appears in the case as counsel for complainant. To the credit of the bank it must be said that those bills were redeemed before the injunction was served. In October a third board of directors was elected, consisting of Aaron Weeks, Porter Kibbee, William Vandervoort, Lucius Pratt, John Norton, Jr., J. H. Lathrop, C. S. Mather, Joseph Hubbard, and Charles A. Emerson. Aaron Weeks was elected president and Charles A. Emerson retained as cashier.

The bank had now been under injunction for a year, when the legislature determined to know something of its true inwardness. As the institution was independent of the bank commissioners, the Legislature, by joint resolution, made Kintzing Pritchette and Alpheus Felch, then bank commissioners, its special agents to conduct a legislative investigation. The examination was thorough and continued through the 8th and 9th of February. The president was the only person present, the cashier having gone to Buffalo. It is unnecessary to speak at length of this investigation. Suffice it to say that many things were not found that should have been found, and many more were found that should not have been found. Any further curiosity on the subject may be gratified by a reference to the commissioners' report, which, with accompanying exhibits, fills over twenty pages in the Senate Documents for 1839.

Before the cashier started for Buffalo he made and left in the bank a statement of affairs, dated January 5. After his return, fearing that the commissioners' report might "mislead the public as to the true situation of the bank," he carefully prepared and transmitted to Gov. Mason, another statement, dated February 23, much better adapted to public inspection than the first one. Both statements are included in the report. A comparison of the two statements is interesting. Between January 5, and February 23, the paid up capital had marvelously expanded from $35,420, to $105,420, its "loans and discounts" from $63,927.62 to $76,679.10; its credits in the Buffalo agency from $4,800.56 to $29,800.56; its specie, from $2,967 to $12,962.17; its total resources from $107,470.33 to $145,650.06. The first statement showed a circulation of $64,325, but it was claimed that all but $37,560 was taken up and lying in the Detroit banks. The second statement shows a decrease in circulation to $31,585. All these changes are supposed to have taken place while the bank was under injunction and prohibited from the transaction of business.

The report of the commissioners to the Senate was referred to the committee on incorporations. That committee finally reported a bill to repeal the charter of the Macomb and Saginaw Railroad Company. The cashier came to the rescue with another affidavit, his favorite weapon of offense and defense. After considerable discussion of the bill, all further action thereon was cut off by a joint resolution, introduced by Jacob Summers, senator from Macomb, referring the commissioners' report and all other papers on the subject to the Attorney General for his opinion and appropriate action, if he found that there had been any violation of the charter. I have not been able to find any report from that official on the subject.

The injunction against the bank was dissolved on March 13, 1839, but the case was not finally submitted until more than a year later. Chancellor Farnsworth, however, never decided the case.

Up to this time nothing had been done towards the construction of the railroad, except scratching over a few feet of soil in Ashley's orchard, now part of the Latourneau property, and laying down two rails. Christian Clemens, Ebenezer Hall, Isaac J. Grovier, and William Canfield, in their written statement to the commissioners who made the investigation, affirm that the directors first appointed made use of all legal measures for the commencement of the railroad by giving lawful notice to the commissioners for its location; but they were defeated by their sudden removal from office by the eastern stockholders.

As the corporation was liable to dissolution for forfeiture of its charter in neglecting to construct the railroad, it was time for something to be done. A petition was circulated and numerously signed by citizens of the county, praying for the substitution of a turnpike for the contemplated railroad. All hopes of a railroad were gone, and the citizens, wisely concluding that "half a loaf is better than no loaf," rejoiced for a time in the prospect of a brand new turnpike. Alas! for the hollowness of human hopes! The turnpike was as visionary as the railroad.

The petition was presented in the House January 27, 1840, by John Stockton, then a member from Macomb, and was referred to the committee on banks and incorporations. Three days later Mr. Stockton offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the bank for a statement of its condition and affairs. The bank commissioner in his report had informed the Legislature that "the

Macomb County Bank, it is said, has not closed its doors and the amount of its circulation is very limited and trifling, which they redeem on presentation." In reply to Mr. Stockton's resolution, C. A. Emerson, still cashier, submitted a sworn statement which showed the circulation to be $10,159. Its total resources were $151,853.81, only $1,221.13 of which were specie. Its paid in capital was $105,420. Its deposits on demand were $473.92, to apply on debts, $20,917.54. For the first time mention is now made of the railroad company in connection with the bank's affairs. We have seen that the charter required a transfer of all the railroad stock to the bank before the issue of notes, as collateral security for the redemption of such notes. I have found no such transfer, nor any record of approval by the Governor—probably because the railroad company had nothing to transfer. As the investigation disclosed so many violations of charter provisions, we may very properly infer that this provision also was violated or only nominally observed, for now, three years after the issue of bills, we find the first item of resources coming from the railroad to the bank to be the mere pittance of $487.70.

On February 19th the committee on banks and incorporations reported a bill to substitute a turnpike for a railroad, as the petitioners desired. After much hard work on the part of its friends, the bill became a law on the 30th of March, 1840. It authorized the corporation to construct a turnpike "on the State road known and designated as leading from Mt. Clemens north through the townships of Clinton, Macomb, and Bay." The assent of the county commissioners was to be obtained, and the road was to be completed to their satisfaction. The corporation could charge no toll, and was not required to keep the road in repair. A written assent to the act was to be filed by the president and directors. This was done, and among the directors signing appears the name of John J. Leonard.

In 1841 the bank suspended business, practically, if not entirely. In 1842 the Legislature passed two acts annulling and repealing the charters of numerous banks. Among these appears the Bank of Macomb County, whose charter was conditionally repealed. In the case of The People *vs.* Oakland County Bank, decided in January, 1844, the supreme court held that the term "Bank of Oakland County," used in the act of 1842, was not a sufficient designation of a corporation whose name was "The President, Directors, and Company of the Oakland County Bank." As the same decision applied to the Macomb County Bank, the second attempt to repeal its charter was also a failure.

This situation of affairs continued until Alpheus Felch became Governor. It will be remembered that he was one of the investigating commissioners in 1839. Probably convinced that the institution was insolvent, he instructed the Attorney General to commence proceedings in chancery to declare its charter forfeited. Certain expressions in his message to the Legislature of 1846 were evidently drawn out by a consideration of the condition of the Macomb County Bank.

The Attorney General filed a bill on the 22d of December, 1846. Henry N. Walker was then attorney general, and his official position required him to prosecute the bank he had so often defended. The bill alleged the insolvency of the bank, the suspension of business, the failure to elect directors, the neglect to construct either the railroad or the turnpike, and a consequent forfeiture of its charter by non-user. It then prays for a dissolution of the corporation, appointment of a receiver, and an injunction. The action is brought against "The President, Directors, and Company of the Bank of Macomb

County," and Aaron Weeks, nothing being said about the railroad company in the title of the cause.

The Bank of Macomb county was now brought once more face to face with its old acquaintance Chancellor Farnsworth, but for a brief period, as the court of chancery was abolished by the Revised Statutes of 1846. The case then went into the "Wayne County Circuit Court in Chancery." The next appearance of Elon Farnsworth in this sketch will be in a very different position, and one which, in view of his previous connection, is somewhat amusing.

The defendants at first demurred, but afterward filed an answer. This was in 1847. Mr. Walker was no longer Attorney General, and he in partnership with Samuel T. Douglass and James V. Campbell now appeared for the bank. The answer denies the insolvency and admits the suspension of all business except the redemption and payment of its notes and obligations. This the defendants claimed to be able, willing, and ready at all times to do. They claimed to be organized as a corporation under the name of "The President, Directors and Company of the Bank of Macomb County," and not to be responsible for the acts or omissions of any other corporation. They knew nothing about the acts of non-user or mis-user on the part of the railroad company, and claimed that such acts could give no ground of relief or discovery against them, and they submitted to the court their rights and liabilities under their charter. They further claimed that the forfeiture of the railroad company could not be tried in that cause.

For the purpose of hearing, it was admitted that neither the ten miles of railroad nor the same length of turnpike had been completed by the Macomb and Saginaw Railroad Company, but that after the passage of the act of 1840, the company commenced the construction of the turnpike and expended thereon about the sum of $1,500 prior to the passage of the act of 1842 abolishing the office of county commissioners; and that they made no further expenditures in the construction of said turnpike after the passage of that act. These things were admitted merely for the purposes of hearing, or making a case, and may or may not have been facts. The banking company desired a decree separating its own incorporation from that of the railroad company, and it was willing to admit anything that would work a forfeiture of the railroad charter. In fact nothing would please them more than to be rid of the whole railroad and turnpike encumbrance. Whatever work they did on the turnpike was in the way of surveys, but there is no record of any permission granted the company by the county commissioners to perform any such work. The Legislature of 1836, among many others, had laid out a State road to be known as the Macomb and Saginaw Turnpike. This is probably the State road alluded to in the act of 1840, substituting the turnpike for the railroad.

The case was not argued and submitted until December 13, 1850. On March 4th the case was decided, and an order entered dismissing the bill and proceedings. An appeal to the supreme court was taken, and there the case rested for some time.

Meanwhile the bank had been revived and re-organized by Henry C. Kibbee and associates. This occurred in 1851, and Charles A. Emerson, who had so long made statements and affidavits for the bank, gave way as cashier to Mr. Kibbee. The "whirligig of time" had been just as active in the history of this bank as in the history of greater concerns, and in one of its unaccountable freaks it now turned up our friend Elon Farnsworth as president of the

Bank of Macomb County. A majority of the stock was held by Chicago parties. In 1853 Mr. Farnsworth resigned his position, and W. S. Gurnee, then mayor of Chicago, was elected president, and James G. Tucker, cashier.

William Hale, attorney general, in his report to the Legislature of 1853, speaking of the case against the bank, says: "The appeal was taken with the view, chiefly, to prevent as far as practicable the adjudication of the court of chancery from becoming a bar to further proceedings. * * * So far as appears by the record sent up to the supreme court, on the appeal, few of important questions arising upon the facts charged in the bill of complaint, are presented for adjudication. The review of the case by the supreme court will not, therefore, necessarily be final, nor will it directly determine the validity of the corporate rights claimed by the bank." Speaking of the repeal of the charter, he says: "There can be no doubt as to the right of the legislature to interfere, so far as the railroad charter is concerned. The bank itself claims immunities, which, if well founded, place it beyond legislative control." Gov. McClelland, in his annual message to the same Legislature, says: "The charters of all the banks doing business in this State, excepting the Michigan State Bank, and the Bank of Macomb County, are under the control of the legislature. In regard to these two the bill holder has to depend entirely on the honesty, probity, and ability of the officers and stockholders." Concerning the Macomb County Bank alone, he says: "The bank ostensibly ceased to transact business some years ago, but has been recently revived. * * * No tax was paid the State by this bank until a few weeks ago, when one was paid under the law regulating the tax upon banks. If the charter is valid, a large amount of taxes is yet due from it; if it is not, the State is not entitled to receive any tax from it, as it might be viewed as countenancing its legitimacy."

After its re-organization the bank commenced making reports to the State Treasurer, and paying specific taxes. The first report is dated October 4, 1852, and shows $295,160.00 resources, of which $39,476.75 are gold and silver. Its paid up capital was $100.000; its circulation, $190,168, less $2,500 on hand; and its deposits $4.921.50. Shortly after this report was rendered, the tax was paid, which is alluded to by Gov. McClelland. It amounted to $1,396.

In January 1853 the case in the Supreme Court was argued and submitted. That court affirmed the decree of the lower court, dismissing the bill and sustaining the validity of the charter. The Bank of Macomb County, having now risen superior to the three branches of the State government—legislative, executive and judicial—had no more worlds to conquer. It was then left in peace, to die a natural death in its own appointed time.

In December, 1853, a payment of $1,603,22 specific taxes was made. On January 2, 1854, the bank reports $644,955 resources, of which $76,331,23 were in coin; $250,000 paid up capital stock; $10,044 in deposits and $384,-911 circulation. Its report of December 28, 1854, shows only $298,138.16 resources, of which but $7,619.74 were gold and silver; capital stock, $25,-000; circulation $39,334.50; and deposits $2,190.76. Such sudden changes are somewhat bewildering.

In the spring of 1855 the stock changed hands and Henry C. Kibbee was made President. On May 30 the bank paid three installments of $1,079.10 each, as specific taxes, due respectively April 1, 1854, October 1, 1854 and April 1, 1855. A corresponding installment due October 1, 1855, was not paid when due and perhaps not all. The bank's report for December 26, 1855, shows $235,884.37 resources; $19,138.76 in coin; $150,000 capital

stock; $75,268 circulation and $3,605.78 in deposits. After this I find no more reports or payments of specific taxes.

During the crisis of 1857, this bank in common with other western banks, suspended payments. Mr. Tucker retired from the position of cashier in the same year, and A. L. Guerber acted as cashier until March, 1858. Then the stock again changed hands. Henry C. Kibbee resigned and disposed of his shares, when his brother, Porter Kibbee, was elected President. It must have been at this time that a gentleman by the name of Graves took the position of cashier, but I cannot speak with certainty, nor have I been able to ascertain his given name. He remained here so short a time that he seems almost forgotten. Under this management the bank continued but a few months. Before the close of the year it had succumbed to fate. Financial weakness did what no other power could do—rid the State of an unmanageable elephant on its hands.

After mentioning several

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS,

I will close. During the consideration of the bill to incorporate the Oakland County Bank, in 1836, Senator John S. Barry tried to incorporate a provision allowing the establishment of the bank in either Oakland or Macomb county. On February 23, 1838, a bankers' convention was held in Detroit to consider questions of interest to their fraternity. Gurdon C. Leech represented the Bank of Utica in the convention. In 1839 Mt. Clemens was designated as the location of one of the branches of the State Bank of Michigan. It was not established, however, and the whole project was abandoned in 1842. In 1840, while the bill "to authorize the anticipation of certain installments of the $5,000,000 loan," was before the Senate, Senator Jacob Summers endeavored to have the bank of Macomb county included with others in the bill. In 1842 the good citizens of Mt. Clemens were sorely vexed with a plague of Detroit city shinplasters. These were little due bills issued by the city corporation, ranging from 12½ to 75 cents in apparent value. They came like the locusts of Egypt, making life a burden, until Mt. Clemens could bear it no longer. A petition, numerously signed, was forwarded to the Legislature and presented in the house of representatives by D. C. Walker, praying for the passage of a law to prohibit the circulation of Detroit shinplasters.

We have now glanced at the occurrences of one quarter of a century. It is a period full of events. If there is any moral to be drawn from these reminiscences, it is but another proof of the value of the old advice, "Make haste slowly." Especially is this advice valuable in financial ventures. Sudden wealth comes to few. Corporations with resounding titles do not always pay large dividends. Pictured paper is not money, "and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

MONROE COUNTY.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY J. M. STERLING.

JAMES CONLIN died in Monroe, January 23, 1881, at the age of 81. Was born in Ireland; came to Monroe in 1845.

WM. FOX died in Monroe, February 4, 1881. Born in England, February 4, 1798; came to Monroe in 1846.

JAMES J. DONSHOE died in Monroe, February 23, 1881. Born in Monroe county, in 1838, and lived in the county until his death. He was county clerk two years.

ALFRED G. BATES died in Chicago, Ills., February 28, 1881. Born in Canandaigua, New York, January 25, 1810; came to Monroe in 1834, and was a resident of the city until his death. He was a member of the executive board of the State Agricultural Society, a member of the State Legislature, sheriff of the county, deputy U. S. Marshal, and for twenty years connected with the county superintendents of poor.

MRS. JUDGE G. MORRIS died at Pontiac, March 24, 1881; age 66. Was a resident of Monroe county for 46 years.

MRS. W. F. KULL died in Monroe, April 4, 1881; age 62. Born in Germany; came to Monroe in 1844.

N. R. HASKALL died in Brooklyn, New York, June 21, 1881. Born in New York State; moved to Monroe in 1835, and was a resident thirty-five years.

MRS. ALEXIS LABEAU died July 17, 1881. Born in Monroe in 1804, and lived in the county seventy-seven years.

JOHN MILLER died in Monroe, July 20, 1881. Born in New York State, in 1807; came to Monroe in 1831, and remained until his death. He was supervisor for five years.

ANDREW J. WAGNER died in Monroe, August 5, 1881. Born in Germany in 1820; moved to Monroe in 1844. He was father of seventeen children.

MRS. ROBERT HENDERSHOT died in Monroe, August 8, 1881. Born in New York State in 1828; came to Monroe in 1842.

MRS. GEO. BOWLSBY died in Monroe, August 14, 1881, aged eighty-one; was a resident of the county for over forty years.

SAMUEL CARNEY died August 17, 1881, in Dundee, aged seventy-nine years; was a resident of the county for forty years.

JOHN GRAUF died in LaSalle, August 17, 1881; age seventy-nine years; was a resident of the county for forty-two years.

THOMAS WHELPLEY died in Monroe, September 15, 1881. Born in Mass. in 1797, came to Monroe in 1837; was connected with the government survey for several years.

MRS. JOHN STEINER died in Monroe, November 12, 1881. Born in Germany; age 71; lived in Monroe 35 years.

MRS. MARTIN GAFNEY died in Monroe, November 19, 1881; age 40; born and always lived in Monroe.

REV. E. J. BOYD died in Laramie City, Wyoming, age 66 years. He was born in Otsego county, New York; graduated from Hamilton College, in 1844, had charge of the Presbyterian church at Brooklyn, Mich., for several years. Came to Monroe in 1849, and with others, established the Monroe Young Ladies' Seminary, and conducted the same for 29 years. He was a man of high culture, a successful educator, and an able preacher.

ANDREW KEISEL died in Monroe, November, 29, 1881; age 78; was a resident of the city for over 35 years.

MRS. CASPER GOTTFRIEDT died in Monroe, December 9, 1881; age 75 years; was a resident of Monroe City for 47 years.

MRS. LEONARD ENGELBERG died in Ida, Monroe county, December 10, 1881; age 69; was a resident of the county for 35 years.

ROBERT F. NAVARRE died in Monroe, December 21, 1881; age 92 years. He was born in Monroe, in 1789, and was the first white child born in the county. He took part in the battle of River Raisin; was the son of Colonel Francis Navarre, who arrived at the banks of the River Raisin in 1780.

MATHEW FREIDENBERG died in Ida, December 21, 1881; age 77; born in New York State; came to Monroe in 1834.

MRS. MARY A., wife of the late Col. Thomas Caldwell of the British army, died in Monroe, December 31, 1881; age 96; came to Monroe in 1814.

MRS. JOHN MENTEL died in Monroe, December 31, 1881; age 59; resident of Monroe since 1845.

L. BERTHELOTTE died in St. Mary's church, Monroe, January 2, 1882, while serving as pall-bearer at the funeral of Mrs. Caldwell. Was born in France, January 1, 1812, and resided in Monroe for 50 years.

MRS. FRED. WURTZSCHMIDT died in Monroe, January 9, 1882; age 43 years; born and resided until her death in Monroe.

FRED. A. EISENMANN died in Monroe, January 9, 1882; age 60; was born in Germany; moved to Monroe in 1842.

CHAS. LAMBRECHT died in Buffalo, New York, January 12, 1882; age 69; was a resident of Monroe for 47 years.

ROBT. VAN KLEECK died in Exeter, Monroe county, January 12, 1882; age 74; born in Canada; came to Monroe in 1837.

MRS. EMANUEL CUSTER died in Monroe January 13, 1882; age 75 years. She was the mother of Gen. Geo., W. A., Col. Thos., and Bacton Custer; all were killed at the Custer massacre in 1876.

CAPT. A. D. PERKINS died in Monroe January 15, 1882; age 68 years; was born in Maine; began life a sailor when 12 years old. At the age of 20 he was mate of a vessel engaged in the East India trade. He commanded the vessel that brought the first load of wheat from Chicago to Buffalo. He settled in Monroe in 1843, and in 1844 commanded the steamer Wayne, and was captain in succession of the steamers Southern, Telegraph, Baltic, Southern Michigan, Western Metropolis, and City of Buffalo. In 1861 he went to New York to superintend the construction of the ocean steamer "Morning Star," after which he commanded her. He was one of the most successful in avoiding accidents among all steamboat men on the western lakes.

GABRIAL COOLEY died in Frenchtown, Monroe county, January 31, 1882. He was born in Monroe county in 1812, and had been a resident since that date.

JAMES I. RUSSELL died at Petersburgh, Monroe county, February 1, 1882; age 69; was born in New York State; moved to Monroe county in 1831. He voted at the first election held in Petersburgh; served one term in State Legislature, and several terms as supervisor.

MRS. MARY ANN REOUME died in Monroe February 3, 1882; born in Monroe in 1800, where she has since resided.

MRS. CAPT. E. L. HUFF died in Monroe February 4, 1882; age 72 years; born in Scotland; was a resident of Monroe 36 years.

MRS. ELIZA SWEENY died in Monroe February 9, 1882; age 66; was a resident of the city 47 years.

BENJ. H. CURTIS died in Dundee April 19, 1882; born in New York State in 1820; resided in Monroe county since 1829; served as County Treasurer one term; was shop-keeper and Deputy Warden at Jackson prison.

MRS. BENJ. DANSARD died in Monroe April 29, 1882; was born in France in 1816; married in Paris in 1836, and came to Monroe the same year.

HENRY WEBB died in Monroe April 21, 1882; age 70 years; born in New York State; came to Monroe in 1843. He had four sons in the late war.

EMERSON CHOAT died in Monroe, May 18, 1882; was born in Canada in 1807; came to Monroe in 1816. He held the office of supervisor for 25 years, and represented his district in the State Legislature one term.

MICHAEL FISHBURN died in Monroe, May 19, 1882; age 83 years. Was born in Pennsylvania, and moved to Monroe in 1847.

OAKLAND COUNTY.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY EDWARD W. BUCK.

A list of pioneers of Oakland who became residents of the county in 1840, or previously, and who have died from February 3d, 1881, to June 3, 1882, with date of decease so far as ascertained, and age at Death.

Names.	Date of Death.	Age.
Drake, Melvin	February, 1881	74
Coon, Isaac D.	" 20, "	74
Raynate, Ebenezer, M. D.	March 24, "	77
Miller, George	April 9, "	80
Cooley, Solon	" 27, "	51
Trowbridge, Rowland E.	June 20, "	59
Waldron, Henry	" 24, "	73
Hubbard, Diodale	August 20, "	81
Wallace, James	"	85
Beebe, Mrs. Elizabeth M.	August, "	80
Tuttle, Mrs. Clarissa	"	64
Southard, John	Sept. 30, "	85
Cogshall, Bela	October, "	63
Thomas, Henry W.	" "	74
Babcock, Curtis	" "	77
Phelps, Alfred	Novemb'r 21, "	84
Millis, Samuel L.	" "	85
Babcock, Mrs. Pamelia	February 2, 1882	68
Sherman, Jonathan B.	" 8, "	64
Voorhies, Sebring	" "	62
Davis, Mrs. Nancy G.	March, "	65
Chase, Jonathan	" "	87
Jones, John	" "	79
Philbrick, H. H.	" "	65
Evarts, James	" "	68
Axford, Samuel	April, "	73
Stowell, Ira	May 21, "	65

PONTIAC, *June 3d, 1882.*

SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

MRS. ABRAM HOUGHTELIN died at the residence of her daughter, in Burns, January 6, 1882, aged 65 years, 8 months, and 15 days. Mrs. Houghtelin was born in Onondaga county, New York, where she resided until she was twenty-six years old, when she removed to this State, stopping for a short time in Oakland county, afterwards removing to Burns, where she has since lived. Since the death of her husband, which occurred about three years ago, she has been in declining health. For the last year her sufferings have been great, but were borne with that Christian patience which marks the true disciples of Christ. The funeral services took place at the above named residence on the 9th inst., and were conducted by Rev. Benton, of the M. E. church, of which she was a member. Her remains were placed in charge of a delegation from Byron Lodge, No. 43, I. O. O. F., consisting of Bros. Horace L. Cook, John Reynolds, Owen Knapp, and Noah Joslin, and taken to Clarkston and laid to rest by the side of her husband, for whom the same kindly hands had but three short years ago performed a like duty.

MRS. HARRIET CLEMENT, of Perry, died January 12, 1882, of consumption of the lungs. Mrs. C. has been a resident of Perry many years, and could well be classed among the pioneers. She was of a quiet, amiable disposition, with a remarkable faculty to overcome difficulties, and under all circumstances to possess a cheerful mind. She was left twice a widow—Mr. Durant having died in the State of New York, and she came with her family to Perry. A few years afterwards she was married to Mr. Clement. Together they overcame the difficulties of pioneer life. After obtaining a good home, Mr. C. died, some twenty years ago. Of late she has been a great sufferer. Owing to the severe illness of her daughter, the funeral sermon was postponed until she should recover. Mrs. C. was a member of the Presbyterian church, and the brief services at the house were conducted by Rev. C. D. Ellis, of Morrice.

MR. PARKIS P. PUTNAM died of asthma, February 12, 1882, aged 73 years. The deceased was an old pioneer of Shiawassee county. He came from York State in 1844, and after stopping one year in Oakland county, removed to this county and settled in the town of Vernon, one mile south of Durand, where he has resided until his death. Although he had been in poor health from asthma during the past few years, he was able to attend to his business until within ten days of his death. His wife died about seven years ago. He raised a family of ten children—eight sons and two daughters, all of whom are living except two sons. Three of his sons, one of whom is Mr. L. I. Putnam of this city, served in the army during the war.

DEACON PHINEAS AUSTIN, a pioneer of Perry, died March 7, 1882, at the residence of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Anna Austin, of typhoid-pneumonia, aged 80 years. He lived for some years with his son Leonard, at Rockford, Kent county. On the death of Mr. Leonard Austin, his widow purchased a place in this city, and removed here to educate her children, and Deacon Austin also came as a member of his daughter-in-law's household. Deacon Austin was not only the pioneer of the Austin neighborhood, in Perry, but he was also one of the founders of the Perry Baptist church, which is over forty years old, and he was one of three surviving members of that church who

helped to organize it. The two now remaining are, Deacon Whitford and Mrs. Horace Green. Of Deacon Austin it can truthfully be said, he was a good man; he was remarkable for his childlike, unquestioning faith in his religion. One of his sons lives in Perry, and another in Rockford, Kent county.

JOHN TODD died in Owosso, May 15, 1882, aged 88 years. His home was with his son, ex-Mayor E. A. Todd, and for years his venerable form has been familiar to our citizens almost daily, as he took his regular walk into town, growing from year to year perceptibly more faltering in his steps. On Saturday morning he went as usual down town for the morning papers, but it was his last journey. He was on that day attacked with a chill, and on Monday, at 2:30 p. m., breathed his last.

In the death of "Uncle John Todd," as he was familiarly called, a valuable compendium of early State history passes away. Mr. Todd's most energetic days were spent in pioneer life in Genesee county. He was the first white settler of Flint; he cut out the first road from Flint to Saginaw, and built the first bridge over Cass River. Early in 1830, Mr. Todd, then living at Pontiac, during a prospecting tour, visited the Grand Traverse of the Flint, and being pleased with the location purchased from Mr. Campau a section comprising 785 acres, for $800. Returning to Pontiac he took his wife and two young children (E. A. Todd and Mary, now Mrs. David Gould) and returned to his new purchase, cutting the road through the woods from Grand Blanc to Flint. The journey occupied three days, and in the emigrant train were stock, farm implements and household goods necessary to start in pioneer life. The building Mr. Todd erected was known throughout that region as "Todd's tavern" and the hospitality of the host and the good management and energetic labors of his wife, known far and wide as "Aunt Polly Todd," made it a popular public resort. The adventures of this pioneer family with the Indians, the skill and bravery developed in dealing with them, and especially the heroism displayed by Mrs. Todd in encounters with Indians infuriated by whisky, would form a thrilling narrative.

In 1836, Mr. Todd sold his tavern and built a house on the spot now occupied by the First National Bank of Flint, and he and his wife retired from the arduous duties of hotel life. Later he purchased a farm on the Flushing road upon which he resided until 1862, when the aged couple came to Owosso, to reside with their eldest son, E. A. Todd, where they met the most affectionate filial care.

The death of Mrs. Todd occurred in 1868. The declining days of "Uncle John" have been pleasantly passed in the happy home of his son's family. He leaves three children, all residents of this city, viz: Edwin A. Todd, Mrs. David Gould, and Albert Todd, who mourn the loss of a dear father. The first wife of G. R. Lyon, Esq., was a daughter of the deceased.

Mr. Todd was born in Pennsylvania, in the valley of the Susquehanna, March 5, 1794. He removed thence to Palmyra, N. Y. He was a soldier in the war of 1812 and was in the battle of Fort Erie. He came to Michigan in 1819, crossing Lake Erie on the second trip of the Walk-in-the-Water—the first steamboat that crossed the western lakes. He was married in 1825 to Polly Smith, who lived near Pontiac.

"Uncle John" maintained his faculties and judgment remarkably up to the last. He read with ease without spectacles; was a staunch old democrat and read the Free Press daily, even on the Saturday he was attacked with his last illness.

MR. JAMES KENNEY, of Middlebury, died January 1st, 1882. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Boynton, of Ovid, and the remains of the deceased were taken to Maple Grove cemetery, Ovid, for interment.

Mr. Kenney was born in the town of Northampton, Montgomery county, N. Y., April 21, 1806, and was therefore nearly 76 years of age. He remained with his father until he was 26 years of age, when he started out for himself, and in 1835 started for Michigan. He came to Detroit by steamer, and from there he went on foot to Saginaw, stopping at Flint long enough to help raise the first frame building erected there. Upon arriving at Saginaw Mr. K. found it a howling wilderness, with only a tavern and Indian trading post. His first work was clearing the land where Saginaw now stands.

On the 16th of June, 1840, Mr. K. was married to Miss Rosella Bruno. After his marriage he bought a farm on the Cass river, and in 1841 and 1843 was elected sheriff of Saginaw county on the Whig ticket. In April, 1846, he moved to the town of Middlebury. There were then but few inhabitants in that town, and but two houses between his farm and Owosso. He built a log house and moved his family into it. The old house has given place to one of the finest homes in Middlebury, and in place of the wilderness he leaves a fine farm of 200 acres. Mr. K. was an ardent republican, and has held nearly all the town offices, including supervisor, treasurer, and clerk.

His family have been blessed with good health, his being the first death in the family. His widow and four children, one son and three daughters, mourn his loss. The eldest of the children is Mr. Lester J. Kenney, at present supervisor of Middlebury.

HON. AMOS GOULD died May 14, 1882, aged 73 years, 5 months and 11 days. Although he had been in impaired health for several years, no symptoms of immediate danger were apparent until ten days ago, when his system yielded to the long encroachments of disease—at last decided to be Bright's disease—and he became prostrated.

Judge Gould was born in the town of Aurelius, Cayuga county, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1808. He attended school at Auburn, near his native town; afterwards pursued his studies at the Aurora seminary, and entered the sophomore class of Hamilton College, at Clinton, N. Y. Later he entered the law office of Wm. H. Seward, in Auburn, as a student, and subsequently became associated with Theodore Spencer, son of Chief Justice Spencer, of New York. In 1832 he was admitted to the bar of the supreme court and the court of chancery of New York. He was appointed Master in Chancery by his friend, William H. Seward, then governor of the State, and was later made injunction master for the seventh judicial circuit, the courts having been held at Auburn. These offices he held, at the same time maintaining an extensive law practice, until he removed to Owosso, in 1843, since which time he has been a resident of this city, for many years in active practice of law, a portion of the time in company with his brother, the late Col. E. Gould.

In the fall of 1844 Mr. Gould was elected probate judge for Shiawassee county, and in 1852 he was elected State senator. He was also prosecuting attorney of the county, and supervisor of the township of Owosso from 1844 to 1850. He was actively instrumental in obtaining the location of Owosso's two railroads; was the attorney for the Detroit & Milwaukee road during its construction, and was one of the original projectors of the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay R. R., which resulted in giving us the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw road. He was also deeply interested, and for many years active in our

school advancement, and was for a long time president of the school board. He was the first mayor of the city of Owosso. In legal ability he ranked among the best lawyers of the State.

In 1865 he organized the First National Bank of Owosso, and from that time until his death was its president. He had other extensive property interests in Owosso and vicinity and also had immense investments in pine lands in northern Michigan.

Judge Gould was one of the founders of the Congregational church in this city. He was present at the first meeting for its organization, in 1853, and at the adjourned meeting he was made chairman of the board of trustees, and held the position until his death. He united with the church by letter, on the 7th of April, 1867.

Mr. Gould was very happy in his family relations; he was a devoted, indulgent husband and father, and his leisure hours were spent in his home. He leaves a mourning wife and four children, viz: two daughters, Mrs. Morris Osburn, and Mrs. E. R. Hutchins; and two sons, Fred H., and Lawrence P. Gould. The late Mrs. C. Y. Osburn was a well-beloved daughter, whose death was a severe affliction to him. The children of Mr. Gould were tenderly attached to him, and they mourn deeply a dearly beloved parent.

Funeral services took place at the family residence, Rev. Mr. Platt, pastor of the Congregational church, officiating. The common council attended in a body.

Prof. Cassidy, florist of the State agricultural college at Lansing, sent a box of magnificent flowers for the funeral casket.

EMMANUEL N. YOUNG, for forty years a resident of Shiawassee county—formerly at Antrim, and for the past thirty years in Owosso—died May 14, 1882, aged 80 years.

MADAME E. LEBRUN died in Owosso, Thursday evening, Nov. 24, 1881, of typhoid pneumonia, aged 70 years and 6 months.

"Madame Lebrun is dead!" This sad announcement came suddenly to many, but to all it brought a feeling that a lady of uncommon activity and individuality, one who will be greatly missed in this community, had passed to her rest. Mme. Lebrun held a peculiar position in Owosso. By her grace of manner, beautiful face, and affable and lovely ways—simple and unaffected, yet in all circumstances scrupulously polite and unfailingly observant of the laws of good society—she was always strikingly distinguished in company, while her cheerful attentions to every one rendered her presence peculiarly delightful and her society much sought. Hence, in society and on occasions of ceremony Mme. Lebrun was ever an honored guest, and among many of the older families of Owosso it has been customary for years to invite "Madame" to participate in family gatherings or in the entertainment of distinguished guests.

While occupying this honored position she was indefatigable in attentions to the masses. Up to within a few years, she knew nearly every family in Owosso, and made herself familiar with every member, from parents down to the children; for the latter she always had a kindly greeting, and words of good advice, and many grown-up persons to-day shed tears of tenderness in memory of what Madame Lebrun has been to them from their youth upward. Especially was she active in attentions to strangers, searching them out and making them feel at home in Owosso. This universality of feeling and interest made her known to every one. As a person remarked while standing by

her lifeless remains: "Beautiful in life, beautiful in death; she was a friend to everybody and everybody knew and loved her."

Thus was Madame Lebrun socially. Religiously she shone as a truly pious, Christian woman, devoted to her church and the service of her God. She was one of the first communicants of Christ Church (Episcopal) in Owosso; under her eye, and to a great extent owing to her care and untiring labor, the church organization has grown from two or three communicants, worshipping in a hall, to its present proportions.

Her dying hours were cheered by seeing her beloved church prosperous, and the completion of the new rectory assured, free from debt. She knew that death was near; made bequests to friends, received the consolations of her beloved religion, and fell asleep quietly and sweetly, after an illness of only six days.

Mme. Lebrun was of English birth; her deceased husband, Felix P. T. Lebrun, was a native of France; he was educated for the navy at Bordeaux, served under the first Napoleon, was captured by the British and held a prisoner in England four or five years. After his return to France he revisited England for the purpose of acquiring the English language, and while so engaged taught classes in French. Probably during this time his acquaintance with the deceased Mme. Lebrun was formed. They came to America in 1854 and resided in Detroit until September, 1856, when they removed to Owosso. He died February 20, 1871, in the 86th year of his age.

Thus for 25 years has Mme. Lebrun been socially and religiously identified with Owosso. A lady, in every sense of the word, she is universally mourned. For the past seven years her home has been in the family of ex-Mayor David Gould, at whose house she died. Her sister-in-law and niece—Mrs. Carn and daughter Lotta of Detroit—were summoned by telegram on Wednesday, and remained until Monday. Funeral services took place Sunday morning at the church she loved so well; mourning ladies of the church had draped it heavily and many friends contributed lovely floral emblems. The house was filled to overflowing.

EDWARD HOLMES, of Vernon, died at his home in Vernon, Mich., on Monday, November 22, 1881, in the 72d year of his age.

Mr. Holmes was born January 12, 1810, in Madison county, N. Y. He was married to Miss Polly E. Winchell by whom he had three children; only one of them is now living. His wife died in 1841. In 1843 he married Miss Nancy M. Kinney, of Cazenovia, N. Y., by whom he had five sons and four daughters. In 1848 he moved from New York to the home he has since occupied. His second wife died in April, 1865. Since that time he has lived for his children, having the satisfaction of seeing them grow up to be useful and respectable members of society. The ten children were all with him at his death. Mr. Holmes was a kind neighbor and a true friend.

Through his long life he was a Jeffersonian Democrat; a subscriber to the *Owosso Press* from its first number. He was a charter member of the Masonic Lodge at Newberg, being treasurer at the time of his death, the duties of which office he faithfully performed. The funeral services were held in the Congregational church on Wednesday, the 23d inst., under the direction of his Lodge by Masons, Post Grand Chaplain E. R. Clarke officiating, and a large concourse attending. After the services at the church, his remains were taken to the Vernon Village cemetery, and placed by the side of his wife, giving them Masonic burial.

ALBERT GAGE died at his residence in Corunna, December 24, 1881, aged 75 years and 13 days. Mr. Gage was born in Sudbury, Rutland county, Vermont, December 11, 1806, and was married in Churchville, Monroe county, in 1831, to Amelia Cummins. The deceased became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church 46 years ago, of which church in this city he had been a member for ten years prior to his death. Mr. Gage was also a member of the I. O. O. F. of this city, with which order he became connected twenty-six years ago. He had resided in Corunna thirty-six years at the time of his death, during six years of which time he was a member of the common council, of which body he was an active member at the time of his death. His funeral, which was held at the Free Methodist church in this city, was very largely attended, the mayor and common council attending in a body. The services were conducted by the Rev. A. C. Marshall, who spoke eloquently of the Christian life and consistent character of the deceased, and most touchingly alluded to the fifty years during which the now desolate widow and the husband of her girlhood's choice had lived, loved, and toiled together, wakeful in care, tenacious of their trust, perfect in example, common in their care, and in their love of their large family. Mr. Gage was a hard-working and industrious man, a kind, indulgent father, a devoted husband, and a good citizen; a man of calm and even temperament, and of sound judgment. As the senior member of the board of aldermen, his counsel was often sought, and followed with results such as are secured only by mature deliberation and careful consideration. Ever careful concerning the expenditure of the public funds, yet his vote was always cast in favor of improvement and progress. To his persistent efforts in this direction, Corunna owes many of her more recent improvements, prominent among which is the new iron bridge, now the pride of our city. Ever active in all matters of reform, Alderman Gage will be sadly missed at the meetings of the council, which at this time cannot well afford to lose so valuable a member. His familiar form will be missed upon our streets; his aged wife will sadly long for his cheering voice and encouraging words so often heard during these fifty years of wedded life, but now hushed forever. His children will miss the counsel and instruction of the devoted father. His was a long and useful life; with the ability and the means at his command, he did the best he could for his family, his home, and his city, and who will say that his work was not well done? Who can say that Alderman Gage was not a true man and a faithful servant?

ST. CLAIR COUNTY.

EARLY HISTORY OF ST. CLAIR COUNTY.

BY MRS. B. C. FARRAND, OF PORT HURON.

[Read before the Detroit Pioneer Society, June 13th, 1872.]

I find in my own mind an interest awakened in all that pertains to the history of the Northwest—to the adventures of the early missionaries and traders—more especially to LeCaron, Champlain, and La Salle, with whose names are associated "the great inland ocean," "The Mer Douce" of Champlain, our own beautiful Lake Huron.

I crave your indulgence for the errors you may observe and the anachronisms which your more extended research will enable you to correct.

So far as I have been able to learn, the French were the first of the Caucasian race to "behold this beautiful peninsula," or to set foot upon this portion of its soil. As early as June 6, 1686, M. Du Lhut, who had been in command at Michilimackinac, in obedience to the command of the Governor-General of New France, selected the site of the present Fort Gratiot, and erected thereon a fortified trading post, and gave it the name of Fort St. Joseph.

The order was given in these words, among others: "I wish you to establish a post on the Straits between lakes Huron and Erie. I desire you to choose an advantageous place to secure the passage which may protect our savages who go to the chase, and serve them as an asylum against their enemies and ours. * * * * * * You will take care that each (of the 50 men) provide himself with provisions sufficient for his subsistence at the said post, when I doubt not you may trade for peltries."

Thirteen years after Fort St. Joseph was built, Cadillac established a fort and named it Fort Ponchartrain at Teuchsagrondie, on the present site of Detroit.

Had Fort St. Joseph existed seven years before, it might have welcomed the adventurous voyager La Salle, as his wooden bark—the Griffin—first specimen of American naval architecture, sailed up the rapid current of the St. Clair, the banks of which almost embrace each other. We seem to hear the report of the five arquebuses as her Griffined prow looked forth upon the opening ocean, and her keel first parted its deep blue waters, while naught but the stately pine trees wave an answering salute.

Until 1790 the Indian maintained his original proprietorship, and enjoyed this place of wondrous beauty all undisturbed (for Fort St. Joseph was abandoned after two years). His hunting grounds—the great forests—remained all unknown; their vast treasures as yet tempted not the cupidity of the white man, and the Rapids at all seasons of the year furnished an unlimited supply of all kinds of fish.

So attractive was this place that 3,000 Indians have been encamped here at one time, within the memory of those now living here; wigwam touching wigwam and extending far above the present Military street on both sides of Black river.

During the summer of 1790, just mentioned, seven Frenchmen, with their wives and families, arrived at this spot. They came up the river in canoes, and erected shanties for the purpose of forming a settlement. They brought with them no means. Enterprise and health constituted their capital. For many years they lived amicably with the Indians, who permitted them to appropriate portions of the soil for their gardens, and to fell trees with which to erect their cabins of logs.

These Indians had a tradition of a great council held at Pe-tag-wa-no (now Point Edward, in Sarnia) at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. The great question was, which should they help, the Americans or the British? They had been in council six days, and could not agree, and then sent for the Great Prophet and chief of all the Huron tribe, We-me-ke-uns. This chief had a grotesque appearance. Besides being very large and powerful, he had three noses—a smaller one on each side of the face. He stepped forward into the council and said: "My Brothers—The Great Spirit tells me that we poor Indians had best keep silence, for the Ke-she-mo-co-mon (meaning the Big Knife, or the Americans) will drive us away beyond the Rocky Mountains. These beautiful forests will not be our home. It may be you and I

will be gone to the happy hunting-grounds of our fathers, but these things will surely come. The Americans fight for themselves, and the English fight for their king. The Americans are few, but they have a great advantage; they will drive the English back over the great waters, and will fight to the last. So there is no hope for us. Remain in peace. The Great Spirit hath spoken."

This chief lived 125 years before he went to the happy hunting-grounds of his fathers. His wife preceded him four years; was 101 years of age, and left fifteen children to mourn her *early* departure.

The names of the French settlers were Anselm Petit, Francois Lerviere, Batiste Levais, Duchien, Jarvais, Coarneais, and Moreaux.

M. Jarvais erected a saw-mill on what is now known as Indian Creek, but was then called la Riviere Jarvais. Three miles up Black river was Quotsboron, the site now of Harrington's mill. Black river was then called by the more euphonious name of la Riviere Delude, although the association was no more pleasant, from the fact that a man by the name of Delude had found his grave in its dark waters.

The settlement, though called Dismond for a few years, was more frequently called la Riviere Delude, until the platting of a village in 1835 by Hon. Daniel B. Harrington, to which he gave the present name of Port Huron.

The Indians had several acres of land under cultivation on the lowlands, or Big Marsh, just above the present crossing of the Grand Trunk railroad over Black River, up to the time of the great land speculations of 1836–1837. The second saw-mill was built by M. Petit, under contract, for Park & Meldrum of Detroit. Park & Meldrum were slaveholders, and employed slave labor. One of their employés served seven years to obtain one of their slaves for a wife; and the descendants of this woman are now living on the banks of the St. Clair River, in the county of St. Clair. It is to be hoped this slave-wife was truly a free woman after her marriage.

At the breaking out of the war of 1812, disturbances seemed to threaten the settlers. The Indians were not as friendly as heretofore, and in the summer of 1813, during the holding of an Indian council, the settlers were warned by a squaw, to whom some unusual kindness had been shown, that their death or capture was determined upon, and that they should at once remove. Accordingly, the next morning they started for Detroit in boats. On their route they met Mr. King, one of the settlers on the Canada side, on his return from a trip down the river, and told him of the troubles and fears at la Riviere Delude. He was unable to appreciate the situation, and said he had few fears and should proceed home and take the risk. The next day he was killed, and also a man with him by the name of Rodd. Their wives and children were taken as captives to the head of Lake Huron. Some of the children of King are now living in the vicinity of Saginaw, and the widow of Rodd is the same Old Mother Rodd who was so well known in this locality, and who died a year since, aged 115 years. A son of hers now resides on the Indian reservation opposite this place.

King was an Englishman, Rodd a half-breed. Of the Indians engaged in this massacre were "Old Salt," "Black Foot," "Wapoose," the medicine man, and "Old Wawenash," the old Chippewa chief, who died in Sarnia only a few years ago. Wawenash shot King.

After the close of the war the settlers returned to their homes and Fort Gratiot was built, the settlers assisting. The fort was garrisoned by a company under command of Col. McNeill, Maj. Burbank, and Capt. Whistler.

A reinforcement of French settlers arrived in 1815: Mr. Peter Brandemoor, M. Causley, M. Duprey, and the two brothers Burnham, so that there began to be the appearance of a settled community, and a good deal of confidence and security experienced.

In 1819 Mr. Jeremiah Harrington, the father of Mr. Daniel B. Harrington, arrived from the State of New York and "found the place used mostly by the Indians as a hunting ground and fishery."

In 1820 the county of St. Clair was organized and its records for several years thereafter placed in a cigar box for safety.

In 1828, the houses for the Indians on the Sarnia side were built, just as they now are, by the British government. A contract for some of the building material was taken by Mr. Jonathan Brutch of this place, the shingles were furnished from the American side of the river.

The first village plat was made by Mr. Edward Petit, son of one of the original settlers, and was named Peru. Twelve acres were platted on what is now known as "the Flats."

No church edifice existed for many years, either Protestant or Catholic. Early Protestant religious services were conducted by Dr. Norman Nash, then on his way to the Green Bay Mission. He preached at Fort Gratiot and baptized several children.

Occasionally a Catholic Priest made a visit here and administered baptism. Old Father Bada was the first who visited this place. Pere Richard came as far as Cottrellville.

The records of the town and of St. Clair county as well as those of Fort Gratiot are easily accessible, and as they embrace a period of but little more than 50 years, are not very voluminous.

As a means of acquainting you more perfectly with the early days of this region, and also of rescuing from the oblivion awaiting them, unless speedily saved, I have recorded some incidents in the life of a native of this city, who, so far as we can learn, was the first white child born within the limits of what is now known as Port Huron.

EDWARD PETIT

was born February 7, 1813, in a log house built by his father, near the foot of the present Court street, Port Huron.

He was the oldest and now only living son of Anselm Petit. His mother was Angelique Campau, daughter of Simon Campau and Angelique Bourdon, from Quebec. Mrs. Campau, the grandmother, was one of 14 children, seven sons and seven daughters. She died at the house of Lebby Campau in Detroit, aged 96 years.

A daughter married one McDougal, who kept slaves—two of them, named Jo and Callette, may be remembered by persons now living in Detroit. Callette, after the death of her mistress, went to live with Lebby Campau, at whose house she died.

When Mr. Petit was but a few months old the family was obliged to flee for safety to Detroit, where they remained till the close of the war (1812), when they returned home, and his father assisted in building Fort Gratiot.

About the year 1821 Mr. John S. Hudson and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, and Miss Osmer opened a missionary school at the fort for the benefit of the Indians and any that chose to attend. The first year they met with poor success, the Indians wholly refusing to receive instruction, believing or fearing

that the missionaries wished to enslave them. But after getting an interpreter named Javerodd the school numbered some 50 or 60, and was continued three years, until the missionaries were removed to Mackinaw. Thirty of the Indians followed them thither, thus proving their attachment to these self-denying, good people.

At this school Mr. Petit took his first and only lessons, which were learned in a box of sand. Each pupil was provided with a sharpened stick and formed letters in the sand after a copy placed upon the wall. After the inspection of the teacher the work was rubbed out and another trial made.

What a change have these 50 years witnessed!

The chief amusements of Mr. P.'s boyhood were those of the Indian—hunting and fishing.

The Indians were very numerous, and from them he learned their language. French being the language of his parents, and English settlers coming in, he learned simultaneously the French, Indian, and English languages, all three of which he now speaks with fluency, and on this account, as well as his enterprising spirit, he was well calculated to trade for the fur companies, and in that trade he was employed almost from boyhood.

He well remembers the visits of old Father Bada at his father's house, and in 1828, at St. Ann's church, in Detroit, he received the sacraments of the Roman Catholic church from the hands of Pere Richard.

During that year, and at only 15 years of age, he engaged in the Indian trade and spent the winter on the Canadian side, near the Sauble. He took supplies of shot, powder, calicos, and blue broadcloth, one and three-fourth yards of which was called a blanket. The Indians gave for these, maple sugar and furs—otter, beaver, mink, martin, and bear skins. Of the early visits of the steamer Superior he has a distinct recollection. About four times a year she was accustomed to visit this place for wood, dry pine being deemed the only wood suitable for steamboats. A Mr. Hatch had a contract to supply the wood.

The captain of the boat charged all who went on board to visit her one shilling each. "One whole family," says Mr. Petit, "visited the boat, and going on board stood in mute admiration of the most beautiful thing we had ever seen. We thought we were in Heaven."

When in the Indian trade, in the employ of Gurdon and Ephraim Williams, then of the fur company, Mr. P. had a post on the Cass river, at a place called Skop-ti-qua-nou, meaning a very short bend in the river shaped like a horse-shoe. The Indians on that river were numerous and unusually intelligent. The traders had plenty to eat and plenty to do looking them up and bartering with them.

Special interest had been awakened by the failure of all the traders to find an encampment of five or six families of Indians who had been gone all winter, and must necessarily have great quantities of furs, or skins, as they were called. Party after party went out and returned, not having found them. The head of this camp was Tawas, a cunning old fellow, one of whose sons had blue eyes.

Young Petit resolved to secure this prize if perseverance would accomplish it, and started out with provisions on his back for a week, together with articles for barter. He took with him as guide an Indian with one arm. The other arm had been sacrificed to the revenge of the Indians, who had shot him because he had murdered his own wife at la Riviere Delude.

The two started off and passed over to Sebewaing, then following round the lake came down to the place now known as White Rock, where they encamped after making for themselves a lodge of bark. Before morning a drenching rain set in, and with nothing to cheer, and only one loaf of bread remaining, they set forth renewing their search, which was rewarded after a tramp of five miles. Tawas and his families were found preparing to make sugar. They had brass kettles of all sizes, which had been given them by the British government. They had selected this spot on account of its facilities for fishing. When found they were almost in a starving condition, having no food at all but moose tallow scraps. Petit divided with them his only loaf, and in return shared their hospitality in the shape of scraps of moose tallow for several days. He purchased during this time, 500 martin skins at $1 each, which were readily sold at $2. Only the finest of the furs could they take away. The coarse ones were left for later traders; and returning to camp rejoicing, his wages were quadrupled by his employers.

Another winter, while in the Indian trade, he was three months with only one man for company, on the Canada side of the lake. Getting short of provisions, he sent the man forty miles, to Goderich, for food. The snow fell during his absence, and was so deep that return was impossible. The bread and crackers gave out, and he had nothing left but whole corn, without any salt. After some days an old Indian came in from the hunting-grounds on the Thames, bringing on his back a basket he had made from elm bark, filled with honey found on his way, in a tree. After that, to use his own expression, they "lived first rate on corn and honey." As soon as the sun came out so as to melt the snow and form a crust, the man who had been sent for food returned on snow-shoes, and soon four Frenchmen came out bringing relief to the starving trader.

It was in this vicinity, on the Sauble, about 40 miles from Port Sarnia, that he observed the ruins of an ancient house.

Pacing the size he found it to have been 40x24 feet on the ground. On the middle of the south or gable-end was a chimney eighteen (18) feet high, in excellent preservation, built of stone, with an open fire-place. The fire-place had sunk below the surface. This ruin had a garden surrounding it 10 or 12 rods wide, by 20 long, marked by ditches and alleys. And most remarkable of all, even wonderful, inside the walls of the house a splendid oak had grown to be three feet in diameter and sixty feet high without a limb, and perfectly straight. It seemed to be of a second growth, and must have been 150 years in reaching the proportions observed. On inquiry of an aged Saguenay chief,* 84 years old, he stated that a white man built the house at the time his great-great-great-great-grandfather lived, and that white people lived then in all the country round; that they were not Frenchmen, and that everything, no matter of how great or small value, was sold for a peminick, meaning dollar.

Who could these generous white men of the north have been?

After so varied an experience in border and Indian life, Mr. Petit, scarcely past middle age, resides in the place of his birth, blessed with ample means, the fruit of his own industry and well-directed enterprise.

He is a zealous member of the Congregational Church, and lives to enjoy the luxury of doing good, and to help build up those institutions of benevolence and Christianity which, in so short a period of time, have changed the wilderness, where only the swarthy Indian roamed, to the city whose school-

*Onick-nick.

houses and churches guard and develop the intellectual, moral, and religious culture of its thousands.

For the facts and incidents of the foregoing sketch of the early French settlers of Port Huron I am largely indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Petit, and their only daughter, Mrs. Louise Petit Smith.

ST. CLAIR ACADEMY.

From the St. Clair Republican.

In the march of improvement in St. Clair, which of course is exceedingly gratifying to all of us, there is yet sometimes occasion for a feeling of sadness at the tearing down and removal of buildings which by reason of old and familiar associations have become entitled to a sort of reverence. Among these the old St. Clair academy building, latterly the residence of C. H. Woodruff, is a notable instance. Built almost 40 years ago on a spot which commands the finest view of the river, and which is, all things considered, probably the most beautiful location in the city, it has now been doomed to removal to a back street so as to give opportunity for an enlargement and improvement of the grounds belonging to the more modern and aristocratic building next door. Believing that our readers would be interested in some account of the establishment and conduct of the school from which we were aware a number of persons of distinction had gone forth, we addressed a letter to the founder, the Rev. O. C. Thompson, asking him to furnish the desired information. His letter in reply is so interesting that, at the risk of doing that for which we have not received absolute authority, we publish it in full. It is as follows:

DETROIT, April 12, 1881.

Editor of the Republican:

SIR: Yours of the 11th inst. received. In reply to your inquiries permit me to say: My ministerial labors commenced at St. Clair in the spring of 1834. Soon after this there appeared at that place some of my pupils in the academy of Ann Arbor of which I had charge the year before,—Samuel Woodworth and Wm. Teneyck, etc. Young Woodworth studied with me several years. This was before the St. Clair academy was erected. In the summer of 1842 I built the academy, and commenced teaching in it that fall. It was a success from the beginning, and continued in operation five years. It might have continued to the present time, perhaps, if my health had not failed me. The following persons were employed as teachers at different times, viz.: Miss Jane Isham, Miss Delia Grosvenor, Miss Martha Nutting, Mr. Josiah Nutting, Miss Abigail Alexander, Miss Anna Jane Foster, Mr. Henry Whiting, Rev. J. M. Sanborn, Miss Alice Jenks.

There were accommodations in the building for only 50 pupils, and frequently every seat was occupied. Some of these pupils have made their mark in the world. At least five of them became ministers of the gospel. Of these the Rev. James McLean was for a time pastor of one of the churches in the city of Milwaukee, now preaching in Massachusetts. Rev. Samuel Johnston, a successful and honored minister in New York. Rev. James Hay, missionary in Australia. Some of them became editors. S. A. Quay published a valuable periodical in Kansas City. Some of them became physicians. Dr. Edmund Town of the state of Iowa has become distinguished. You are well acquainted with the names of the Hon. T. W. Palmer of this city and his Excellency

David H. Jerome. The last two were pupils during almost the whole lifetime of the academy. A quotation of a sentence in a recent letter to me from Gov. Jerome will show his estimate of the St. Clair academy: "The sound instruction received from you at the old St. Clair academy made it possible for me to attain my present position, and without it I am sure no such success could have fallen to my lot. I appreciate daily more and more my obligations to you." Yours, truly,

O. C. THOMPSON.

MR. JAMES ROBINSON'S EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. E. M. SHELDON STEWART.

The following account of Mr. Robinson's experience was given by that gentleman to Mrs. Stewart in 1853:

I was born in Cottrellville, St. Clair county, August 31, 1795. My father's house was about three miles from my present home.

When I was seven years old I was sent to school a mile through the woods. There was a great scarcity of books, and I was surprised to see so many *shingles* with letters on them. My mother had taught me the alphabet before I went to school. I attended school three years and never went any more till I was sixteen. I have always lived on a farm since I was a child.

In 1803 or '4 father started for Scotland, but never reached there, and mother was left a widow with eight children to support.

The first incident of any importance that I recollect was being at Charles Tucker's house one night, when the Indian chief Kishkanko came and took Mr. Tucker's horse and wanted Mr. Tucker to give him his gun also, which Mr. T. refused. Every one feared an attack from the Indians then, and fourteen men stayed at Mr. Tucker's over night, but there was no outbreak.

After the war of 1812 was declared, the Indians became very troublesome, entering houses and carrying off all the food they could find. One day a band of about forty Indians came into our house and carried off four loaves of bread not yet baked,—the last food we had; and when mother tried to persuade them to leave at least one loaf, one of the Indians leveled his gun at her. Soon afterward my brother William, the Cottrells and others, built a good strong fort and two block houses in eleven days, on land owned by H. N. Russell, about three miles from my house. The fort was built as a defence against the Indians, and each man in the fort was armed with two guns, and for a while the inhabitants felt comparatively secure. But when the British got the Indians fully enlisted in their service massacres became so frequent that the inhabitants finally took refuge in the fort at Detroit, leaving the fort on the St. Clair unoccupied.

My mother also left the farm and moved into a small house about three-quarters of a mile east of the fort, and after a while she moved still farther away.

An amusing incident occurred at our little fort on the St. Clair some time after it was abandoned. Just after the surrender of Detroit, before the news had spread along the British lines, a detachment of British soldiers were sent across the St. Clair river to storm the fort. When they landed a dead silence reigned at the fort, but they feared a surprise, so they skulked around, hiding in the bushes and the crooks of the fences till at last they met Mr.

Cottrell, who was one of the few that remained on his farm, and asked him what this ominous silence meant. He told them the whole country was surrendered to the British and the fort was unoccupied. The crest-fallen troops hastened to their boats and crossed the river with all speed.

In the winter of 1812 I enlisted in Capt. McDonald's company for three months, to protect the frontier. I was 17 years old the previous August. During the early spring our company's rations consisted of one pound of bread and four pounds of beef for four days,—nothing else. In April two companies were discharged for want of provisions.

One day about the time of my discharge, Capt. Butler came to our barracks and asked me if I was a son of Capt. Robinson. I said yes. He then said he wanted me to go with him to Malden. I went as a citizen, had good food and fared well; worked in the public service. After a while I went to Fort Gratiot to work on the fort; went up the river in a gunboat. I did not work on the fort, but was sent west scouting. When I returned, I engaged to do military service for a month. They gave me twenty-one Frenchmen and seven boats to get ammunition. I brought the ammunition, but lost three of the boats.

When the month had expired I wanted to leave, but the officers urged me to remain. Col. Gratiot came and tried to get me to stay, but I could not be persuaded. I went to McCrosky Saturday night and got my pay, and on Monday went to work for Joseph Spencer. Soon after, I heard that the American fleet were going to re-take the fort at Mackinaw, and had issued a call for militia to guard Detroit. I went to Detroit and volunteered for six months, and the same day we got a full company of volunteers—James Anderson, captain, and my brother first lieutenant. After the troops returned from Mackinaw, I went twice to Canada to fight the Indians, who were frequently making attacks on the whites. At one time, when a boat load of soldiers were landing from a boat at Sturgeon creek, the Indians attacked them and killed nine of eleven men. As soon as the news of the massacre reached Detroit, our company was called up at midnight and sent to Malden. We remained at Malden till the next day at 4 o'clock P. M., then marched below Malden and camped at McCormick's. From there we marched rapidly to Sturgeon creek. McCormick went with us and showed us where the lieutenant lay who had been killed. I saw the mutilated remains of others who were killed in the fight. Mallott dug a grave for the lieutenant, and another for the remains of the others. Before the graves were filled, some of us were sent into the woods for evergreens to lay over the bodies. The woods were so dense that we could not see the sun. After they were buried, a scout came and told us the main army were coming, and we went back to meet them.

We soon found that a scouting party of British soldiers were following us, but we pushed on and finally found the American army in camp. The rain was pouring down, and we were glad to find shelter. Thirty-three of us volunteered to go back and fight the Indians at Sturgeon creek, if we could find them. We marched four miles, and halted in front of the house of John Little, and he brought out whisky and water and treated our men. We marched on through open woods with an undergrowth of very high brakes—a fine place for an Indian ambush—but we were not molested, and not finding any Indians to fight we marched back towards Malden. On our way back we found a new log house, around which the British fellows had cut away the growing oats. I rode up to the house, took my canteen and filled it with tea;

then we all rummaged the house, taking apple-pies and all sorts of good things. I took a pie, which was the only one I ever took. There was an old couple living on the lake shore, and the captain ordered me to give them my horse; then I had to go on foot. After a while I saw three horses. I pretended to be very angry at the owners, and threatened them with all sorts of calamities. I caught the horses and led them off, but lost my canteen of tea in the chase. We went back to Malden, and then to Cunard, above Malden, and from thence to Sandwich. Had a good dinner, and then crossed the river to Detroit.

When our time of service expired, we were only verbally discharged, and were held as "minute men;" but we stacked our arms, and had a great dinner in honor of the event. That same evening I came to Grosse Pointe, and the next day reached this home to help harvest. On my way home I swam Salt river and Swan creek, and in consequence was soon taken with the ague, and continued sick until fall. Finding I could not work on the farm, I returned to Detroit. I was out on the common north of the fort the day that the Indians killed Mr. McMillen, and took his little boy prisoner. They also took Jube, a colored man, and when they got into the bush they tied him to a tree, and left him with only a boy to guard him. Jube broke the thongs that bound him, killed the boy, and escaped to the fort.

The day after McMillen was killed, James Miller and I went after the cows, and when we were within about forty rods of the bush, all at once I felt frightened and asked James if he was not afraid; he said yes. Just then we saw two Indians skulking in the bushes and we ran for the fort. After we had run a short distance, we looked back and the Indians gave a fearful whoop and ran the other way. We got fourteen men from the fort and went to the woods, found the Indians and talked with them, but could not find out who were Mr. McMillen's murderers, nor could we get any trace of the lost boy.

I did not do much that winter, except to get firewood and make my mother as comfortable as possible. This was the winter of 1814–15. Peace was declared that winter.

After the cessation of hostilities I went to Canada with a man by the name of Alexander Harrow. Opposite Cottrellville we bought a load of corn at $1.50 per bushel to carry to Detroit. I was well clothed, the day pleasant, but very cold. When we were coming back I froze my feet and could go no farther. I put my horse in an open shed, went into a house, and slept on the floor with my frozen feet toward the door, and my head to the fire. I paid seventy-five cents for moccasins with holes in them, seventy-five cents for lodging, and one dollar for a meal of victuals. All kinds of provisions were very high. Tea was one dollar a pound, flour twenty dollars a barrel, and pork forty-five dollars a barrel.

In the spring of 1815 the families owning farms on the St. Clair river became anxious to return to their former homes. By the intercession of Father Gabriel Richard, the Catholic priest, Governor Cass furnished them with rations till they could raise their own provisions. Some of the families had drawn rations during the war.

Our family came back to the farm in May, and most of the others returned about the same time. Indians were very plenty, but if saucy we knocked them down; never had any serious trouble with them.

The land was very productive and prices high. The first year after the war we raised enough to support the family and pay a debt owed by my father. Apples sold for $2.50 per bushel, potatoes for $1.50, and corn for $2.50.

I have owned a great deal of property in my life time, but lost every thing except my farm by going into partnership with a bad man, but I still have a competence, for which I am thankful.

HENRY COTTRELL'S EXPERIENCE.

AS GIVEN TO MRS. E. M. SHELDON STEWART, IN 1852.

My real name is Henry Hoover. I was born in Schenectady, in 1777, and was taken prisoner by the Indians when I was seven years old. I was brought by them to St. Clair river, and was adopted into the Cottrell family and took their name. That was in 1784. All the children of my adopted father's family, except George, were born here at Cottrellville. George was born in Detroit, and was a year old when the family moved here. While they were living in Detroit father went into the Indian country to trade with the Indians. Father was very successful, but his partner proved false, and defrauded him out of a large share of his earnings. When father returned from the Indian country, he came to the St. Clair river and bought about seven hundred acres of land of the Indians. There were no inhabitants on Belle river then.

Capt. Harrow, James Cartwright, Toussaint Chovin, Capt. Thorn, Joseph Minne, and Mr. Trombley lived on the land father purchased. The Chippewa Indians lived along the river. One village was on our farm, one above on the river, another back from the river, in the "bush." The pappooses were my playmates, but during the war of 1812 the Indians became very troublesome.

When Dixon, with his British army and one thousand Indians went down the river toward Detroit, the British fleet kept in the middle of the river, but a number of Indian canoes turned out of line, and with terrific war-whoops, pulled for the shore, landed and killed a number of cattle and sheep. John Robinson and I were in the field, and when we saw so many Indians land, we secreted ourselves. Father and the rest of the family were in the house and the Indians surrounded it, whooping and yelling fearfully, but Capt. Haskins, who commanded them, was acquainted with my father, and prevented a massacre, though father had been a colonel in the American militia.

All through the war of 1812 we were obliged to watch our cattle in the daytime and drive them into a strong enclosure at night.

One day some Indians who were going down the river, landed, and a half dozen of them pointed their guns at me, while one shot a fat cow belonging to our herd. I turned and ran for the woods, but they did not pursue me; they only wanted the meat.

In war and in peace we always had plenty of wild meat, and corn and vegetables, but we were troubled to get our corn ground. There was a mill on Clinton river, and another on the River Thames, in Canada. We sometimes went to one and sometimes to the other; were often gone eight or ten days to mill. Sometimes the people had no other bread for weeks only that made of pounded corn; but we had an abundance of white-fish, and were always very healthy. Our log house, though small, was snug and warm.

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ST. JOSEPH COUNTY PIONEER SOCIETY, AT CENTREVILLE, MICH., JUNE 14, 1882.

The meeting was called to order at 10 o'clock by the president, Wm. H. Cross, and the proceedings of the society were then read by the secretary, W. B. Langley. The reports of secretary and treasurer were both read and approved.

After which, the election of officers for the ensuing year was held, and resulted as follows: President, David Knox, Sturgis; Secretary, Calvin H. Starr, Centreville; Treasurer, Edmund Stears, Centreville. Vice Presidents: Seth West, Leonidas; Gibson Bennett, Mendon; Chauncey Reed, Park; Ira Starkweather, Flowerfield; Benj. M. King, Fabius; John Baum, Lockport; Jonathan Engle, Nottawa; Wm. H. Castle, Colon; Alvin H. Calhoun, Florence; Thomas C. Langley, Constantine; Stephen M. Nash, Mottville; Lewis Rhodes, White Pigeon; Amos Sturgis, Sturgis; Geo. Thurston, Fawn River; Chas. R. Munroe, Burr Oak; Stephen W. Cade, Sherman. Executive Committee: Ezekiel Flanders, Wm. B. Langley, Daniel R. Parker, Geo. McGaffry, Andrew M. Leland. Lagrange county delegates: Samuel Brunell, Wm. Hill, Wm. Walker, I. P. Williams. Andrew Ellison.

Adjourned for dinner.

At 1 o'clock p. m., the meeting was called to order by an address of welcome by the president, as follows:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW PIONEERS: We are again permitted to meet at our 9th annual gathering, and have this morning selected the officers for the coming year, which our secretary will announce to you. There is a peculiar significance to this year's meeting; 50 years ago to-day, almost all of the men in Branch and St. Joseph counties were under arms, and in the service of the United States. They had been so called into service because of the Black Hawk war, and your executive committee has seen fit to extend to all the survivors of that time a special invitation to meet with us. We have sent notes to some of them with expression of our wish that they be with us, and we hope there may be a large number present, and we ask them to take places in front of the speakers' stand, that they may hear, and also that they may tell us of the incidents and recollections of that year, and of that campaign, and short, comprehensive statements from them will, we know, be listened to by all the assembly with engrossing interest, even if some others are shortened in the time that might be most gladly spent in listening to them.

This was followed by singing that old hymn, "And are we all alive," and prayer by Rev. E. L. Kellogg.

Here followed a special request to the soldiers of the Black Hawk war to take seats in the center of the stand.

The following old veterans responded to the invitation: Capt. Alvin Calhoun, of Florence twp.; Lieut. Jonathan Engle, of Nottawa twp.; Wm. Connor, of Nottawa twp.; John W. Fletcher, Nottawa twp.; Hiram Jacobs, of Sturgis; Geo. Thurston, Sturgis; John Hamilton, of Constantine; Walter G. Stevens, of Centreville, Wayne county, Ind.; Samuel Burnell, Lima, Lagrange

county, Ind.; John Hartman, of Cass county, Mich.; Samuel A. Fitch, of Lockport, Mich.; Wm. H. Cross, of Centreville, Mich.

Of those soldiers to whom in April last invitations were sent to meet with us, whom we knew were then living, six have gone: Amasa Miller, of Sturgis, April 14; Joseph Butler, Nottawa, June 6; E. A. Trumbull, Detroit, June 1; Ira Beadle, Fabius, June 12; James Powers, Mendon, May 8; Asel Savery, Kendall county, Texas, June 4.

The following list is the names of the pioneers of this county who have died since our last meeting:

Leonidas township: Sybel Bishop, Sally A. Churchill, Mrs. Emmila Millard. Mendon: Ziba White, Almira Wing, Benjamin and Mrs. Yeoman, James Powers, Mrs. Albert Angevine, Ephraim Miller, Rhoda Sprung. Park: Mr. and Mrs. Schoonmaker, Mrs. Hower, Bridget O'Brien, Curtis Hoppin, Elizabeth Moor, Judge Nathan Osborn, a former resident who died in Marcellus, Cass county. Flowerfield: Doxie Lane, Isaac Rarick. Fabius: Ira Beadle, who came to this county in 1827, and was drowned in Pleasant Lake, June 12, 1882. Lockport: Fredrika Groskong, Wm. M. Daniels, Wm. Cook, James Cook, John H. Kreisher, Mary A. Kroh, Wm. E. Wheeler, Sally Woodhull. Nottawa: John C. Joss, Mrs. Edmund Stears, Miss Immie Cross, Mrs. Elliott Adams, Jacob Morrison, George Bower, Mrs. George Bower, Charles Clarke, Sen., Nelson Wells, Harry W. Laird. V. —. Smith, died April 25, at Jamestown, Dakota, aged 72 years. He came to Michigan in 1837. Joseph Butler, died June 6, came to this county in 1830; Capt. John Stewart, Weldon Pollock, an early settler in Centreville, died at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, May 9, 1882. Hiram Wakeman, died January, 1881; Margaret Keller, died June, 1881; Mrs. Nancy Knight, July, 1881. Colon: Robert Ada, Mary C. Gage, Daniel K. Adams, Samuel Gorton, Isaac Shimmel. Burr Oak: Samuel Needham, Geo. C. Gilkerson. Sherman: Nehemiah Coburn. Florence: Mrs. James Yauney, Ira Waters, Archibald Mandigo, Thomas Garton. Constantine: Wm. Patterson, Jacob Berger, Mrs. John Hamilton, Daniel H. Johnson, Mrs. John K. Briggs. Mottville: George Smith, Nancy Grey, Mrs. Stephen Nash. White Pigeon: Wm. O. Austin, Isabella VanFleet, Chas. Timmis, Theresa Bare, Daniel Shurtz, Wm. Fieldhouse, John M. Statt, Michael McGowen, Harry Deyo, Samuel Reynolds, an old settler, died June 27, 1878. Sturgis: Fidelia Olmstead, Elizabeth Hill, Amasa M. Miller, B. B. Gardner, a soldier of the Black Hawk war. Fawn River: Isaac Thurston.

Capt. Calhoun: I shall make but a short speech; was invited by a friend to take picnic dinner with them, and they kept piling in the good things, and I don't know but I crowded a little too much.

A voice: You did not do that in the Black Hawk war. Answer. No, we didn't do that in that war.

Just about 75 years ago I became a resident of Michigan Territory, at the age of five years. 52 years ago last fall I came to St. Joseph county, located on north side of Pigeon Prairie. My brother-in-law and I joined farms. While breaking up the beautiful prairie one morning, our wives and little ones came crying, and said the inhabitants of Nottawa had taken possession of both cabins, and were going to kill them. Curious folks from Nottawa; I trust they have improved since then. When the Black Hawk war alarm came, Gen. Joseph W. Brown, of Tecumseh, came here, and a captain's commission was sent me by the Governor, with special orders to raise every man to watch the Indian trails and prevent the Indians from going to Canada for munitions of

war. I did so, and watched what we called the "Squaw Paths," to keep the Indians from Canada. Next day the Adjutant General (I wish I could name him—he was an awful big fellow with a "big hole" in his face) ordered us to dismiss the whole army of occupation, and told us to go home and take care of our wives and children. That was the best military order I ever received. I assure you I don't feel much like speaking, and will let some others come and do better.

COL. JONATHAN ENGLE: You will excuse me, for I am not a speech maker, but I was in the Black Hawk war; came through without a scratch, but one. That suited me, it was a scratch for 160 acres of land and $60 or $70 in cash, for one month's work; a gentleman here says he didn't get anything; they paid me right straight along, and I thank Uncle Sam for that. I don't like to get up here and tell long yarns, but if I should meet some of the old pioneers at home, we could tell some good stories. Everything has favored me since I came to this county. I have no complaint to enter before the grand jury, as we used to do in Michigan. Fifty-two years ago the 29th day of April, I saw John Foreman and his son ploughing on the upper part of the prairie. Then there was no house in Coldwater or Bronson. I followed through there on the Chicago trail; left it at crossing of Hog Creek on county line, and came to where Benj. Sherman used to live. But excuse me, there are other old soldiers and pioneers here. Call on them.

HIRAM JACOBS: The Governor wanted men, and ordered us out in May, 1832, those who lived on Sturgis Prairie. We obeyed the order and did all the fighting they brought forward for us to do. We had our headquarters at what is now the city of Niles. They called for volunteers to go out of the territory and I, with other of our neighbors, volunteered and went to what was Door Prairie (now Laporte). We had our amusement by way of shooting for a few days. When we were dismissed, I came home and fortunately am here to-day. I am eighty years old—none the better for that, but a good deal better than I might have been. I am glad to see so many of the old settlers here. The truth is, the whole story was told by my young friend Page; he went over the whole ground. We *are* living in glorious times in my opinion. I don't know as it is proper here, but if you want to hear yarns, invite the old pioneers, and *gold seekers* of '48; I am one of them.

WALTER G. STEVENS, of Centreville, Wayne County, Indiana: Were I going to make a political speech, I would address you as ladies and gentlemen, but now as *old settlers*. I have always been in pleasant company at these meetings. I wish to be indulged in going back a little further than the Black Hawk war, while I am up. I will go back to 29, when I first came to White Pigeon, what would to-day be called a boy tramp. I started from the south a mere boy. Hearing my uncle tell of the Michigan country and the Michigan lakes (he was in the war of 1812, and came into this country), I had a desire to come north, and came. I started in 1829 and came by way of Chicago, then a little village or mud-hole. That was no place for me. I came all the way on foot to Chicago; and the same way along the lake beach and up the St. Joseph river to White Pigeon. I was out of money, had only $2.50 when I started. Asel Savery here kept tavern. Friday night I had nothing to eat but frosted corn roasted on a blacksmith's forge for my supper, and next morning went to Savery and told him my story. I told him I was hungry, out of money and not a man in the territory I knew. He was pouring out some *toddy*, as they called it, and he came around the bar and

looked at me; I felt as if I would sink into a knot-hole. Says he, boy I guess you are honest. I told him I was honest. He says, when the breakfast bell rings, you go in and eat breakfast, and keep on doing so until you get the money to pay. Before I got through my breakfast, I understood there was a man at the door who, hearing I wanted a situation, said he wanted me to do some work for him. I told him I was only a boy, had come from the south, that I had no team and had come all the way on foot. He said that did not make any difference. Asel Savery told him I was an honest boy. I got into a good home and staid there three years. Now I will skip several years and many incidents, and come to the Black Hawk war. With the rest of the old gray heads over there, I went to fight the Indians. I think we were out about a month and got pretty well paid for it; I got a quarter section of land, fifty or sixty dollars in money, and a couple of blankets. I recollect I pawned my blankets for a little grub. When I got back here again, I staid at White Pigeon until Thomas W. Langley came there. He wanted some one to show him where Centreville was; there were no roads through here then, and I volunteered to show him. I think there were 13 or 14 persons of us altogether; most of them got into the only cabin, and I being an offshoot, had to get under a tree and stay all night. I thought it a pretty good country, and I staid and helped get out the timbers for Langley's hotel and for the old mill, and I helped build the jail, when they stuck me into it and kept me there seven years, as jailer and deputy sheriff. When I was getting out timber here I met a girl over on the Chicago road, and I got to leaning that way, and used to walk ten miles to see her. Would start late in the afternoon, stay round awhile, and get back for morning's work. Some of our young folks might think that hard, but it was the way we did it then; I went a few times and cut it short as I could. I came back here and built a little shanty and cut the timber off 40 acres of land. When I went to get married, I was a little hard up and did not know how I was to get it done, but I went to John S. Barry, afterwards our Governor Barry, and said I wanted him to go over by Klinger's Lake, on the Chicago road, and marry me. He went and tied the knot. When I nudged up to him and asked what the bill was, he said, give me a dollar. I thought that a pretty big price for a little evening's work, but I stood it. I had but two dollars, the one dollar I gave him and here is the other (dashing down an old dollar of the daddies on the table). That was in 1832; that is the dollar I kept, I don't know what the Governor did with his. I built the first brick house in the county. It is told in our county history that Dr. Elliot built the first brick house, but he told me it was a mistake, as mine was built nearly two years first. I have bluffed it through until I don't have to ask a man to give me a breakfast. I am glad to meet with you; am proud I am a pioneer of St. Joseph county, that I was a soldier of the Black Hawk war, and remember some good times; one when we got ahead of our baggage wagon and was induced to confiscate a pig. I have said enough.

JOHN HARTMAN, followed with these remarks: I have been brought up all my days in the harness, and I have got no education whatever. I was making a mill-stone at the time of the Black Hawk war. I made the first mill-stone, I think, that was made in this county. I made seven pairs in all. I was making a mill-stone by the roadside, and a man came along and I said, "Hey, friend, what's the news?" "Bad, bad," he said. I just dropped my hammer and went to Mottville, and I wanted to know what was going on

about this Black Hawk war. I went to town and this man was talking with the Colonel, and after he got through talking with the Colonel, I talked with him, and he told me Mr. Stewart came up the day before with a special order to muster in that town. All the people under Captain Butler and Colonel Huston came up to me and slapped me on the shoulder and took me forth. Well, I didn't know any better but what it had to be done; finally he says, you go to my barn and hitch up that pair of horses, and go up to my mill up yonder, call on the miller Newton—I made a pair of mill-stones for Newton—and get a grist. I went up there, got the grist, and I worked night and day. I went night and day through the country; well they thought I was a pretty trusty man, though I have no education, for I bought corn, and everything that was wanting for the soldiers, and brought it along. I went up to the mill that evening again, and brought a load and followed the Tecumseh soldiers clear through the country to Niles, and until they were finally dismissed and I came home. I expected to get about eight dollars a month for my time, and did get it,—when they found out I was going to sue for it. I tried to get 160 acres of land. I went to Chicago once to get the 160 acres of land, but could not get it; I heard Colonel Stewart was to be here to-day; that is what brought me here more than anything else. I employed Mr. Riley to get it for me, but he found my name was not on the roll. It was not because I needed it that I tried to get it, but because it was my right. I have two good farms, and two good barns. I presume I have got the best barn in Cass county. I was around there carrying provisions for the troops, and I think I ought to have the warrant for the 160 acres of land. I am a very early settler; I was talked to about getting out the timber for this jail, I have the old broad ax yet that did it; you ought to see it. I brought it here. I had the first carpenter tools in this county; they used to come and get them from all over the county. I brought them from Ohio. I put up the first barn that was put up in St. Joseph county. I have been here 53 years. I have traveled from Detroit here many times with goods. I have drawn many loads along the Chicago road; and I drew the first load of goods off the railroad, the Ypsilanti railroad—the first goods that ever came here from it, I drew. I drew them for Woolworth, Clisbee and Cooledge, eight of them. I run the first cargo that ever run down the St. Joseph river. I came here 53 years ago last April.

MR. GEORGE THURSTON, taking the platform, said: I can well remember 50 years ago last month of starting on horseback to Niles with a company from Jonesville, and Deacon Forbes from Sturgis prairie, of a horse company came along and wanted us to join the horse company, and I went to Colonel Stewart and asked if it would do for us to join another company, and he said yes, if it suited us any better; it didn't make any difference what company we were in; and so we mounted our horses and rode on until we got to Persols prairie; on the west side of the prairie, we stopped under some shade trees and baited our horses by the way, and then rode on to Niles. About six o'clock in the afternoon, about an hour after we got there, news came that they were looking for the Indians over beyond, and they ordered the horse company, the next morning, to go ahead of the other companies. We started, and got down to Door prairie, and there came up a very heavy rain, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we had a chance to stay over night in a neat, new house—that was the first frame house, I guess, that was built there. They sent us off with our lead in the bar and our powder in the keg, and there was not one in the company that had a gun that would shoot, if we had met the

Indians; and when we came to where we could stay over night, we went to work and divided up our powder and run up our lead, and made it into bullets. We went on to Door prairie and there they had built a block house for the families to get into, and there were two or three families still further west about four miles. They ordered the horse company to the further house. A man there had a couple of log buildings built about eight feet apart with a little hall between. That made a comfortable place to stay, and we remained there about a week. While we were there we went out to see if we could see any signs of Indians; and we went about four miles further, and we found some Potawata Indians that had just come in from a sugar bush and come to plant their corn and potatoes; and the muskets and bayonets glistening frightened them so they started for the timber land, and left their cooking utensils over the fire, and scattered their blankets and things along as they put out for the heavy timber. I told them, after we had chased them apiece, there was no use of following them, they were Pottawattomies; and we turned back and took their shanties, and in about an hour the head Indian of their company came down and hoisted a white flag and wanted to know if we would not let them go with us, they didn't want us to disturb them. The next day or two we had orders to return back to Niles. We rode back in the company of General Brown and some others, and there we were dismissed.

Our bread I can well recollect; when we got back to Niles they were baking bread—two or three men—where they had dressed a lot of hogs, and the bread was about as full of hair as the lime water we use for plastering. I could not eat a mouthful of it, and I didn't eat a mouthful after we left Niles that morning until we got back.

Mr. John Hamilton, being called upon, said: Yes, I was in this country at the time of the Black Hawk war, and I can tell you in a few words what I know about it. At the time the Black Hawk war broke out, or what is called the Black Hawk war, I was in company with my father's and three other families, moving to Michigan. We were camped in the woods about half a mile this side of Adrian, and about 3 o'clock in the morning, the stage came along, and the driver drove very fast, and a short time after I heard the drums begin to beat in Adrian—there were a few inhabitants in Adrian at that time—but we could not tell what it meant. Finally a man came along on horseback, going the other way towards Tecumseh; I ran out to the road and asked him what was the trouble. He said Black Hawk was going to Detroit, and was going to kill every man, woman, and child on the way. Well, I thought we stood in a pretty bad place just at that time, and after it began to get light, we went out and gathered up our teams, and got our breakfast, and my father and a brother-in-law of mine, myself, and another man went up into Adrian and enquired what the trouble was. They said Black Hawk was coming and was going to kill everything in his way, and we turned back to our camps. Then it was necessary to hold a little council, and we held council. There was a man in our company that had been in Canada during the war of '12. He said he understood the mode of the Indians, and he was not going to risk his family any farther. We would go back to Monroe. Father says, "boys, what do you say?" That was to my brother-in-law and me. Well, we stood perfectly quiet for a little bit. Pretty soon pa says to me, "John, what do you say?" I says, "Go to White Pigeon." I knew that was the sentiment of my father. He was a pioneer and had been raised in the woods, and he was not scared by Indians or anything else. So we hitched

on our teams and started for White Pigeon. We had no trouble; met no Indians. Sometimes the soldiers passed us on the way, and sometimes we were ahead. We came to Constantine. We got there on the 28th of May, 1832. That was all of the Black Hawk war, but you could hear nothing else. The towns of Constantine, Florence, White Pigeon, and Mottville were attached at that time, and there were just 98 men in those four towns that were subject to military duty. They enrolled us the next day after we got there. Then there came an order for a draft for 40 men. The day the draft was drawn, my brother-in-law drew a draft and I drew a blank. Before the 40 men were moved, the order was countermanded, and there were about 32 drafted out of the company. Lansing Stewart was captain, and Hart L. Stewart was colonel. After that we went there and drew again—pretty close drawing, every other man; and I drew a blank, and Poe, my brother-in-law, drew a draft. The next morning at 9 o'clock every man that was drafted, was to be on the ground to be marched west. Poe had a child that had got badly scalded, and he could not very well go. I went and volunteered. We were six of us in the family and we had laid out all the money we had for land but about $5.50, and everything we lived upon, we worked out for, and I being the oldest, it was necessary for me to be out the most of the time, to work for a living for the rest of them, and as Poe's child had met with this misfortune, I told him I would go, if he had to, in his place. Just about the time we got to White Pigeon, the stage came along. Jackson was president at that time, and he ordered a General up the Mississippi with an army, and there the Black Hawk war terminated—and the army. The news came to the effect that we were to be discharged. Captain Stewart called the roll, and at roll call all those who answered to the roll call were discharged, and that was the end of the Black Hawk war. I suppose I did about as much as any of them, I got one meal of hard-tack and that is all I did get.

In response to a call for JOHN W. FLETCHER, that gentleman said:

There are men here that would like to be heard, and who are capable of being heard, but I am no talker, and must be excused.

THE PRESIDENT: Right here I want to say a word in connection with the Black Hawk war, in addition to what I have already said. That is in regard to the women of that day. I remember there was something for women to do there as well as men. I will relate a little circumstance in connection with it. When the word came to shoulder our rifles on that May day, 1832, we found ourselves in Branch county and St. Joseph just beginning on new farms—the oldest settler not being five years in the county—with twice as many Indians as white men in these two counties, and with the prospect of nine-tenths of the men going west, how far, it was not known; it had a dark and gloomy outlook, and was such. Then came the question from wives, sisters, and mothers, "Must you go?" The answer was, "Would you ask me to shirk my duty when others go?" and the reply was worthy of those women and those days: "No, go, and we will do the best we can." Only one instance will I relate, and that was at home. Two months before I had brought my wife, a girl of nineteen summers, some sixty miles from friends and relatives, to make a home. I had a brother and two hired men working with us, and when the order to join our company came, she asked, "What am I to do?" and the only reply was, "What can you do but stay and care for the place and the farm, with a boy of sixteen years; would you wish me to stay, when all the other men able to bear arms are going?" A moment of thought, and the

answer came: "No, go, and bear your share, and I will do the best I can." That wife has been spared to me for over fifty years, and would most gladly be with us, but a long, severe sickness to-day holds her within the sick-room.

MRS. STEBBINS, in response to a pressing invitation, said:

I came here to St. Joseph county in the fall of 1831, with my father and family. During that winter—that was a pretty cold winter, the coldest, hardest winter we have had since I have been in Michigan—St. Joseph river froze over at Three Rivers, where the paper-mill now stands (it was known in those days as Knapp's riffle), so that teams crossed over on the ice for six weeks at a time. Since then it has never been frozen sufficiently to bear a team. In consequence of this cold, severe winter, the few mills that were here at that time, were frozen up so that there could be no grinding done. My father was living on the edge of the prairie, on the bank of the St. Joseph river, on the farm that is now owned by Mr. Wakeman; at that time a man by the name of John Sturgis owned it. My father, whose name was John Allcott, was working for Benjamin Sherman to buy some wheat of him; he says to him one day: "Mr. Sherman, I can't work for you to-day; I must go to mill." Mr. Sherman says: "I have got to go to mill; I will take your grist with mine, and you work for me—you husk corn for me." And so Mr. Sherman took the grist to Constantine, to Judge Meek's mill; and when he got there, the race was frozen solid, not a drop of water in the race, no grinding could be done. He came home, and he says: "Well, my neighbor, I didn't get any wheat ground, but," he says, "you and I are not alone; there are other men on the prairie here as bad off as we are." He says: "I have got a hominy block we can pound grain in, and over in Judge Forbes' house I presume you will find one that you can pound some in, and we can live on pounded hominy, and we won't starve." So we got plenty to eat until the weather got warmer, and the ice thawed. Hy father went back to work, and I did the grinding in the hominy block, and what I could not grind fine, we ground in the coffee-mill. And my father bought some buckwheat of Mr. Sturgis, and we ground that in the hominy block, and we made buckwheat cakes; we sifted it through a corn-meal sieve, and it made pretty dark cakes, but they were good. We never went hungry; we had plenty to eat, if it was not the best.

One day Mr. King came down from up above Leonidas, to get my father, an uncle of mine, and John McMellen (he was not an uncle of mine at that time, however, but became such afterwards), Mr. Churchill. They drove up, and my uncle invited the man in; and while he was there, my mother, and sister older than I, and I prepared dinner. Mother says; "Mr. King, will you sit by and have some dinner with us? We have not got a very excellent dinner to invite strangers to, but such as we have got, you are welcome to." The man says: "We are used to nick-nacks at home—one day it is nick, and the other day it is nack."

In the spring of the year the Black Hawk war broke out, and at that time we lived within two or three rods of the Indian lands. The men were all called out to watch the trails to keep the Indians from crossing from their land to go west to join Black Hawk. They kept guard from the St. Joseph river over across the prairie to a farm where they were going to build a fort. They plowed up the ground, and began to throw up the embankment to make the fort, but before they got the fort built the soldiers were discharged. When they came to draw the draft to know who should go, Churchill, who was living

with us then, who proved to be an uncle of mine afterward, was drafted, and went as far as Pigeon, but I don't think he went any farther than Pigeon; and before he started off, his father, mother, sister, and one brother came over just in time to see him start. There was no fighting done to my knowledge at Nottawa, but the men were all taken away, and left the women and children at the mercy of the Indians. Mrs. Brown at that time—I can't call her name—now Mrs. Goodwin, lived out on the prairie, near the Indian trail, where the Indians passed right by her door within five or six feet, and her husband was sick, and her two children were sick at that time, and there was no one to protect her at all only herself to defend and guard. My mother asked her if she was not afraid to stay there while the Indians were passing there by her door. "No," she says; "I guard my door every night with the ax; I am not afraid at all."

Poem recited by a daughter of a soldier in the Black Hawk war, Georgie Engle, daughter of Colonel Jonathan Engle.

CHARLES R. MONROE: The remarks of Mr. Monroe have failed to come to hand from the reporter, and a recollection of the same is all we are able to supply. He came to Colon in 1836, and first settled near Comfort Tyler's, moving into an empty school-house one Sabbath morning, where neighbors and friends told him to remain until it was needed for school purposes. He worked for Mr. Tyler, and also for Thomas W. Langley, both of whom he found to be true and faithful friends. Soon after he put up a blacksmith shop in the woods, where, in a short time, he became famous for his skill and wonderful aptitude in fitting and repairing the then so much needed and used breaking-plow of those days, and his shop in the woods soon appeared like a manufactory of these great unwieldy but absolutely necessary implements of agriculture in the early days, and he became the noted pioneer of the breaking-plow; and for many miles around no man could sharpen a share or mend an iron on that kind of a machine but Charles R. Monroe. He continued to work at his trade for many years, and the writer there found him in 1850. Soon after he quit that work, and for many years he has been engaged on the farm either in this or in Branch county, always laboring effectively to advance the moral and religious interests of the community where his home has been, both in the Sabbath-school, in the church congregation, and among all classes of our people.

THEODORE S. GURNEY, of Chicago, responded to an invitation to speak as follows:

I know that you are tired. You have sat here a long time. I have come from Chicago for the purpose of attending this meeting. I came into St. Joseph county in 1838. I came here a boy, and now appear before you an old man 61 years old. I want to tell you candidly that I don't know of a meeting that I have ever attended, that has afforded me more infinite pleasure than the meeting here to-day. I have seen faces, I have met persons that I probably should not have met this side of the grave had I not come here. I have been amply repaid for the trip. If my life is spared, I will come here again next year. I love to see these old faces. My father was an old settler here. He practiced law until he became disabled by disease; he died in my care; and I see other persons here that another year will find across the mysterious river. I don't expect in the ordinary course of events, to live a great many years more, and I am very glad to have met here to-day. Citizens of St. Jo. county, I want to tell you there is no recreation of my life that is

more pleasant, more agreeable, more satisfactory than when I came to Centreville, go to Constantine, from there to Sturgis, from there to Branch county, Michigan, where I spent the greater portion of my Michigan life. I live in a busy city; I am busy from morning to night, I hardly known what it is to rest, but I am strong and rugged; and I am going to live, ladies and gentlemen, just as long as I can, and I hope you will be here a dozen times after this, and I hope that I may again meet with you all at your annual meeting next year. You and I and each one of us have nearly performed our mission, and when you think of your careers, and the work they have done for this county, you may feel that you are going out of this life with a good record. Yours is a grand end of a grand existence. And if you and I meet beyond the river, as I believe we shall, we will review these scenes of life, and when we die, though we be put in a pauper's grave, you will maintain your manhood, and maintain your dignity, character, and so forth, as one having done something for his race.

Now I would talk a little while, but my friend Steel is here. If you know anything about steel, you know it is a pretty hard metal, as a usual thing; it answers for a great many things. You can make a good plowshare out of a piece of steel, you can make a good jack-knife out of a piece of steel, you can make a razor out of steel, and once in a while you can make a pretty good lawyer out of steel.

Mr. Henry F. Steel, of Chicago: I am glad to meet you to-day. Although my friend Gurney compliments me by saying Steel makes a good lawyer, it does not follow he makes a good talker. I did feel once as though I knew something about talking, but I have forgotten how. I have not done it lately. If I could talk like that lady that has done it so finely this afternoon, I would be able to entertain you for some time. I wish I could make the speech she did, but I can't. I have very little to say. You have reminded me of days when I came here. I can not consider myself a pioneer exactly. My father came here to this country in August, 1839. I see before me Mr. John Hamilton, in whose school district I taught school, and felt very proud to do so, when I was in my sixteenth year; and I remember Robert, William, and James, and the Crawford family, as my scholars. I had a very extensive acquaintance through the various towns in this county. Some faces I have not met before for a quarter of a century I meet here to-day. I am glad to meet them on this side of the grave. Whether I shall ever meet them again I know not. I know from what I have heard here to-day, and from what I see, that all who are present here have done a great deal towards the development of this, one of the grandest counties in this State, and that good work is still going on.

If I can meet with you again, it will give me infinite pleasure.

The President: Mr. Ellison, of LaGrange county, Indiana, is with us. He came last year, and is with us again this year. We would like to hear from Mr. Ellison.

Mr. Andrew Ellison, of LaGrange, Indiana: Old ladies and old men—I have never in my life appeared before an audience where I felt that I stood upon such an equality as I do here to-day. I speak now of the old set of people that forty, forty-five, and fifty years ago came to the county of St. Joseph. I wish to call your attention to just one fact: I came up here to see Mr. Riley on a business transaction. Being the president for the coming year,

of the old settlers' society of our county, I wanted to hear his oration and have him come down and tell it to us next year provided I liked it. Next year, being the president of the society, I have something to do with getting the speakers, and I want to get the very best if I can.

Now I shall not make you a long speech, I won't do such a thing, but I shall make an earnest and pointed speech, a part of which you will remember. The first fact I want to give you is simply this,—old people I am talking to you now, I hope, however, the younger ones will listen to it, for they will learn a lesson that will do them good as long as they live. This idea brought the "Mayflower" to our country, and what that cargo of people have done, resounds throughout the farthest lands of the earth. What was that grand controlling idea that urged those people on from day to day, week to week, and year to year, until the grand result is that fifty millions of people now inhabit and enjoy the land they cultivated and were pioneers in. It was simply one grand thought of earnestness, self-denial, willingness to labor and toil from morning sun 'til night. We hear a great deal of the eight hours for a day's work. It is becoming an important political question. Those people labored with all that was in them, through all they had to do earnestly. The old people here to-day, and those of our county can look back upon their lives with a great deal of the joyousness that those old people did that sailed in the "Mayflower." I aver the proposition to-day that no one that ever settled in this country or elsewhere, in an early day, that has not been faithful to those principles, has ever amounted to anything. It is these old men among you, the old settlers, that have caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose. It is the old men, their perseverance, self-denial, absolute devotion to industry, that made your homes, that made you what you are. Our lives are nearly spent, and we feel to-day that in the race and conflict of life, we have borne our parts well. And if we have toiled hard, we can look back to-day with pleasure upon the hardest labor, the greatest privations of our lives, for the reason that its fruits are left to-day, over which we can contemplate with joy that we leave them to the rising generation, our children to enjoy after we are gone. We people in Indiana are divided from you by a line. We all go south, you all go north. I could give you a little of my history, but this audience I know are tired, and it would be an abuse of our patience to commence it. Permit me to say this, however, that I aver the proposition that there is not another man in LaGrange county that more completely, in all its departments, represents the pioneer life, and what man may do by energy, than does the speaker upon the stand. I am the first Irishman born in Ireland, that has been upon this stand to-day. We lost by shipwreck all we had sixty-two years ago, and on the 4th of July we landed in New York, with scarcely enough to cover us, and without a cent of money. My father then was poor, and gentlemen, I have been taught what industry was from a child, and I know all about it. I can sympathize with those old women that made the butter, and milked the cows in '48, when sickness, from one end of the land to the other, carried off nearly one-fifth of the population of this country. I can sympathize with people that toiled in those days, and almost starved, many of them. I can sympathize with them. I understand all about their privations and everything about it. Now, young people, if you ever accomplish anything in this world, you will follow the very footsteps of your fathers and mothers; they made this land what it is; and if you wish to feel when you come to die, that you have done your duty, it will

only be by following in the same course that they have followed. I have listened to those two gentlemen that have been sitting here before me. I know them both by reputation. One of them was my school teacher nearly six months, I think. I followed farming for a long time, then the industry. About forty years ago I commenced practicing law, and until about five or six years past I have been one of the most industrious men that have ever lived in the county in which I live. Now then, I will not abuse you further, ladies and gentlemen, by making a speech. Mr. Steel does not know me, but I know him, and I think he will recollect me when he taught school in Nottawa. I was a little older than he, and I got from him some little education, and I have followed it up; with what success the people of my own county, the people of own State in which I live, perfectly well know, and have done it by industry. And I repeat it again, it is the only way you can make anything, or yourselves in particular.

Now I would make a longer speech, but there are others here that want to speak, and I know the people want to hear them. All of them have something to tell, and they may feel they are neglected unless they have an opportunity to tell it. I will say in conclusion that I wish you would come down to Lima one year from yesterday, the second Tuesday in June. We have our meeting in a grove around my house, and I say to you, if you will come down you will be cheerfully welcome, all of you, not because you are people of Michigan, but because you are people of that old industrious band, that have a right to live and enjoy the fruits of our own hands. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

A voice: I move we thank the people of LaGrange county for the delegation they have sent up to this county to-day. Motion seconded and voted.

The secretary read letters from absent pioneers.

MR. LANGLEY: I move a vote of thanks to the press of this county for the general publication of the notices of our meeting. Motion seconded, voted on and carried. Motion of thanks to agricultural society for the use of their grounds; voted and carried.

THE PRESIDENT: Dr. McMellen, can you give us some facts in regard to the early settlement of Nottawa?

MR. MCMELLEN replied: I have heard many statements made here that I had intended to make myself, and I fear I shall not be able to make the same remarks I expected, as they have been already made. I see before me to-day, some old friends of fifty years ago, with whom I am glad to meet. The wind rising and threats of a storm appearing, so disturbed the meeting, that an adjournment was made before Dr. McMellen was able to complete his proposed address.

(The remarks of Mr. Page were made at the opening of the meeting, and should have followed the list of deaths in this report.—PUB.)

MR. D. C. PAGE: Mr. President and Pioneers of St. Joseph County—It may seem to some of these present that I am not a pioneer of this county, and am therefore not entitled to a place upon this rostrum here to-day, but when I say to you that I came into the county of St. Joseph in the early part of 1846, it may be some argument in my favor. I might also state upon information and belief that my parents were with me when I came. They had been here some time before, and found a place for all of us. When it was ascertained only on yesterday that my esteemed and much respected counsellor and adviser, Hon. H. H. Riley, could not be present to deliver the promised address on this

occasion, the committee cast upon me the task to take his place on the program, and I very reluctantly consented to occupy a portion of the time allotted to him. I have no idea of even attempting to fill Mr. Riley's place, and only promised to occupy a portion of the time. What am I to say to you? As I look about this assembly I see men and women here whose locks were gray as long ago as I can remember. Any of them could stand before you upon this occasion and relate incident after incident of early pioneer life in St. Jo., that would entertain you far better than anything I can say. I have no incident to relate, no anecdotes to tell you. It was not my lot to "go west" with my parents a half a century ago, traveling by ox team through the swamps, fording rivers, and plodding through the unbroken timber. It was never my misfortune to be chased by an Indian, or an Indian chased by me. It was never my lot to pre-empt land in St. Jo. county at an early morn, as early as the great sun came up to light the day, and go forth with team and plow to break the land. No one ever heard of my wielding the hickory "gad," or heard me hollow "whoa, Buck!" "Haw there, Brindle!" Or no one ever saw me at the rear end of a breaking plow being yanked and jerked around enough to break one's neck while the eight yoke go on "just the same." Neither was it my lot to go into the timber with ax in hand, cut down and hew the timber to build a cabin for wife and family. Or did any one ever see me going to mill astride the old gray mare with a bag of grist, or hanging around the corner grocery till the grist was ground? Did anybody ever see me snaking logs to mill with an ox team, or flailing out wheat on the barn floor? Certainly not. But mind you it was no fault of mine. We are creatures of circumstances mostly, or perhaps of accident. I was not born early enough, either from accident or from circumstances, and I don't know which, to do all of these things in St. Jo. county; you gentlemen were ahead of me you see. It was hard work for us in these early days, you say. I know it was, but there was some pleasure with it. Let me tell you I have lived here long enough to hear of some of the good times you had in those days. Does any one here remember the old gentleman, Thomas Jones, and his wife? Did any of you ever listen to the genuine, soul-stirring music the old man used to bring out of that old violin? No opera about that. It had charms to sooth the savage, and the fellow who couldn't cut a "pigeon wing" after that music was not much of a new settler. What do you think the old gentleman, so long since dead and gone, would say were he to attend a modern ball of to-day, and see the youngsters dancing the *ripple?* I suppose they call it the ripple because it makes one ripple all over with laughter to see them scull around the ball-room in all sorts of inhuman shapes and figures which are called graceful. Perhaps it is graceful, but the pioneer don't call it so. Did anybody ever hear of the old diggins, or of Bean's down here on the Constantine road? Did anybody ever go to a husking bee or an apple paring?

I rather think there was some enjoyment in those days too. But you know how it was yourself, for you were there and I wasn't, so I will not attempt to inform you on the subject. All I know about it is what I have heard old settlers say. Some of you ask my friend, John Hull, the veteran of musicians. He can tell you all about it. I almost think Mr. Hull played for the Indians to dance, before the white man came, but I guess that would be putting it too anciently. But Hull and Arnold's band have been here a long, long time, until they are as much of a part and parcel of the history of St. Joseph county as any other feature of development. They have brightened the countenances

of many a tired one, and helped to rest the weary. Man can not always work. Rest must come. Pleasures and enjoyment are factors too, in life, and he who contributes to the social part of life does his share towards the duties that man owes to his fellowmen. But, my friends, I am not all joking here to-day. And I would not let this opportunity pass without saying something more serious than what I have said. Who are here assembled before me to-day as members of this organization? They are men and women whose sands of life have well nigh run out. Many of them have passed the three-score years and ten, the allotted time of man. Why do they meet here year after year to renew their acquaintance and laugh and enjoy themselves? It is not simply to laugh and talk and pass away time together. There is a something far deeper and away back of that. It is something that I am hardly able to describe, and yet it is realized by you all. You feel it in the shake of the hand; in the nod of the head, and when you meet and ask one another how they are getting on you mean it; and where now and then you find a couple who has labored hard for perhaps fifty years and not possessed of much worldly goods, your sympathy goes out for them as if they were your own flesh and blood. There is a a sort of fraternal feeling about it that almost thrills you at the shaking of hands. You ask me how I know this? I answer by observation. I see it, and the impression vibrates in the very air here and reaches all of us. I feel it even now, and although never in a new country in my life, I can almost realize the binding associations it must bring about. It took courage to brave what you have braved, and now in your old age you must look back with feelings of pride and satisfaction over your work. To your credit so far as your share is concerned, belongs the development of this section. Go back with me if you please, to 1828 and up to 1836, when many of you came here. What was there here then? Nothing but a beautiful natural garden prepared by nature for a beautiful abode for man. Were there any school-houses here then? No. Any churches? No. Any State? No. Any county? No. Any townships? No. Any villages? No. Everything was simply a state of nature. Sturgis prairie was unbroken till Judge John Sturgis first broke the soil. White Pigeon prairie first felt the plow held by the hand of the Kelloggs, Swan, and others. Nottawa prairie was turned to the sunlight by the Marantettes, Wakemans, and others; and so on I might go if time would permit, all through the county. To those men and you here to-day, and to many more long since dead and gone, belongs the credit of making St. Joseph county what it is. To your energy, knowledge, and judgment we are indebted for what we now enjoy. And the beautiful village, the splendid farms and improvements in our county; the church, school, and all are due to the foundation laid by you and them. Only about fifty years have passed, and what a change. Do you hardly realize it when you notice the change? Had any one told John Sturgis, Thomas Jones, Morris Roberts, Marantette, Taft, Thomas Langley, Swan, Kellogg, Sheldon, Williams, the Wakemans, the Stears boys, Thomas Hill, Duncans, or any of those first settlers, what would be the developments in half a century, they would not have believed you. Look about you now and see the offspring of these men living in comfortable homes rearing the third generation, many of them here to-day. Look at the beautiful farms throughout this county; see the pleasant and thrifty villages that have sprung up and are now prosperous. Look at the means of travel by railroad. Look at the telegraph lines and telephone connections, and is it not wonderful indeed? Do you not like to gather here and talk over the affairs of the early

days and contemplate the improvements that you have helped to bring about? Do you not like to look at the vast territory west of you, and broken since you came here and see the improvements there as well as here? Do you not like to witness the result of human wisdom and ingenuity which has invented and contrived to keep pace with the increase of population and development of the country? I know you do, and I feel that these meetings ought to be kept up. As the membership grows less, as the older ones are called home to their last resting place and their labors here on earth are ended, the ranks should be filled up by their sons and daughters, and the organization kept up, and thus preserve the early history of our county. I congratulate you that are here to-day in the fact that after so many years of strife and toil you are permitted to see the developments I have mentioned briefly here to-day. As years roll on it will be but a short time when the pioneers will be no more, but while they do live I hope to be able to meet them at these meetings and be one of the young to maintain and keep them up.

That you may all enjoy health and meet here again next year is my best wish. Should the summons call you in the meantime, may the pleasures of life so overbalance the trials, that in your last hours you may feel that your life has been well spent, and that though seemingly you have accomplished little, that you may feel as a matter of fact you have accomplished much.

LETTER FROM EDWARD A. TRUMBULL.

DETROIT, May 26th, 1882.

WILLIAM B. LANGLEY,—MY DEAR OLD FRIEND—I received your very welcome invitation to meet you at the gathering of the Pioneer Society of St. Joseph county, June 14th. And then there is another incentive, that prompts me to accept your invitation. It is that of meeting the surviving soldiers of the Black Hawk war, of which I was a member; how many years have passed, this being the Fiftieth Anniversary. Please make my respects to your family. Hoping to have a friendly meeting with you soon, I remain respectfully, your old friend,

EDWARD A. TRUMBULL.

LETTER FROM WM. L. WOODBRIDGE.

C. V. Smith, Editor Republican:

DEAR SIR,—It becomes my melancholy duty to announce to you the death of my old friend and cousin, E. A. Trumbull, who departed this life on the 1st inst.; he was buried from my residence, on the 3d of June, 1882, inst. He has resided with me constantly for over twenty years, and also many previous years. Only a few days before his death, he accepted an invitation from the Pioneers of St. Joseph county, to attend their 9th Annual Meeting of the society, to be held at Centreville, in your county, where he certainly meant to go; and friends would once more gather around the comrade of by-gone years, and welcome once again that well remembered and genial face. He saw Wm. Woodbridge (father) married to Julia Trumbull, daughter of John Trumbull, an eminent lawyer and judge, author of "McFingal" the epic poem. He saw my father and mother breathe their last, at our old homestead, here in Detroit, in years 1861 and 1862. I saw my cousin Edward A. Trumbull, for the first time, when I was but seven years old, in Hartford, Connecticut, and he made me the first kite I ever saw. You and I, and all

that knew him, have lost a kind, good friend and stalwart republican. Please advise the president and secretary of the Pioneer Society of this sorrowing loss to them, to me, to all. I send you a copy of the Evening "News" containing a notice of Mr. Trumbull's death, the points of which I gave to the reporter. Although the "old pioneer" cannot meet his old companions of yore, yet his spirit will hover around them with blessings to all.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM L. WOODBRIDGE,
88 Trumbull Ave., Detroit.

LETTER FROM ADNA A. HECOX.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., *June 5th, 1882.*

Wm. B. Langley, Esq., Sec'y St. Joseph County Pioneer Society:

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of an invitation to be present at a meeting of the pioneers of your county. Nothing, dear sir, would give me more pleasure than to meet you, and the few remaining pioneers of Centreville and its vicinity. I often live over in my pleasant home on the banks of the Pacific, some of the hardships that I endured in the early settlement of that country. I well remember that while driving a small drove of hogs to Nottawa, in 1832, of shaking with the ague, burning with intense thirst, and eating snow from the time I left the old Chicago road near the crossing of Hog Creek, till I arrived at Roswell Shellhouse on Nottawa prairie. And there I well remember of wallowing in the snow two feet deep with an ox team, for thirty-six hours, with the thermometer at about 40 degrees below zero, while attempting to go from Nottawa to Prairie Ronde, in the same winter. These were my first experiences in St. Joseph county. I well remember while under the command of the intrepid Capt. Engle, of fighting bloodless battles with an invisible Black Hawk.

I often count over in my own mind the old friends (now no more,) with whom I was associated during my six years' residence in St. Joseph county, and remember with pleasure those that are still lingering on the shores of time, and look forward to the day when we shall all meet in a better land.

Remember me to the old pioneers. Tell them were it possible, I would be glad to meet them at Centreville, on the 14th of June.

Yours sincerely,

ADNA A. HECOX.

OBITUARY OF COL. SAVERY.

At Boerno, Kendall county, near San Antonio, Texas, Col. Asahel Savery, died June 4th, 1882, at the advanced age of 97 years.

A pioneer in every sense of the term, a man of energy, fearless, and of a warm heart—the death of Col. Savery demands more than a passing notice.

His life was full of stirring events. At an early day he left his native State, Vermont, and settled near what was then the headquarters of General Anthony Wayne, near Fort Wayne, in Indiana. His farm was on the banks of the St. Mary's river. At that time Gen. Lewis Cass of Detroit, Indian Commissioner of the Northwest, being on his way from Detroit with goods for the Miami tribe of Indians, found and employed Mr. Savery with his teams to transport goods from Fort Wayne to the place of payment on the Wabash river near Logansport.

This journey through a timbered country, with no roads more than Indian

trails, required courage and perseverence. Gen. Cass found his teamster equal to the task, and was so much pleased with him that he engaged Mr. Savery to remove to Detroit and settle on his farm near and now a part of the city of Detroit. Here Col. Savery remained for some years, until reports of the prairie and fine farm lands in the interior of the then territory of Michigan induced him to seek a home in some part of this beautiful country. To the writer Col. Savery claimed to have driven the first team of horses and made the first settlement on White Pigeon prairie. Here on the banks of the White Pigeon river, on the south side of the prairie of the same name, he made his home, which soon became the traveler's home, and the headquarters for a great stage line, running from Detroit to Chicago, and established by Col. Savery and Gen. Brown, of Tecumseh. The Pottawattomie Indians in large numbers, were at this time sole possessors of the country, and difficulties would often spring up between whites and Indians. The courage required under the circumstances was fully exhibited by Col. Savery's acts during the earlier years of the settlement. The Black Hawk war of 1832 put a check on all travel toward Chicago and consequently interfered with the success of the stage route enterprise, which financially proved a failure. This was too much for a man who previously had never known what failure was. In 1834 he again journeyed westward and made his home in Texas, where he remained quietly on his ranch until the breaking out of the Mexican war, when General Scott, at that time in command of the U. S. forces, made the wise selection of Col. Savery as his wagon or team-master.

He continued with Gen. Scott during the entire war, and with him entering Santa Cruz and the City of Mexico. Then with the thanks of the general he returned to his Texas home and remained until the gold discoveries of '48–9 in California. He then gave evidence of courage, enterprise, and good judgment in driving on the plains and mountains the first herds of cattle to supply the wants of the immense emigration to that State. For a time, he was fortunate in his mining interests and returned to Texas with a competency. Here he built and improved his place until the outbreak of the rebellion. His strong and outspoken union sentiments brought him into disfavor with the secessionists, and rendered his further stay in Texas impracticable. His place was confiscated and Col. Savery came north to his old friend Gen. Cass, who was then U. S. Senator* and remained for a time with him in Washington. The General kindly proposed to supply all his wants, but the offer was declined and Col. Savery came to his old home in Michigan, where his sister was still living, Mrs. Douglass, and her sons, and the sons of a deceased brother. With them he made his home for some years, meeting and enjoying the society of his old friends and neighbors. At the first gathering of the pioneers of St. Joseph County, in 1873, Col. Savery was present and was honored with the position of chairman or president. He had again visited Texas, and again became possessed of a title to his land, and ultimately went from his nephew's (Hon. Luther Savery, of Kansas) to the home of his daughter in Texas, where he was dutifully and affectionately cared for to the time of his death, and an out-of-door life brought him to years far beyond the ordinary age allotted to man. His death will be mourned by a goodly number of old friends and relatives who survive him.

The writer made the acquaintance of Col. Savery in Detroit in 1832; journeyed with him to White Pigeon in June of that year; was a boarder in his

* Gen. Cass was not in the Senate at that time.—*Compiler.*

family for more than a year following and during his more recent stay in St. Joseph County, enjoyed the renewal of his early acquaintance and his hearty friendship, and thus learned much of his early history. W.

Lima, June 17, 1882.

MRS. JOSEPH C. STOWELL.

Mishael Beadle moved from the State of Ohio, Crawford Co., Town of Bucyrus, September 1827. The party that came at that time, was David Beadle, Sen.; Mishael Beadle and family; David Beadle, Jr.; Henry Whited, Morris Dickson, Joseph Quimby, and Gideon Ball. The journey was tedious and slow; they having to cut their own road from Perrysburg on the Maumee river, to the river Raisin, through what was known as the cottonwood swamp. We were eleven days getting through the swamp, a distance of twenty-eight miles. Did not see a human being during the time; we often stayed two nights in one place. The rest of the journey was more pleasant; we were twenty-nine days coming from Bucyrus to White Pigeon. We encamped the seventh of October, on the bank of Klinger's lake; caught fish that evening from the lake, for our breakfast; went to White Pigeon the eighth. We remained here four weeks, sleeping in our wagons, and taking our meals with Mr. Hinckley's people, old friends from Ohio, until a site was selected at Mottville, and a house built for us. This being the house which was erroneously stated (in the county record) as having been built by Mr. Quimby; the house being built by my father; Mr. Q. working upon it as *hired* man *for* my father. From there we were soon obliged to move, as when the land was surveyed, there proved to be a prior French claim. The following spring we moved to Young's prairie. When just settled there, the survey again struck us, and we were on the school section. The school land not being in market at that time, we had to move again, so in June of 1828 we went to Flowerfield, and in the summer of 1829, father selected a site and built a small grist-mill, which he called "the corn cracker." The wheat ground in this mill, we bolted through a book muslin bolt, and worked it by hand; I, myself, often shaking the bolt for hours, during my father's absence. Father went to Detroit in the fall, and bought some burr stones, and the next season built a grist-mill on a larger scale. Also built a saw-mill the same summer. In the spring of 1832, the Black Hawk war broke out, and father volunteered and went with the company that was organized at Prairie Ronde, but they only went as far as Niles, when the news came that Black Hawk was captured; so they returned home without seeing an Indian. Mrs. David Gilbert, of Flowerfield, and I ran half a bushel of balls for the company. In June of 1832, father sold out both of his mills there to Chalange S. Wheeler, and moved to Three Rivers. In 1833 he built a grist-mill on the Rocky river, near where the cooper shop now stands.

In 1836 he changed this into a saw-mill, and build a grist-mill on a larger scale on the opposite bank of the Rocky, and sold it to John H. Bowman. In 1837 he built another saw-mill on what was called Lake Run, about a mile from Three Rivers, and sold it to Frederick Shirtz. Father had secured the services of his brother-in-law, James Valentine (he being a millwright), in all his mills except the first, which was built previous to uncle's coming to Michigan. In 1838 he bought a farm two and one-half miles west of Three Rivers, and went to farming, but did not live long to enjoy farm life. He died in April of 1839, at the age of 51 years. He left a wife and eight children, I

being the eldest. Mother lived eleven years on the farm, and made the home as cheerful as she could for the children, when she, too, was called from earth away, to meet the loved ones gone before. One of my sisters and a brother have since passed to the other shore; four of the others are living within a few miles of Three Rivers; one brother is in the north part of this State, and my home is in Burr Oak. Although my father brought provisions and clothing enough to last two years, and they were also well supplied with teams and other stock, like all early settlers, they saw some hard times, there being always more or less trials attending the pioneers. Our flour gave out before father built a mill. He had to go to Niles to have his wheat ground. When he got there the mill was out of order, so the grist was left until the mill was repaired, and then went again for their grist; had to put his own team on to grind it. During this time we had to grind buckwheat in a coffee-mill, for bread, six weeks for a family of fifteen. The pens for the young stock had to be covered to protect them from the wolves. We saw the wolves many times walking on top of the pens; could hear them growl and snarl in their rage because they could not get the calves or lambs. But the inconveniences of the times did not keep them from enjoying themselves. They enjoyed parties, quiltings, and visiting just as well then as now. We did not think it a hardship to go ten miles with an ox team to a party, or a quilting; and we generally enjoyed ourselves when we went. But one visit of all others I shall ever remember. Dillie Peck lived at Uncle John Insley's, at Flowerfield; she wanted to go home and make her folks a visit; they lived on Young's prairie, twenty miles away. My sister and I went home with her; we each had a horse, and went horseback. There were no roads except an Indian trail, but we had no trouble in getting through in half a day. We had an excellent visit. Mr. Peck had taken twenty-five or thirty sheep of father the year before, but as the wolves had troubled them and killed several of the sheep, he wanted us to take them home with us. So we started about seven o'clock in the morning with the sheep, for home. The day was very warm, and we had to go slow, and the sheep tired out about six miles from home, and we could not get them any farther, so we had to camp for the night. We baited our horses on the wild grass, and then tied them to trees. There was no other way for us but to camp on our blankets, using our saddles for pillows. We had a good dog for company. After the sheep had rested, they got up and went to feeding; when we thought they had fed enough so they would be quiet, we went and drove them back near our horses again. At early sunrise we started again for home; when we got to the river, or the ford, as we called it, we could not drive the sheep into the water until we caught ten or twelve of them and carried them across. To do this, two of us had to catch the sheep, the other one be ready to take them on the horse, and carry them over; then we could drive the rest through the river; they had to swim a part of the way, the water being quite deep. We got home about one o'clock in the afternoon. We had not had a mouthful of food since our breakfast the morning before at Mr. Peck's, nor had we seen a human being or a house on the journey. We were very glad to get home, I can tell you.

It is needless to inform the residents of this part of the county (though others may not know) that my husband, Joseph C. Stowell, was also a pioneer. He came to Michigan in 1835, and like many others suffered with the malarial fevers that were so prevalent in those days, and endured many hardships common to those seeking a new country. But we have been spared to enjoy the

products of our early toil. We have seen the wilderness change to pleasant farms with beautiful homes. It is now the prayer of my heart that the great Giver may guard, guide, and protect us through the remainder of our lives. Please excuse all mistakes.

CLARAVINA STOWELL.

P. S.—Since the writing of this we have received a telegram stating that brother Ira was drowned on the evening of the 12th of this month. Have not learned the particulars.

LETTER FROM ALLEN GOODRIDGE.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, GENERAL LAND OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10, 1882.

Hon. William H. Cross, President St. Joseph County Pioneer Society:

DEAR SIR: I have received the invitation to attend the ninth annual meeting of your society, on the 14th inst., and I can assure you nothing would give me more pleasure than to be with you on that occasion, and to look again upon the faces of the men and women who, by their industry, perseverance, and energy, have made the county like "a garden of the gods;" but the duties of my desk, the infirmities of age, and my diminutive exchequer will deprive me of the pleasure.

Before a tree was cut, a cabin built, or a furrow turned by the hand of man, the county of St. Joseph rivaled in its beauty the far-famed Grecian Arcadia, or that Paradise of the Hesperides which produced the golden apples.

I have never forgotten the sensations occasioned by its scenery on my first visit. I had arrived at Kalamazoo in August, 1835, with a broken leg, and very soon thereafter received an invitation from my old school-mate and life-long friend, the late Governor John S. Barry, to visit him at his home in Constantine. As soon as I was able to ride I mounted an Indian pony, with my crutch, and started to make the visit, on one of the latter days of September. There was nothing very attractive in the ride through the openings to the north side of Prairie Ronde, but when that burst upon the view, its "silent expanse," its wall of green border with its "island of timber," and above all, its carpet of flowers, struck me with wonder, surprise, and delight. There were but one or two farms in the northwestern corner of the prairie then fenced; all else was in a state of nature, and covered with flowers.

I stopped at the public tavern in Schoolcraft that night, and next morning continued my trip. After passing from the prairie a mile or two in the oak openings, I saw for the first time in my life a herd of deer feeding in their own pasture, and before they discovered me, I had time to count nearly twenty of them; but directly every head was erect, and away they scampered like the wind.

The beautiful plain of openings between the prairie and Three Rivers, ten or twelve miles, was a perfect mat of flowers, and if I remember correctly, not a house between the two points.

I reached Three Rivers about the middle of the afternoon, exhausted with my ride, and ill. Mr. B. Moore kept a tavern there, but was absent from home, and that excellent woman, his wife, helped me to dismount, and did all she could for my comfort while under their roof. The kind attentions I received, and a sweet refreshing sleep during the night, restored my exhausted

frame, and I awoke the next morning comparatively well, except my broken bone.

I did not start until after ten o'clock and then forded the St. Joseph river, and proceeded down its left bank. At every turn of the road, new and beautiful scenes attracted my attention, until I reached Eschol, where Judge Fitch had erected a saw-mill. And here was pointed out to me, by a man I met in the road, a small floating island in the mill pond. It was covered with grass and bushes, and on it was one tree which appeared to be three or four inches in diameter. It was then lying near, but not in contact with the shore, and my informant said when the pond was full, it was often seen some distance from the shore, where the next spring I saw it myself.

I passed onward through Florence, which had not then begun to cultivate peppermint, which has since enriched some of its good men, passed the farm of Deacon Howard, and the place of my friend, Norman Royce; though I am not sure that the latter had then built his cabin. My journey from Three Rivers was circuitous. After leaving Eschol a mile or more, I was directed wrong, and might have reached Constantine some hours before I did, had I kept on the right road. But I reached it at last, much fatigued, and met a cordial reception from Mr. Barry and his kind-hearted wife; they were boarding at the public tavern, kept by Harvey Hunt, where I stayed several days, and made the acquaintance of a number of the villagers: Judge Meek, Gen. Ullman, W. T. House, and John G. Cathcart, who lived on his farm a short distance from the village, and one day I rode over to White Pigeon, where I saw Elias S. Swan, Charles Kellogg, Dr. Elliott, and others, whose names I do not now remember.

The next spring I removed my family to Constantine, and my residence there for two or three years, brought me in contact with nearly all the pioneers in the southern part of the county; and in taking the census, as deputy marshal, 1840, I saw and became acquainted with every household in the northern part. For ten years and more I was in constant association with the men and women, early settlers of St. Joseph county.

I knew them well; and as a class, they were intelligent, honest, persevering, industrious and frugal men and women; always ready to help the needy, and to promote any enterprise the public interests seemed to require. Many of them have passed to those homes in the other world, for which they had fitted themselves in this. We should honor and respect their memory. To those who still linger among you, I would tender my sincere and hearty congratulations, coupled with the hope that the rest of their journey here below may be painless and peaceful.

I should be very glad to visit St. Joseph county once more, for there rests the ashes of a much loved and honored father, and two of our darling children; but I have little hope of doing so. My race is well nigh run. I attained my 76th birthday on the 20th of last April, and I can say with the Psalmist of old, "I am feeble and sore broken, and now Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee." With many thanks for the invitation you extended to me, I am with great respect, your obedient servant,

ALLEN GOODRIDGE.

TUSCOLA COUNTY.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY TOWNSEND NORTH.

Your card of invitation to be present at the meeting in Lansing, on the 7th inst., is received. Replying to same must say, as I expect to be absent from the State at that time, on business, I must forego the pleasure of meeting with you.

The secretary of our County Pioneer Society has furnished me with the following memorial list of deaths of pioneers in this county for 1881, including 1882 to June 1st:

Hervey Harrington, Vassar.
B. F. Holland and wife, Vassar, both buried same day.
Edwin Ellis, Tuscola, the first settler in the county.
Ebenezer Davis, Tuscola, the second settler in the county.
Electus B. Harrison, Tuscola.
David P. Hinson, Fair Grove; said to be one of the oldest Masons of the State.
Mrs. James Luce, Fair Grove.
Jonas Belknap and wife, Juniata.
John Chamberlain, Juniata.
Mrs. Olive Rowland, Juniata.
Frederick Schultz, Denmark.
Wm. Wilcox, Denmark.
King Allen, and Sarah, his wife, Unionville.
David Clark, Unionville.

With kind regards to the pioneers of Michigan, I am

Yours, truly,
T. NORTH.

Vassar, June 3, 1882.

VAN BUREN COUNTY.

THE TOWN OF HARTFORD.

BY L. SUTTON, OR DANIEL BOONE, JR., AUTHOR OF "PIONEER STORIES, OR EARLY DAYS IN OLD VAN BUREN," AND VARIOUS SKETCHES OF EARLY LIFE IN WESTERN MICHIGAN.

Hartford is one of the western towns in Van Buren county, and lies in that part of the State known as the Paw Paw valley. The Paw Paw river passes through it from east to west, near the north line, and numerous small streams empty into it, both from the north and the south. The largest of these is Pine creek, which ran through from near the southeast corner to the northwest corner, where it empties into the river. In its natural state it was well timbered with walnut, cherry, ash, oak, white-wood, and near the river were some heavy pine forests. The soil is varied, but most of it good farming land. In an early day various tribes of Indians hunted, fished, trapped, and made

maple sugar here; they being Tawas, Pottawattomies, and a few of the Chippewas. The first settlement was made by Ferdina Olds, in January, 1837. He was soon followed by B. A. Olney, Thomas Conklin, Henry Hammond, James Spennings, William Everett, Peter Williamson, William Miner, Robert Wilcox, and a few others. Most of these settled in the south part of the town, and B. A. Olney, Thomas Conklin, Peter Williamson, and Henry Hammond, are now residents of this or adjoining towns, while the others have passed on to the land of spirits. For a number of years the town settled rather slowly, and most of the settlers were of that class that had but little means, and could only clear what they could with their own hands. After the Michigan Central railroad was built through the county it settled more rapidly, and money began to be circulated among the people, giving new life to business. The saw-mills at St. Joseph and along the river furnished a market for saw-logs, and millions of feet were run down the river, and although the prices for a number of years were low, yet the timber was a material aid to farmers in clearing up their farms, as on many pieces of land the timber was the best crop that it has ever grown. Of late, black walnut lumber has been high, and a number of trees have been cut that brought from $150 to $200 each, on the bank of the river; but the lumbering business is about closed up. At this time there are about 2,500 inhabitants, and among them some of the best farmers in the county; and it is one of the best grain-producing towns in southwestern Michigan. The village, bearing the name of the town, is located at the center, and contains about 800 inhabitants. There are six dry goods and grocery stores, two drug stores, one hardware store, two churches—the M. E. and Baptist—a brick school-house that cost $6,000, two hotels, three wagon shops, five blacksmith shops, two meat markets, one furniture store, two livery stables, two barber shops, one harness shop, three milliner shops, two saw-mills, one planing mill, with sash, door, and blind factory attached, three shoe shops, and five doctors. As it is not a very good place for a person to get a living out of other people's difficulties, lawyers are not very plenty. There are two that try to honor the profession, but so far, have failed to do it. There are two large warehouses, and it is a good market for all kinds of produce. There is a stave factory run on a capital of $15,000, a lumber yard along the track of the C. & M. L. S. railroad, requiring a capital of $4,000. The railroad comes into the town from the west, and when near the corporation, begins a curve to the north, passing through the west part of the village, the curve changing its course from east by north, to north by east, and passes out a little west of the center on the way to Bangor. There are various small institutions, such as restaurants, dressmakers, candy factory, etc., and taken all in all, it is about as lively a town as there is in the county.

WASHTENAW COUNTY.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

BY E. D. LAY.

Deaths of pioneers in Washtenaw county, between February 2d, 1881, and June 7th, 1882:

MRS. LAURA WARNER died February 7th, 1881, aged 81 years—a pioneer of Washtenaw county.

MRS. HANNAH ROOT died February 14th, 1881, aged 80 years, and had resided in the county 40 years.

JOHN THOMPSON died February 14th, 1881, aged 83 years, and had resided in Ann Arbor 50 years.

Mr. CATHARINE STEPHENS died March 9th, 1881, aged 77 years, and had resided in Ann Arbor 40 years.

JAMES JONES died February 18th, 1881, aged 76 years, and had resided in Ann Arbor city 47 years.

WM. YOST died February 20th, 1881, aged 77 years, and had resided in Pittsfield 28 years.

MRS. ANNA CARR died in Northfield, March 4th, 1881, aged 87 years, and had resided in Washtenaw county 50 years.

JACOB VANDAWALKER died March 3d, 1881, aged 68 years, and had resided in Ann Arbor 45 years.

EDWARD TORREY died March 17th, 1881, aged 79 years, and had resided in Ann Arbor 55 years.

MRS. BETSEY W. THOMPSON died April 21st, 1881, aged 84 years, and had resided in Superior township 49 years.

CONRAD REDNER died April 25th, 1881, aged 82 years, and had resided in Augusta township and Ypsilanti city 47 years.

MRS. MARGARET HOUGHTON died April 21st, 1881, aged 90 years, and had resided in Webster township 47 years.

MRS. URANIA BLAKESLEE died April 25th, 1881, aged 88 years, and had resided in the town of York, Washtenaw county, 45 years.

MRS. HANNAH HISCOCK died May 29th, 1881, aged 73 years, and had resided in Superior and Ypsilanti townships 54 years.

MRS. ACHSAH WHITAKER died June 4th, 1881, aged 84 years; and had resided in Lima township 44 years.

THOMAS MCKENNON died August 18, 1881, aged 81 years; and had resided in the township of Northfield, in this county, 50 years.

ORRIN COLLIER died in Ann Arbor May 7th, 1881, and had resided in Ann Arbor 33 years.

LOREN MOORE died in Ann Arbor city May 5th, 1881, aged 80 years, and had resided in York township and Ann Arbor city 50 years.

JOHN W. VAN CLEVE died May 22d, 1881, aged 69 years, and had resided in Ypsilanti city 44 years.

MRS. ESTHER BARNUM died May 23d, 1881, aged 65 years, and had resided in Ypsilanti city 30 years.

J. D. IRISH died September 1st, 1881, aged 69 years, and had resided in Ann Arbor 48 years.

LEMUEL FOSTER died September 9th, 1881, aged 88 years and 6 months, and had resided in Ann Arbor township 45 years.

JOSEPH BENNETT died September 16th, 1881, aged 83 years; an old resident of Salem, in this county.

ABRAHAM DECAMP died September 8th, 1881, aged 88 years, and had resided in Webster township, in this county, 45 years.

ICHABOD CRIPPEN died September 30th, 1881, aged 74 years; an old resident of Superior, in this county, and had lived on one farm 50 years.

MRS. ELIZA CRANE died October 2d, 1881, aged 70 years, and had resided in Pittsfield, in this county, on the same farm, 51 years.

MRS. MARTHA NOBLE died September 26th, 1881, aged 83 years, and had resided in Washtenaw county 56 years.

DR. SAMUEL W. PATTISON died October 23d, 1881, aged 84 years and 4 months, and had resided in Michigan 45 years, having lived nine years in Fentonville and Owosso, and in Ypsilanti city 36 years.

ASA C. BURNETT died October 30th, 1881, aged 66 years, and had resided in Ann Arbor 49 years.

HEMAN DRURY died November 7th, 1881, aged 63 years, and had resided in Michigan 51 years, all but eight years of the time in Washtenaw county.

MRS. MELINDA YOST died November 14th, 1881, aged 72 years, and had resided in Pittsfield, in this county, 29 years.

JONATHAN G. MORTON died November 21st, 1881, aged 80 years, and had resided in Ypsilanti 57 years. Mr. Morton kept the first store in Ypsilanti, and lived and died on the farm he took from the government, for over 50 years.

DANIEL W. BLISS died December 7th, 1881, aged 79 years, and had resided in Ann Arbor 48 years.

MRS. PHEBE GEER died in Ann Arbor December 22d, 1881, aged 77 years, and had resided in Washtenaw county 40 years.

MRS. ISABELLA HOWLAND died January 4th, 1882, aged 83 years, and had resided in Ypsilanti city 38 years, and in Washtenaw county over 40 years.

WM. CROSS died January 22d, 1882, in his 77th year, and had resided in Ypsilanti nearly 58 years.

MRS. CAROLINE PLATT died January 27th, 1882, aged 77 years, and had resided in Pittsfield and Ypsilanti, in this county, about 50 years.

MRS. ALICE MCELROY died in Northfield, February 4th, 1882, aged 81 years, and had resided in Washtenaw county 50 years.

THOMAS EARL died in Ann Arbor city, February 25th, 1882, aged 72 years, and had resided in Washtenaw county 48 years.

MRS. MERILLA WESTON died in Dexter, February 1st, 1882, aged 76 years, and had resided in Washtenaw county 46 years.

MRS. SALLY EASTON died December 2d, 1881, aged 76 years. She lived in Lima, Washtenaw county, 52 years, and had resided on the same farm on which she died, all the time for 51 years.

MRS. JULIA ANN MILLER died February 9th, 1882, aged 66 years and 6 months, and had resided in Dexter 35 years.

REV. LOUIS LEGRAND NOBLES died in Ionia, February 11th, 1882, aged 71 years. Mr. Nobles came to Washtenaw county in 1824, and had lived most of the time in the county of Washtenaw.

MRS. HARRIET S. CARR died May 13th, 1881, aged 60 years, and had resided in Washtenaw county 36 years.

JAMES F. ROYCE died March 11th, 1882, aged nearly 77 years, and had resided in Ann Arbor 52 years.

MRS. FRANCES A. PRESTON died February 28th, 1882, aged 65 years, and had resided in Freedom and Pittsfield, in Washtenaw county, 47 years.

HON. AARON CHILDS died March 26th, 1882, aged 75 years and 4 months, and had resided in Augusta, Washtenaw county, nearly 48 years. The first township meeting was held at his house, when he was elected clerk, and held the office for several years. He was supervisor of that town for fifteen years; also served one term in the Legislature in 1871. He was a man that the people always delighted to honor with office of some kind, always trustworthy, and treating those that differed from him politically with kind feelings and regard.

MARGARET C. KING died March 24th, 1882, aged 76 years; and had resided in Washtenaw county over 50 years.

WM. HURLBURT died April 11th, 1882, aged 86 years; and had resided in Ann Arbor and Pittsfield 55 years.

MRS. ALMIRA FREEMAN died April 7th, 1882, aged 85 years; and had resided in Ypsilanti township on the farm where she died, over 50 years.

DR. EBENEZER WELLS died April 25th, 1882, aged 68 years; and had resided in Ann Arbor 43 or 44 years.

MRS. LYDIA COMSTOCK died April 26th, 1882, aged 72 years; and had resided in Ypsilanti township and city over 51 years.

MRS. ELIZABETH BOYD died April 26th, 1882, aged 72 years; and had resided in Ann Arbor nearly 50 years.

DUDSON WARNER died May 5th, 1882, aged 78 years; an old resident of Salem, in this county.

JOHN DICKERSON died April 30th, 1882, in the 87th year of his age, and had resided on a farm of 270 acres of land, near Salem Station, since 1826—nearly fifty-six years.

HON. CALVIN WHEELER died May 17th, 1882, aged 78 years, and had resided on the farm where he died, 52 years. He had held several township offices, and was a member of the State Legislature in 1851. He was a man respected by all that knew him; a person whom his townsmen delighted to honor with office.

REV. LEWIS M. NORTH, of Pittsfield, died May 22d, 1882, aged 79 years, and had resided in Washtenaw county 44 years.

ISAAC BURHANS, of Northfield, an old resident of that town, died May 22d, 1882, aged 96 years.

Ages contained in the memorials of the pioneers that have died in Washtenaw county between February 1, 1881, and June 1, 1882—sixteen months—are as follows:

Between 95 and 100 years	1
Between 90 and 95 years	1
Between 85 and 90 years	7
Between 80 and 85 years	15
Between 75 and 80 years	17
Between 70 and 75 years	7
Between 65 and 70 years	8
Between 60 and 65 years	2
	58

[The above memorial report for Washtenaw county is a most remarkable

comment upon the healthful climate of Michigan, especially of Washtenaw county. The age of these fifty-eight pioneers, who, more or less, passed through the hardships of pioneer life, averages nearly seventy-eight years, and their average residence was about forty-eight years. Can any section of our country show a better record of longevity than this?—COMPILER.]

WAYNE COUNTY.

DETROIT.

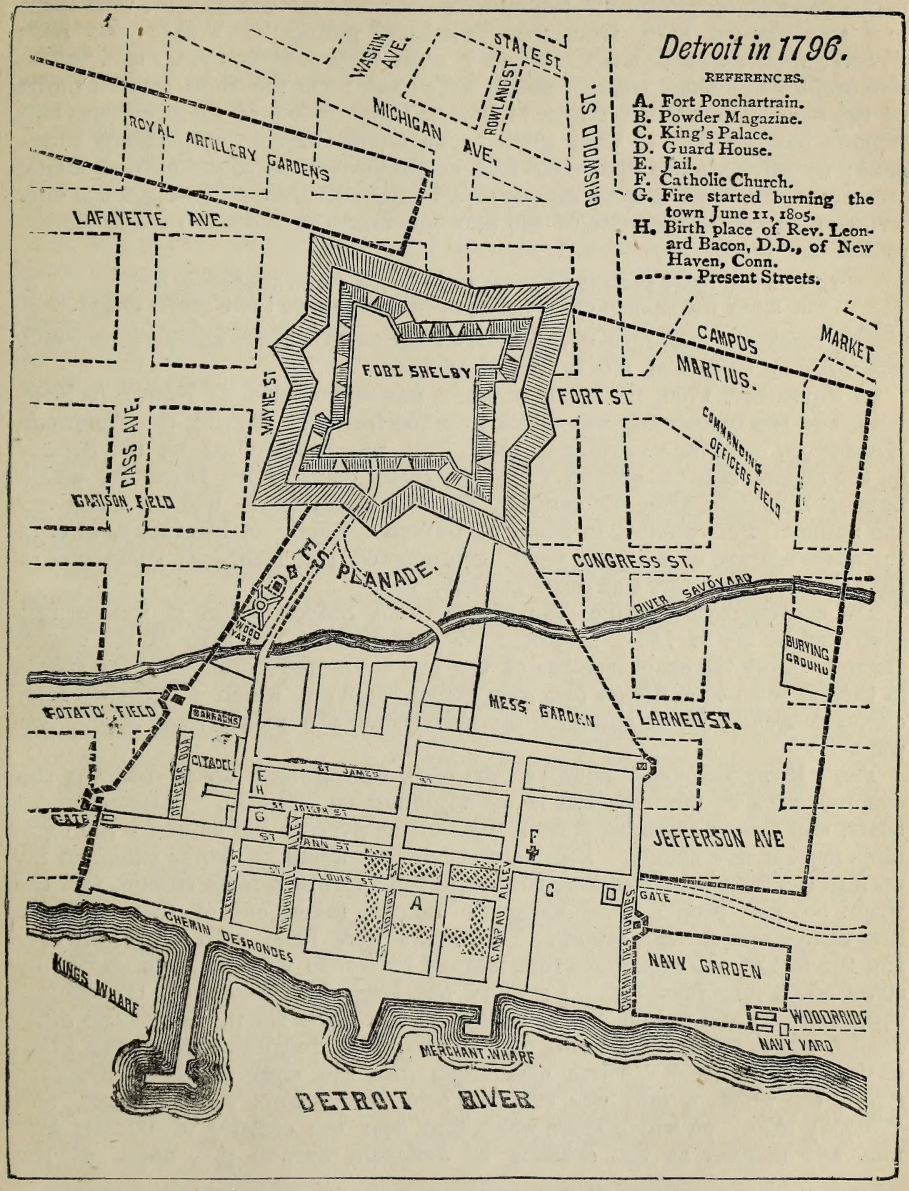
SKETCHES OF ITS EARLY HISTORY AND LEADING POLITICAL HISTORICAL EVENTS, BY ROBERT E. ROBERTS.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, June 8, 1882.

The city of Detroit, the metropolis of the State of Michigan, is situated on the north shore of the strait (*d'etroit*) connecting Lakes Erie and St. Clair. Latitude 42° 19′ 53″ north; longitude, west, 82° 58″. From Washington, west 5° 56′ 12″, 545 miles from Washington. Difference in time from New York city, 34 minutes and 48 seconds. Elevation above the Atlantic, 570 feet. Above the Detroit river it gradually rises to an elevation of 60 feet three miles from it, affording perfect drainage.

The Detroit River, or strait, is twenty-five miles long, from one-half to two miles wide, from twenty to fifty feet deep, and passes 190,270,030 cubic feet of water per hour. It is never swollen by flood, or shallowed by drought, and anchorage everywhere. There are seventeen islands in the river, two above the city, the others below. The city has the age on all the cities of the lakes; its site was first visited by civilized man in 1610. The Indians with their usual sagacity, had selected it as a site for their villages, of which there were three in its immediate vicinity at the time of its discovery. For 150 years after, it was under the dominion of France, for twenty-three years thereafter, under the dominion of Great Britain, and for thirteen years longer, under its jurisdiction. Although ceded to the United States by treaty in 1783, it did not extend its jurisdiction over it until 1796; when it was taken possession of by a portion of Gen. Wayne's army, under Captain Porter, when the first flag bearing the stars and stripes. that ever floated in Michigan, was given to the breeze from the the flag-staff in the fort erected by the British during the American Revolution in 1778. The legitimate settlement of the city was in 1701; when M. de LaMothe Cadilac, under the French government, erected here "Fort Ponchartrain" for the purpose of establishing a fur-trading post and protecting the traders, and for one hundred years thereafter, it was only known as a military, missionary, and fur-trading post. The population for 200 years after its discovery, at no time exceeded, aside from the military, 800 souls.

The old town of Detroit covered the site on the river bank south of Larned street, between where now is Griswold and Wayne streets; about two acres in length and an acre and a half in breadth; surrounded with oak and cedar pickets, about fifteen feet long, within which lots were granted settlers on the payment of two sols in cash and one oak or cedar picket for each foot front of lot.



Map of the Old Town of Detroit, projected on a section of the Map of the City of Detroit.

In 1749 settlers were sent here from France, at the expense of the government, and farms were granted them on both sides of the river, of four arpens front on the river and running back forty arpens. Farming implements and other advances were made to them by the government until they were able to take care of themselves, which they were soon able to do. This was the com-

mencement of agriculture in the lake region. The settlers brought with them and transplanted here, from that enchanted garden of Europe, *La Belle France*, apple and pear trees. When I came here, fifty-five years ago, extensive orchards of those trees lined the river bank from the then eastern limits of the city, at now Brush street, to Bloody Run. Some of the pear trees still remain, bearing fruit. They grew to an enormous size, resembling forest oaks; measuring more than eight feet in circumference at the butt, a single tree producing some seasons seventy-five bushels of fruit. They are the only living thing commemorative of the first cultivators of the soil in this section of the new world.

"And when those ancient trees are gone which those old heroes set,
The noisy waves shall chant their praise though men their names forget."

The stockade and fort were enlarged about this time, and a further levy was made on owners of lots to furnish pickets.

In November, 1760, the whole province was surrendered by France to England, and the British flag was raised over the fortress. During the American Revolution, in 1778, an extensive earth fort was constructed by the British on the second rise of ground from the river, called Fort Lernoult; which name it bore until after the battle of the Thames in 1813, when it was given the name of Fort Shelby, in honor of Governor Shelby of Kentucky, who, at the advanced age of sixty-six years, commanded the Kentucky volunteers in that battle. This fort was razed in 1827.

The accompanying map of the old town of Detroit before it was entirely destroyed by fire in 1805, projected on a section of the map of the city of Detroit, shows the exact location of the old town and forts. All the streets in the old town were fifteen feet wide except St. Ann, which was twenty feet. *Chuni de Ronde*, which encircled the town inside the pickets, was twenty feet wide.

The "River Savoyan," shown in the map, was a large creek draining the common back of the town and farms adjoining on the east. Batteaus, small boats, and canoes ascended it from the Detroit river, as far as where the vegetable market now stands. Fishing and hunting along its banks extended far up into the farms. After long continued rains it was a large stream, and the writer has seen people living along its margin taken out of their windows into canoes and carried ashore. The banks were lined with scrub willows, and the last of the sycamores that marked its course was cut down on Shelby street about four years ago. Its glory has long since departed; the subterranean creeks and public sewers have done the work for it, as also two other creeks, within the present limits of the city, that furnished power for grist-mills. "Mays Creek" which discharged into the river at about Eleventh street, on which a mill was situated near where Fort street crosses, and "Bloody Run," on which there was a mill near the crossing of Gratiot avenue, and another at the crossing of Jefferson avenue just north of the

OLD PONTIAC TREE,

still standing—the only remaining monument commemorative of the battle fought by Indians under Pontiac, and British soldiers under Captain Dalzel, in 1763. The creek, the bridge, the mill-dam, over which the Indians stealthily crossed the creek; the brush willows lining the banks of the creek, among which the Indians lay concealed—all are gone, and this tree alone marks the battle-ground. When it finally yields to time, a more enduring monument

should be erected there to Captain Dalzel and his heroic fallen band—the pioneers of civilization in the western wilds.

Before the construction of Fort Shelby, the citadel shown in the map was picketed in, and contained officers' quarters, and barracks sufficient to contain from 300 to 400 men; a provision store, hospital, and guard-house; over the gates of the town were block-houses, each of which had four guns (six-pounders). There were, besides, two six-gun batteries fronting the river, and in parallel direction with the block-houses. The gates of the town were closed at sunset, and opened at sunrise. Indians were not allowed to enter the town at any time with arms of any kind, gun, tomahawk, or knife. As a precaution against surprise by Indians, no buildings were allowed to be constructed near the stockade enclosing the town, and between the stockade (now Griswold street) and the first farm on the east (Brush farm) was an open common called the "King's domain," and on the west and north were the garrison fields and gardens.

THE KING'S PALACE,

noted on the map, was the government house occupied by the military commandants. It was two stories high; the only one in the town. There were about sixty houses, most of them one story high, a few of them a story and a half. They were all of logs.

The Roman Catholic church, noted on the map, was 60 by 40 feet, one story, with two steeples and two bells, built in 1723; near the river, in rear of the Government House, was a council house for the purpose of holding council with the Indians.

That part of the town not required for public use was subdivided into fifty-nine lots. The names of freeholders in the town were, Arkin, Abbott, McDonald, McDougall, Meldrum, Parke, Grant, Chagrin, McGregor, Campau, McKea, Oadney, Macomb, Roe, Howard, Tremble, Sparkin, Leith, Williams, Ridley, Frazer, Haines, Dolson, Jayer, Lefoy, Thebould, Duhomel, St. Cosmo, Belenger, LaFleur, Cote, Scott, LaFontaine, Bird, Starling, Andrews, Harfoy, and Ford.

The tax levy in 1805 was on personal property only; the legal fee of the land being still in the general government. The tax roll of that year found among the papers of the late Judge James May, marshal of the Territory, to whom all taxes were paid, we find the whole amount of the tax levy for that year was $1,143, and the highest tax paid by any person was $18.50. Among the names assessed are the following: James May, $18.50; Joseph Campau, $10.50; James Abbott, $8.00; Solomon Sibley, $2.00; Elijah Brush, $4.00; Barnabas Campau, $3.00; Archibald Hull, son of the Governor, $3.00; Gabriel Richard, $3.00; Peter J. Desnoyer, $1.00; Gov. Hull's name does not appear on the roll. The roll embraced all living in the Territory, and contains the names of 525 householders and 667 names of males over sixteen years of age.

The only known existing relic of by-gone old Detroit is the ground end of the flag staff of the fort constructed by the British during the American Revolution, deposited in the Detroit Public Library. This was found in excavating on the site of the fort a few years ago. Here, in 1763, that daring warrior, Pontiac, the great head of the Indian race at that period, the "Satan of this forest paradise," at his home and head wigwam on an island in the strait, planned the driving every white man over the Alleghanies and

destroying all the English posts in the northwest, simultaneously on a fixed day. These consisted of thirteen well garrisoned forts, stretching from Niagara and Pittsburg all along the lakes to the Mississippi, and on the Wabash river. So secret were his plans, and so prompt was he in their execution, that ten of these forts fell in a single day and their inmates were massacred; but he himself met with a signal defeat at Detroit.

Here that brave and magnanimous chief, Tecumseh, the noblest of his race, "rose, reigned, and fell." Tecumseh participated against the United States in all the conflicts, from the defeat of Harmar in 1790 to the battle of the Thames in 1813, where he lost his life and left no spot or blemish on his honor or humanity.

Following is a summary of

LEADING POLITICAL EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF DETROIT.

It was first visited by the French in 1610.

Founded by M. De LaMothe Cadilac, under the government of France in 1701.

Transferred to England in 1760.

Occcupied by British troops during the Revolutionary war.

Transferred to the United States by treaty in 1783.

Taken possession of by Wayne's army, when the first flag bearing the stars and stripes that ever was floated in Michigan was given to the breeze, in 1796.

Surrendered to the British in 1812.

Re-taken by the United States in 1813.

It was founded in the strife for sovereignty between the English and the French governments.

Five times its flag has been changed. First the lily of France floated over it; then the red cross of England; next the stars and stripes of the United States; then again the red cross; and lastly the stars and stripes.

Three different sovereigns have claimed its allegiance. Since it has been held by the United States its government has been thrice transferred. Twice it has been besieged by the Indians. Once captured in war, and once burned to the ground. Fire has scathed it; the tomahawk, scalping knife, and war club have been let loose upon it in the hands of an unrelenting, savage foe.

It has been the scene of one surrender, of more than fifty pitched battles, and twelve horrid massacres.

The destruction of the old town was so far fortunate that it led to the adoption of a plan better adapted to a city such as Detroit has become. The corporate seal of the city commemorates the conflagration. In the centre are two female figures, one weeping over a burning city, the other pointing to a new one surrounded by the motto:

"SPERAMUS MELIORA; RESURGET CINNIBUS,"

—"we hope for better things; it shall rise from its ashes."

The first permanent Protestant church in Michigan was organized at Detroit in 1818.

The Griffin, the first schooner that ever crossed Lake Erie, arrived at Detroit on the 11th of August, 1679. The steamboat Walk-in-the-water, the first steamboat on the great lakes, arrived at Detroit on the 27th of August, 1818.

No lands in Michigan had been surveyed, except the old private claims, until about 1816, and the government lands were first put in market in 1818,

and purchases were made of considerable amounts by actual settlers that year, but it was some years later before there was any general rush of immigrants, which was probably due to a report made by agents sent here by the general government to examine the country, who described the country as an unbroken series of swamps, logs and sand barrens, and not fit for cultivation. Residents of Detroit at the time the agents were here, said they remained in Detroit for weeks drinking wine, and did not penetrate five miles into the interior. They probably judged of the whole by the *Grande Marias* of about 2,000 acres east of the city. This marsh is now reclaimed and under cultivation. Most of the early emigrants—from 1830 to 1840—were natives of New York or New England.

Detroit in 1827 (when the writer became a resident here) was the only municipal corporation in Michigan. Its population was less than 1,500, mostly native French. There were a number of families here from the States, but not more than a dozen from any foreign country. The buildings were mostly constructed of wood, one or two stories high, with steep roofs and dormer windows. Mr. Thomas Palmer (father of Senator T. W. Palmer) completed that year the territorial capitol, and court-house, and jail, which he constructed on a "dicker" contract with the United States government for 250 city lots, and 10,000 acres of land adjoining the city on the north, which has since been known as the "10,000-acre tract." Since that time great changes have taken place, and scarcely a vestige of the old city of that day, remains.

"All things decay with time; the forest sees
The growth and downfall of her aged trees;
The timber tall, which three-score lusters stood,
The proud dictator of the state-like wood—
I mean the sovereign of all plants, the oak,
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke."

The brick capitol and stone jail are gone. On the site of the former is the high school, and of the latter the public library. In front of the old jail, the writer fifty years ago last September, witnessed the last execution for murder in Michigan.

With the exception of the old French stone church of St. Anne, there is not a building recognizable, in place, within the limits of the city at that period, that was here then; and I know of only two outside, within its extended limits —the residence of Hon. C. C. Trowbridge, in which he has resided fifty-six years, constructed in 1826, and the Moran house, on the C. Moran farm, between Woodbridge and Franklin streets. This house was the birthplace of the late Judge Charles Moran, and his father, that sterling old patriot, Capt. Charles Moran. Unquestionably it is the oldest building in the city or State of Michigan. It was built by Pierre Moran, father of Capt. Moran, shortly after the farm grants were made by the French government, in 1749. It is one of the farm-houses, and the only remaining one, behind which the Indians took shelter when firing on the British soldiers on their retreat to the fort in the memorable battle of Bloody Run, in 1763. It is co-existent with some of the pear trees still living, bearing fruit, transplanted by the first settlers, who brought them from France in 1749. This building and the few remaining pear trees are the only remaining relics connecting the present with the first agricultural settlements in Michigan, or elsewhere in the west.

In the west! In the west! Where the rivers that flow,
Run thousands of miles—spreading out as they go;

Where the green waving forests that echo our call,
Are wide as old England and free to us all.
Where the prairies—like seas when the billows have rolled—
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old.
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,
In this forest paradise, the land of the west.

OFFICIAL CENSUS OF THE CITY FROM 1810 TO 1880.

YEARS.	Population.	Increase.	Aver'ge Annual Increase.
1810	770	----------	----------
1818	1,110	340	42
1820	1,442	332	166
1828	1,517	75	9
1830	2,222	705	252
1834	4,968	2,746	684
1840	9,102	4,134	688
1844	10,948	1,846	461
1850	21,019	10,071	1,678
1854	40,127	19,108	4,777
1860	45,619	5,492	925
1864	53,176	8,551	2,137
1870	79,599	26,429	1,407
1874	101,255	21,556	5,414
1880	116,342	15,087	2,514

NOTE.—The large increase at some of the periods is due to the extension of the city limits. It will be seen that the population has doubled in the past fifteen years. The population of Detroit and the adjoining villages of Hamtramck and Springwells, in 1880, was 128,742.

Of two hundred and seventy-five men actively engaged in the affairs of life here at the time of my coming fifty-five years ago, whose names are remembered, five only are living.

"The death of those distinguished by their station,
But by their virtues more, awakes the mind
To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe.
Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves,
Left to the toil of life. And yet the best
Are, by the playful children of this world,
At once forgot, as they had never been."

REMINISCENCES OF DETROIT.

BY REV. W. FITCH, D. D., POST CHAPLAIN AT FORT WAYNE.

[Read before the Pioneer Society of Detroit, July 25th, 1872.]

On visiting the pioneer association of Detroit, May 9, 1872, expecting to meet the veterans of the city, I was surprised to find the "pioneers" were those whom I had known as boys, and many had passed through my hands in obtaining their education. While Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Bishop were describing the persons, places, and things of old Detroit, it revived so many sleeping memories that I suggested to the gentlemen that I could hardly keep still, feeling an impulse to put in a word of confirmation, or illustration, or enlargement upon the subjects alluded to. The society kindly invited me to write out some of my experiences and recollections of this State and city.

In the spring of 1838 I received, through Dr. Pitcher, from the regents, an appointment as principal of the Detroit branch of the University of Michigan,

then to be opened. Of the eight branches embraced in the system, the one at Pontiac had been already one year in operation, in the charge of my lifelong friend, Prof. Williams, now of Ann Arbor. Providence had in store some great things for education in Michigan. From the small beginning of eight branches the University of Michigan has grown to be one of the most populous and most popular institutions of America; the wonder and admiration of all—admiration at its prosperity, and wonder at the causes of its success.

What was Michigan when it inaugurated its system of education? Judge Holmes, of Newark, Ohio, told me that I was going to a State that could never be inhabited, for just back of Detroit it was all a swamp. "I know," said he, "for I was the government surveyor and could not survey it except in the winter on the ice." I, who am now speaking, found that dry spot, Detroit, in April, 1838, eleven years after Jefferson avenue was opened east of the now Biddle House. After years of palavering with the French habitants, consent was obtained to open that street on the express condition that the town, without expense to the proprietors, should build a substantial rail fence on each side of Jefferson avenue to protect what would be left of the cut-up farms. As an illustration of the reluctance with which the French habitants allowed Detroit to extend beyond the boundaries of a military stockade, I may state that I once saw Mons. Beaubien riding on a load of unthreshed oats, along St. Antoine street. He hailed Mr. John Watson and said: "See here, Mr. Watson, some of the produce of my farm. (This farm lay on both sides of St. Antoine street.) Just think what a fine farm I might have if the city had not cut it up with their streets and town lots; they have spoiled it." Mr. Watson replied: "How many oats did you raise, Mr. Beaubien?" "Seven hundred bushels." (As the oats were not yet threshed I think it was a rude guess.) "Seven hundred bushels, did you say? It did not cost you over a dollar a bushel to raise the crop and you can sell the oats for 37½ cts. a bushel. What a pity your farming has been reduced by city lots. What did they offer you, Mr. Beaubien, for the lot you live on, and you refused to take it?" "$30,000." After his death, Mrs. Beaubien, in her estimation, got more than $30,000. She gave it to her church. It is now occupied by the convent. Mrs. Beaubien thought as much of her church as he did of his oats.

Before the Yankees forced Jefferson avenue across the French farms, C. C. Trowbridge and Major John Biddle had to crawl around on the bank of the river to get to their residences. Chancellor Farnsworth has succeeded Major Biddle.

Detroit, though famous in history, and for a long time making a dot on the map, was really only eleven years old when I came to open a branch of the University. There was as yet no pavement, consequently no carriage visible in winter, except one at the Michigan Exchange, kept for State occasions, that English travelers could not report that Michigan had not one four-wheeled carriage. Sleighs were not used for want of roads and sufficient snow in the city. Ladies rode to church in carts, the rich spreading buffalo robes and putting in ottomans to sit on. It was amusing to see the street in front of the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches lined with carts backed up to the sidewalk, where they had dumped their fair loads to attend church. This method of riding was not because the people were barbarous, but because the unpaved clay streets were. The society of Detroit (though very limited), for true refinement, good sense, and social qualities, has no been improved since that day when winter shut them out from the wo rld

There were five churches, St. Anne's (French, which has stood from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary), St. Paul's, Episcopal; a Presbyterian and a Methodist on Woodward avenue and a Baptist church on Fort street, corner of Griswold. All these church edifices have passed away except St. Anne's. As of the churches, so of nearly all the buildings in the present Detroit; they have taken the places of those in existence when the Branch University was opened.

When I came to Detroit I recognized in the rector of St. Paul's and bishop of the diocese of Michigan, a gentleman whom I had met four years before he assumed his position; tall, slender, with a graceful, military air, a prosecuting attorney and lay reader in the church in Reading, Pennsylvania. I was then a Professor in Kenyon College, and he asked me to preach. All the Episcopalians of Detroit were now under his sole charge, and as if that was not enough, he had the charge of the diocese of Michigan. He has some bitter reminiscences, as well as C. C. Trowbridge, the patriarch of the diocese, his companion in travel. They can correct me if I have misstated the aboriginal condition of the roads and swamps which a pioneer had to traverse. Both Bishop McCoskry and his spiritual charge have outgrown those limited dimensions. Beside old St. Paul's stood the substantial Presbyterian church, which embraced all the different sects of Presbyterians as well as the Congregationalists in the city. It had no minister then. In the fall came the Rev. Dr. George Duffield; a man of active mind, not of commanding presence, but commanding influence, and for several years exercised the powers without the title of Bishop of the Presbyterians. A Presbyterian, true blue, was he. Congregationalism labored long in vain to draw off from his fold. But the old church was burned, and out swarmed churches of various names in goodly number. In 1842 he bought 11 acres of land and built a house in the country, going beyond a dreary waste, marked on the map as the "Grand Circus" where cows congregated at night, a general deposit for tin pans, old shoes, and dead cats. The doctor's house is at the corner of Woodward avenue and George street. His example drew many other adventurous men in that direction. The tide of population moved northward.

In whig politics the doctor could not get all to follow him. In the log cabin, hard cider campaign some of his democratic members called on the doctor and threatened to nail up their pew doors,—Major Kearsley, Jonas Titus and others—if he did not stop preaching politics, because for six Sundays he had refused, or at least neglected, to pray for the President. The Dr. said if that was so he did not know it. He meant as in duty bound, to pray for all who needed prayer, and he knew of no one that needed it more than Martin Van Buren. Dr. Duffield lived through it. He died however, in a good old age, as any clergyman might desire to die, while speaking in church. His children are his living monument.

Near the Episcopal church, on the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, was a modest wooden building in which at one time officiated a justly eminent man, Rev. Dr. Thompson; afterwards, as the Methodist wheel turned him round, President of the Wesleyan University in Delaware, Ohio; and at the last turn he became a Methodist Bishop, and recently died universally lamented. While Dr. Thompson was praying, Mr. John Owen, like another Hur, upheld his hands. This one of the builders up of Detroit, got rich like H. P. Baldwin, not by the iron grip which holds on tight to all it can grasp, but by having a capacious, liberal heart, which Providence seemed

to delight in filling. With all their giving they have not exhausted Heaven's stores. Their success in business and in gaining the confidence of the good, shows to the misers that the more a liberal handed Christian sows judiciously the seed of good works, the richer harvests he shall reap. He was under no obligations to me, he being a Methodist, which I was not; yet, when in after years I moved from Michigan, he sent my family and all my goods in his steamer to Toledo free of charge.

Mr. Charles Moran stands like an immovable pyramid husbanding his paternal acres that make him rich, while his children, whom I once knew and taught, are gone before him. He lets the city grow, and he will lease lands to those who wish to get a central position without buying. I once, out of pity to a poor husband-forsaken woman, bought a house on Mr. Moran's farm. This house I rented, rent free, to a negro Baptist preacher who afterwards sought admission to the ministry of the Episcopal church. He desired, for the benefit of his congregation, the privilege of reading to them every Sabbath the 7th commandment. He feared that if he read it as a Baptist minister the congregation would turn him out for being too personal. But with all his safeguards he could not keep them in steady attendance, for if a stalwart Kentuckian was reported as having arrived in Detroit, all our sable servants vanished and were next heard of, like the illustrious Vallandigham, waiting over the border till the Kentuckian was gone. The preacher died a missionary in Africa. That deserted church is now a Jewish synagogue, on the corner of Antoine and Larned streets.

The house on Jefferson avenue, where the patriarch Joseph Campau is said to have snored on a bear-skin for ninety-five years, still stands, a well remembered landmark amidst the towering Yankee structures which have risen to overshadow it. I am not sure that envious report did him justice as to the manner of his economical sleeping. I was told that this philosophic pioneer reasoned thus: Joseph Campau never did die; he has always lived ever since he was born; perhaps he may always live, therefore he would not incur the expense of paying a lawyer to make a will. It would have been needless, for if the court records are true, each of his children has a will of his own, and the lawyers are making up for the time they lost in waiting. One calico gown at a shilling a yard added annually to his wife's wardrobe, did not consume his whole estate.

Oliver Newberry was one of the men who built up Detroit. A peculiar institution he was; doing a varied and extended business in his own peculiar way, carrying all his accounts on loose pieces of paper in his hat. There was no telling what he had or had not in his store. A lady told me that she asked Mr. Newberry, sitting on his counter, if he had a certain kind of valuable ribbon. He said he believed he had, and reaching over behind the counter, brought up a handful of loose ribbons out of a half bushel of cut nails. She had doubted if the article could be had this side of New York. But it is as a "steamboat proprietor" the memory of Oliver Newberry is gratefully recorded in Detroit, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Chicago, and all the northwest. One of Oliver Newberry's boat captains was called Commodore Blake, a large, burly man, with exalted ideas of the rights and prerogatives of a veteran boat captain. Once on a trip down from Chicago the commodore thought the owner of the boat took undue liberties in suggesting at what ports to stop, or something of the kind, so he landed Oliver Newberry on the Island of Mackinac, and steamed on down the lake.

I have been of late reminded of Oliver, as often as I have seen an eccentric genius of New York, who strongly, in looks and otherwise, resembles the Michigan pioneer, with his capacious hat, who has said it was his ambition to have for his epitaph: "Here lies H. G., the founder of the New York Tribune." Some ill-natured commodores, who think he is interfering with their prescriptive rights on the ship of state, threaten to land H. G. high and dry at Chapaqua in November.

The time-honored Michigan Exchange still stands, to assure a returning visitor that this is where old Detroit stood. From the Exchange north, here and there were buildings as far as to the north side of *Campus Martius*. Beyond this, out in the country across the mud, was the State capitol, now the capitol school-house. To the west, buildings not now extant were scattered along the avenue down to the Cass farm, nearly to First street.

While the Cass farm bounded Detroit population on the west, it may give an idea of what was beyond that farm, to state that not being able to rent a house in the city, I went west into the country and rented a farm of Mrs. Henry I. Hunt, and her sister, Miss McIntosh, for the sake of the house, at the yearly price of $250. I did not get possession, as I could not get Colonel Mack, the tenant, out. There was no passable road to get there in winter. It could not be reached on foot, but I was desperately in want of a house. That farm, like Mr. Beaubiens, has been ruined by the driving Yankees. Mr. Richardson has moved it into the city and built his match factory on it. The corner of Woodbridge and Eighth streets is where my coveted house was, and Fort, and Lafayette, and other streets have cut across the rear of the farm, and the Michigan Central has built up the river in front with solid land, and covered it with railroad tracks and warehouses. If it had not been for John Mullet's old yellow house, now occupied by Mr. Samuel Zug, standing there as in days of yore, my house and farm would have been beyond all recognition; as much as if buried in Herculaneum or Pompeii.

As Detroit was surrounded by a belt of swampy, unproductive country, provisions had to be imported from Ohio and elsewhere, as now to Mackinac and the Sault, before the navigation closed, and the great influx of prospectors and immigrants looking for land, would sometimes reduce the supply and raise the price frightfully. I saw an imported goose hang all winter in the market, labeled $1.00—the looks rather than the price repelling a purchaser. Immigrants, after floundering through the mud all day, could not always be treated to so much as a wolf steak at Coon TenEyck's, nine miles from the city.

One who now flies by rail through this well-cultivated country, reclaimed by drainage, can hardly believe this. Adventurers who struggled through to the north as far as Pontiac, brought back such Munchausen reports that nobody who did not make the experiment of a winter journey to that famed locality could believe half of what was told. I do not myself believe the story of the man who reported that as he was riding that way he saw a hat in the mud, and on picking it up, he was surprised to find a man's head under it. When he offered to extricate the sufferer, he said: "Thank you, sir; I shall come out all right, for I have a good horse under me."

Such an unenviable reputation had travelers given this road and its terminus, that when an angry Detroiter wished to curse a man, without being too profane, he would say: "You go to Pontiac." I deferred my visit after the first trial, till the railroad reached it; and such a railroad! When we got out into the woods, near where the "junction" is, we, the passengers, got out and

gathered dry sticks and broke them across our knees to raise the steam and start again. That road, as well as that region and city, have undergone a marvelous improvement, illustrating the proverb, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Snake-heads from flat rails no longer dart up through the bottom of the cars, killing passengers, as they once did. Business men no longer excuse their failure to meet their appointments by maliciously saying: "The injured farmers set their dogs on us, which seized the wheel of the locomotive and arrested the train." Such exaggerations of travelers show how much truth there was in the remark of the great moralist, Falstaff: "how this world is given to lying."

That Detroit was then but an infant city may be understood when I say, that a citizen of Monroe told me that the reason why Monroe did not grow faster was, that the rival city, Detroit, was jealous of the prosperity of Monroe, and did everything to keep it back, that it might promote its own growth. I must do Monroe the justice to say that no complaints of Detroit jealousy are heard now-a-days, when the last census gives Monroe 5,826.

I have spoken of the dimensions of Detroit with its scattered buildings, of which few are now remaining. Two years after my arrival the population had swollen to 9,100.

If the city and State were young, so were the rulers. The governor, Stevens T. Mason, was said to be, when he took the reins of State, not 21 years of age, unless his mother who said he was, told the truth, and as she was sister to the then Postmaster General, she was supposed to be correctly posted. Michigan never had cause to raise the question of his age. He filled the State offices with young men, it is true, not as in child's play, but with manly discretion.

Were I to name the survivors who are yet among us, it might not seem true that the State officers were then young men. When Stevens T. Mason died yet comparatively a boy, a man died. An illustration of one manly deed: Congress had appropriated to the State, lands for a university and other schools. These were selected with such care that their minimium price was fixed at $26 per acre, while other government lands could be had for $1.25. Squatters settled down upon the choice lands and then combined and got a pledge from their candidates for the Legislature that they would favor a law to let squatters have these university lands valued at $26 at the price of government lands, and let the University go again into the woods and take other lands worth only $1.25. The State capitol was then in Detroit. I happened to be in the House when this piratical bill was proposed in an insidious shape. I saw what was in the wind, and addressed a note to Senator Olney Hawkins, of Ann Arbor, a stranger, calling his attention to this finely concocted scheme. But the trap was sprung, the bill was passed. Senator Hawkins hastened to the Governor and opened his eyes to the villainy that was being perpetrated. Though Mr. Hawkins was a decided whig, and in a minority, the Governor a democrat, and the bill was concocted by his supporters, he promptly and manfully vetoed it. The public was astounded at the danger averted. These legislators privately thanked the governor for vetoing the iniquitous bill, which they voted for against their consciences, only because they were under a pledge. So near did the magnificent University of Michigan come to being robbed and strangled even before it came to the birth. Thanks to Gov. Mason's veto, which put on the brakes as the University train was about to plunge into the chasm of des-

truction. This is one sample of the kind of guardianship with which Providence has watched over this highly favored and prosperous University, from the beginning. To carry into execution the plan of education devised for Michigan, a board of regents was appointed, consisting of the highest State officers and several others nominated by the Governor. Before the central institution was built and opened at Ann Arbor, eight branches were organized. The regents mostly active (perhaps they were an executive committee) in selecting principals and managing the operation of these branches were Dr. Zina Pitcher and Major Jonathan Kearsley. Dr. Pitcher, as all the world knows, was a gentleman, every inch of him, with more good sense than scholastic learning. It was a pleasure to have anything to do with him. He did everything consistent with duty, and if a request could not be granted, he said no with so good a grace that it was a pleasure to hear it. As Shenstone said of his mistress, "so sweetly she bade me depart, that I thought she bade me return."

Major Kearsley was the antipodes of Dr. Pitcher. He had but one leg, and I think he had but one eye, and that was fixed on Ross' Latin grammar. He was great on Ross. His prerogative was to see that the principals appointed were competant classical scholars. Here he exercised his gift with telling effect. Not that he examined candidates, but he would sit by while some competent person did the labor, when he would pass sentence. If duty obliged him to say *yes*, it was done with a manner that made one feel that he had said *no*. If the other regents were in danger of letting things go on too smoothly, the major was there to put on the brakes. Ask any of the principals or their assistants what are his recollections of Major Kearsley, he will answer with a French shrug of the shoulders. Here let me anticipate and state that Rev. Dr. George Duffield, in October came into the board of regents. He had the learning, good sense, and all the requisites to fill the post.

The building occupied for the exercises of the branch was on Bates street, in the rear of the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches, then on Woodward avenue. Here were assembled all the youths of suitable age and standing in the city. Mr. Bacon had a select school of younger pupils. My first assistant was Wm. H. A. Bissel, now the Right Reverend Bishop of Vermont, then Andrew Harvey, who settled as a lawyer at the Sault; Hon. Wm. A. Howard, well known in Michigan; Wilson Gray, now a judge in Australia; Hon. Witter J. Baxter, of Jonesville, now a regent of the Normal school at Ypsilanti; Dr. Edward Lounsberry, now president of Griswold college, Davenport, Iowa; and last, Rev. Mr. Meigs, a Presbyterian clergyman, whose name I do not find among the living.

Before speaking of the young gentlemen who passed through the branch in pursuit of an education, and have since made their mark in the world, I will take the liberty of mentioning two young gentlemen who were not there, but boarded at the same table with me and Col. John Winder and Tarlton Jones, with Mrs. Alice Hunt, where now the Second National Bank stands—Samuel Humes Porter and Lewis Cass, Jr. They professed to be studying law. Porter's guardian at Lancaster, Pa., hearing that his ward was in no good way, came and took him home and sent him to his uncle, the secretary of war. While Samuel Humes was sitting idly in his uncle's office, Micawber like, "waiting for something to turn up," the secretary one day said to him: "Humes, I am going to Harrisburg to attend a democratic caucus, where my presence is needed for a couple of days. Here, do you sit in my chair as act-

ing secretary till my return, but be sure don't you do anything with your dignity." Incontinently the army officers at Detroit were startled by an order from the department to shave off their whiskers clean, signed, "by order of Samuel Humes Porter, acting secretary of war," written with a flourish of the pen in John Hancock style. Here concludes the history of the life and times of the Hon. Samuel Humes Porter, acting secretary of war.

Whenever I see an unaccountably stupid order from any department of the government, I at once suspect the uncle is off attending a caucus.

Lewis Cass, Jr., like our president, had greatness forced upon him for holding his tongue.

Solomon has something to say about a man's being counted wise when he holdeth his peace. Solomon's saying in this case was proved true. Prov. xvii, 28. Twice only during the entire spring and summer did I hear him speak voluntarily. Once he said, "Mrs. Hunt (we three only were at the table), do you know Dr. Johnson's definition of an angling rod?" She, blushing at the broken silence, said "No, Mr. Cass, what is it?" "A long pole with a worm at one end and a fool at the other." Without a smile he finished the salad on which he was dining. If he was consulted he would, like Webster's unabridged, give a satisfactory answer; describe the Holy Land and Syria, for he had traveled. I learned from him how the Syrians cook cucumbers. As he was making poor progress towards greatness in Detroit, his father, being United States senator, was not satisfied to clothe him with a little brief authority for a day, induced President Pierce to send him, body and soul, as United States Ambassador to the court of his holiness, the Pope of Rome, apparently that the world might see, as Lord Chesterfield said to his son: "*Quam parva sapientia, regitur mundis.*" So thoroughly did he do up the diplomatic job that the U. S. has had no need of a minister at the court of Rome since.

The following were among the students at the Branch University: John and Robert Stewart, Henry Whiting, John T. Walker, Winfield Smith of Monroe, Dallas and Freeman Norvell, Samuel Drew of Mackinaw, Alvin G. Turner, William, Charles, and Theodore Berry, Jacob Houghton, Henry Newberry, Sears Stevens, Platt and Hazen Titus, two Paddock brothers, James Teller, Charles Wendell, Stanley G. Wight, David M. Cooper, D. Brainard, C. S. Cole, C. Hurd, E. Vollum, E. M. Clitz, L. Knapp, I. S. Garland, T. B. Davis, D. Porter, H. A. Wight, D. Meriman, A. P. Cole, R. F. Hunt, T. Davis, W. Dean, Wm. A. McDonald, J. McMillen, J. B. Witherell, C. Moran, H. Howard, J. Witherell, H. A. Wight, E. C. Walker, T. R. B. Palmer, A. Burlingame, L. H. Cobb, W. B. Wesson, H. A. Schoolcraft, H. Mizner, W. D. Wilkins, E. M. Pitcher, T. H. Hartwell.

Of these, and others not named, some entered the navy, some the army, one the church, but most engaged in business; and all prospered except those who took to drink, and who are nearly all dead. Commander Wm. D. Whiting and Commodore Stephen D. Trenchard are the only ones of these, of all my pupils of 47 years past, who entered the navy that ever came to good. Twenty who were with me in the University were officers in the Mexican war. Generals Wilcox and Clitz, and Majors Henry R. and J. Kemp Mizner are in the army now. Many were officers in the late war. The business men I cannot begin to name, nor need I; you know them,—the two Wights, Thos. H. Hartwell, Col. Wm. D. Wilkins, whose name is engraved on the prosperous school system of the city; John S. Newberry, whose legal sagacity arrested

the entrance of A. T. Stewart into the National Treasury Department. Wm. B. Wesson, who showed talents and character to adorn any profession or position, I met a few years after, riding a splendid horse on the common about where now N. W. Brooks resides. He seemed taking a survey of the country west of Third street, looking as if he would say, "here is a fine place to build a city." I said, Wesson, I am happy to meet you, but sorry to say you have disappointed the high hopes that I had entertained of you." "How so?" "I had hoped you were going to make a man, but I learn that you are making money." He blushing said, "I hope, sir, I may do both without reproach." I am happy now to say that he has surpassed my expectations; for he has not only made money, but he has made a man, and is doing his part towards making a city.

Edward C. Walker applied to become a law student with Jacob M. Howard, who told him that he had better get a little preparatory learning. He entered the branch for that purpose. I soon discovered that he had the root of the matter in him, and told his brother-in-law, A. C. McGraw, not to put him to the law now, but give him a full, liberal education; he was capable of taking any amount of it, and it would pay him well in honor to send him through college. Being flattered by this, he said: "I am willing; do what you can with him." He commenced to prepare for Kenyon. He quickly went through the classical part of the whole college course; then Mr. McGraw said: "I wish to send him to the college of highest reputation." I told him Yale was the best I could recommend. He procured the course of study, not that it was better than that of Kenyon, but it was different. In this course Homer's Odyssey was set down. I told him to ascertain how much was actually read, for no class had time to read the whole. He wrote to a friend, and before the answer came he had mastered the whole work—Homer's Odyssey in twenty-four books. He read Æschines on the Crown, and Longinus, in the same term. He quickly finished the studies of the first two years, and the entire classical course of four years. Before commencing to recite his Greek lesson, I have known him to repeat nine pages of his Greek grammar. During this time, in addition to his studies, he for some time acted as assistant in the branch, teaching mathematics. He was Latin tutor to Miss Jane Isham, studying *Grotius Deveritate*, a book he had never seen, and she had the only copy in town. He sat and heard her, corrected her translation, and drilled her in parsing. I did not inform the faculty of Yale what he had studied, but simply recommended him for an examination for admission to the junior class. The faculty declined to examine him, saying: "No one could be qualified to enter junior in Yale who studied in Michigan. He insisted. After a long time, to punish his temerity, they began with book after book, till in the end there was a formidable pile. In going through all these he says he made but one blunder, and that was on the binomial theorem, in algebra, which ought to have been as familiar to him as the multiplication table, for he had often taught it. It was only a blunder for a moment. Without adjourning, the examiners smilingly said: "You will do." Walker graduated with as much honor as he had entered Yale.

If he had been ambitious and cultivated oratory, and polished his delivery to bring out with telling effect the intellectual stores that are in him, he might have occupied a prominence which he is willing to leave to others more aspiring, but not more deserving. By profession he is a lawyer, by practice a Christian, working for the State University and for his church.

The highest honor he seeks is to have the Judge in heaven's chancery say: "Well done, good and faithful servant." If he can secure this approval, he will not envy him who was the ambassador of one third of the known race to the rest of mankind, nor him who reported for tax $223,000 income.

In 1841 the Central University at Ann Arbor was opened. The branches, were one after another discontinued, the funds for their support being directed to Ann Arbor. I resigned the Detroit Branch, leaving Rev. Mr. Meigs to wind up the Institution. Providentially high schools sprang up to take the place of the branches.

After a time the Legislature moved from Detroit into the woods where Lansing now is. The old Capitol building rose to the dignity of a high school and graded schools were multiplied as by magic, in 1871 numbering: schools 131, teachers 174, scholars 11,866; besides select schools for boys, and female seminaries. Of these schools and their management the city may be justly proud. Dr. Pitcher transferred his fostering care to these which had been successfully bestowed, on the University.

In the fall of 1841 I opened a female seminary in the house now occupied by Mrs. Porter, corner of Jefferson avenue and Beaubien streets. Here attended most of the school misses of Detroit of all denominations, Protestant and Catholic. Some were from abroad. Except a few girls who were with Mrs. Scott, and the daughters of C. C. Trowbridge and Chancellor Farnsworth, who were taught at home, my seminary included all, I believe. My assistants were Rev. Edward Lounsberry, D. D., now president of Griswold College, professor of mathematics; Hon. Witter J. Baxter, now Regent of the Normal School; Miss Valeria Campbell, who had the Junior department; Miss Dubois, Madame Martinez, French, and Mrs. Lyel, music. Among the pupils were the following: Miss Mary McCoskry, now Mrs. Stanton; Miss Mary Campbell, now Mrs. Wm. P. Wells; Miss Maria Joham, now Mrs. Storey; Miss Mary Larned, afterward Mrs. Howard; Miss Hattie Larned, now Mrs. Rumney; Miss Louisa Garland, now Mrs. Gen. Longstreet; Miss Bessie Garland, now Mrs. Gen. Deas; Miss Charlotte Chase, now Mrs. Dr. Casgrain; Miss Julia Moran, daughter of Charles Moran; Miss Mary Williams, now Mrs. Buckley; Miss Margaret Connor, afterwards Mrs. Dr. Ege; Miss Emily Trowbridge, now Mrs. Colburn; Miss Cornelia Carpenter, now Mrs. Mercerou; Miss Elizabeth Williams, of Ezra; Miss Julia Howard, Mrs. Ingersoll, Miss Eliza Knapp, Mrs. Prince, Miss Harriet Penny, Mrs. Cargill, Miss Mary Palmer, Mrs. Roby, Miss Cornelia Lyon, Mrs. Trowbridge, Miss Harriet Kircheval, Mrs. Hudson, Miss Alice Kircheval, Miss Elvira Rice, Mrs. Kitton, Miss Emma Brooks, Misses Mary, Jane and Frances Spencer, Miss Martha Brewster, Miss Fanny Emmons, Miss Hester Emmons, Mrs. Sheldon, Miss Margaret Moore, Mrs. Newberry, Miss Jane Hayden, of Cincinnati, Miss Harriet Westbrook of St. Clair; Mrs. Demill, Miss Martha Conant, of Monroe; Mrs. Tillman, Miss Agatha Miller, of Monroe; Mrs. Zabriskie, Miss Abbey Clark, of Monroe; Mrs. Sterling.

In the spring of 1842 the home I occupied was sold to Mr. Porter, and I could not retain it. There were seminary buildings owned by a corporation. These were vacated and they were given to me. This location was valuable for other purposes, but not desirable for a school. Dr. Abbot offered to exchange with me, giving me his house on Fort street, where Mr. H. N. Strong now resides. I had to vacate on Wednesday; Mr. Porter would not wait till Friday, when

the exchange papers would be made out. Mrs. McCoskry had said to me that I ought not to be teaching, but to be preaching, while the world was perishing for the gospel. I told her I could not preach, I had no voice except the little that I had made. She said, "You can." Conscience reproached me for neglect of duty. I resigned the seminary buildings. The Central railroad occupied them, then the Michigan State offices took possession, and now the city hall rises proudly on those grounds. Mrs. McCoskry's stinging remarks drove me into the country to try if I could preach. My salary in the University was $1,500. My female seminary paid me at once $2,600. I accepted a call from Jackson at the request of Mr. Peter E. Demill, with the offer of $400, when the parish should become vacant. Jackson then was the western terminus of the Michigan Central. Here the cars dumped me down a sand-bank into one of the most forbidding mud holes of a town that enterprise ever undertook to make habitable. It was peopled by a class of live men, however, mostly young, unmarried men, with a good Christian element. Henry A. Hayden and his co-laborers and their persevering energy and enterprise have made that dismal place apparently just fit for a penitentiary, a city of which the State is proud. I never reproached Mrs. McCoskry for thus putting an end to my happy Detroit experiences, just 30 years ago.

I waited in Jackson till I found a parish in my old home, Ohio. Now, after a quarter of a century's absence, I am again in my beloved Detroit, through the agency of two of my former pupils, as a token of grateful remembrance of the past. Gen. Orlando B. Wilcox proposed to me to accept a position in the army, and Edwin M. Stanton carried it into execution, stationing me as post chaplain at Fort Wayne, Detroit, it being the best position in his gift, and the most gratifying to me; and here, instead of what I found before, an unpaved town, surrounded by swamp, with no outlet to the world in winter, I find a well paved, well lighted city, with street cars and railway outlets to all the continent. Instead of 9,000 I find more than 80,000 inhabitants. While I find but two of the church edifices which I left, I count 59 churches and chapels of the denominations that are 100 years old, with many others besides, of denominations not so old, which, for the want of a name, I shall call etc., etc. If I live to become old I may count more and find out their names, if they survive till I put on spectacles. Amongst those who have helped to make this city, I am happy to receive the greetings of my pupils who still survive; happy to find them successful in business, honored in society, and most of them communicants in their respective churches, not ashamed to own that Christian is the highest style of man.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY SCHOOLS OF DETROIT THAT I ATTENDED FROM THE YEAR 1816 TO 1819.

BY B. O. WILLIAMS.

[Read at the annual meeting of the State Society, June 8, 1882.]

MR. PRESIDENT: At the solicitation of the chairman of your historic committee, that I should contribute something to be read at this annual meeting, I thought my recollections of the early schools taught in Detroit, and of my attendance in the year 1816 and until 1819, might be of some (if very little) interest to those now enjoying the advantages of our noble school system, and I trust will not be void of interest to some of the present members of our society, although I cannot help feeling that the valuable time of the society can be much better employed in hearing from others.

The first school that I attended was in the spring of 1816, and was kept by a Mr. Goff and wife in a log house of two rooms, with fire-places and chimney between the rooms with a door connecting them, situated on the corner of Bates and Larned streets. Mr. Goff taught the boys in the corner room, it having two outside doors, and Mrs. Goff instructed the girls in their lessons, also in ladylike deportment and unaffected modesty, teachings I fear too often neglected under the present mode in our public school, her room having one outside door. The *Goffs* were *Scotch*. Mrs. Goff was a lady of kind heart, and a most estimable, intelligent teacher, well liked by my sisters, who attended her school, while Mr. Goff, a short, thick set, red faced man, presided over the boys' room with ruler and rope. Every afternoon about recess time, he having by this time exhausted his half pint flask of whisky, would detail one or two boys to go to a grocery and get it refilled, giving them a *sax*pence for the purpose, and woe to the boy that tarried by the way to test the quality of its contents. Every afternoon he would become so drunk as to require the support of his chair while standing up to apply the rope to the back of some boy or boys. The rope was knotted at each end. His habit was to double up the rope and throw it with almost unerring aim to the boy, who had to carry it back to the master, and receive a roping across his back and shoulders. The ruler was of black walnut, and was used most unmercifully on the open hand, frequently upon both hands, of the boy punished.

The girls were sometimes sent into the boys' room to be punished by ruler or reprimand. In the school were many large French boys trying to learn English from the few books then in use, and among the scholars was a son of Mayor Edwards, who subsequently removed to Kalamazoo, and I believe was receiver or register in the United States land office there. We all called him *Monk Edwards*, who often received punishments unjustly. He would frequently receive a ferruling or roping by claiming to be the delinquent, in order to screen a friend. His nerves were like iron, and his flesh seemed to be insensible to pain. I saw him ferruled one day until both palms were so puffed up that neither hand could be closed. The rope and ferrule was generally applied until the boy begged for mercy. This, Monk never would do. Often nearly the whole school were in tears for him. This brutality at last brought on a conspiracy among the older boys, and many of the smaller ones had a surmise that *something* was going to *happen*. It was planned that

the next day after recess, when Goff would be so drunk as to be unable to resist the combined attack of the boys, when he called up a boy to thrash, the offender was to be one of the largest French boys, who, when he handed the master the rope, was to push him backward, while another tripped him up from behind, a rush to be made, and was accordingly so done; and by pushing, striking, and getting him on his back, the boys, piled onto him like an enraged swarm of bees, with fisticuffs, kicks, pinching, biting, sticking pins and awls into him, while others held the doors to prevent interference by Mrs. Goff. They made the old drunken brute howl until Mrs. Goff, by her frantic cries, brought to her aid some carpenters at work near by, who forced open the door and rescued him from their just fury. That ended Goff's boy's school, and it was probably the first English school for small children in Detroit after the war of 1812. Mrs. Goff continued her school a few days longer.

The second school that I attended was started soon after the closing of Goff's, under charge of a Mr. Danforth, and was kept in a large one-story log house, fronting on Woodbridge street, east of Woodward avenue, in the summer or early fall of 1816. My father and mother had been very anxious for a school, and had assisted in obtaining scholars. Mr. Danforth boarded with us. The school-room had plain benches without backs, all around the room. In one end was a large open French fire-place, with chimney on outside. My seat was on a bench in front of the fire-place, the bench having no back, and my feet not touching the hearth or floor. There was quite a large attendance of scholars, both boys and girls. Mr. Danforth was a small, waspish, violent-tempered man, and I was nearly pounded and pinched to death by him. He would box my ears, frequently knocking me off the bench into the fire-place, merely for lounging, or leaning over to rest, as sitting on the high bench was a great torture to me, I being then not quite six years old. He would box my ears with both hands, alternating the blows after righting me up, by pinching my ears; frequently throwing a round ruler at scholars. He one day threw an open penknife at a scholar. That brutal treatment soon brought on earache, and nearly destroyed my hearing. My mother discovered that I was becoming deaf and stupid. This last defect I am aware was lasting, possibly was constitutional. She having one Sunday morning discovered my body nearly covered with black and blue bruises, ascertained the cause from my elder sisters, called in my father, and he brought in from the parlor Uncle Tom Palmer, and a Major Baker, who also boarded with us, to look at my condition. All were furious at the treatment I had received, and Major Baker swore that if Danforth were there he would run him through with his sword. It being Sunday morning and after breakfast, Danforth had gone for a walk, which gave sufficient time before his return for reason to resume her sway. He was then shown my condition, and appeared to be greatly surprised at it; acknowledged his hasty temper, and implored my parents' forgiveness. He was given an hour to leave the territory, and at once crossed the river into Canada. That was the last of Danforth's school—leaving me a life-long sufferer from earache and deafness. I have often reproved teachers, and those having children in charge or under them; and advised parents to never box, pinch, or pull the ears of children.

This same year, 1816, or possibly 1817, Mr. William Brookfield and his wife kept an excellent school for more advanced scholars, in the house of

Mr. Jacob Smith, standing on the corner of Woodward avenue and Woodbridge street. My older brothers and sisters attended it. I went a few days, but was thought too young to continue in it. The Brookfields were much liked by their pupils, and greatly promoted the cause of education for several years in Detroit. They afterwards settled in Texas, where my brother, A. L. Williams, in 1847, visited them. They had two sons in the Texan army, fighting Mexico. During the winter of 1816–17 Mr. Levi Cook also kept a school in a building owned by Mr. Joseph Campau, on the west side of Griswold street, between Jefferson avenue and Larned street. I went to that school a short time, but earache and sickness caused by the treatment received in Danforth's school, prevented constant attendance, and I received but little benefit. It was well-ordered and kindly kept, and Mr. Cook was much liked by his scholars. Our family were greatly attached to him. He boarded with us, and remained a life-long friend, often visiting us at Silver Lake farm, near Pontiac.

His cousin, Mr. Orville Cook, found employment that winter in cutting cord-wood at or near River Rouge, making his home with my uncle, Alpheus Williams, who lived in Dr. Brown's house, situated on Jefferson avenue, between Bates and Randolph streets.

My next and last attendance at a Detroit school, was the then celebrated and much prized Lancastrian, under the direction of Mr. Lemuel Shattuck, who came from Concord, Mass. It was opened in the new two-story brick building, and was probably the first school-house built in Detroit, after the great fire of 1805, if not the first ever erected exclusively for school purposes, in which the English language was taught. It was situated on the west side of Bates street, between Larned and where Congress street now is, although it then stood quite alone on the common. I should have said it was opened in the fall of 1817, had not my attention been called by your historian, Mr. J. C. Holmes, to an article of the late noble hero and much lamented son of Michigan, Hon. W. D. Wilkins, the friend of schools, who places the date one year later; and as he had the data for guidance, is doubtless correct, as I only write from recollection.

Mr. President: I have often been questioned about the methods of teaching in that school. It has been a matter of regret to me that so little has, to my knowledge, appeared in print about it. Who were the projectors and patrons of it? From what source was the money derived to erect that first school building, afterwards called, I believe, the University building, and in what manner were its teachers paid, are questions upon which I can give you no information. I can only give you some of the details of its methods of instruction, as I can now recall them, after a period of over sixty years. It had two distinct departments, one comprising the common English branches, on the ground floor, the room divided in the center, like church pews. The sexes on separate sides, and seated in classes of ten or twelve, facing each other at a double desk. Beginning with the sand scratchers, each class presided over by a scholar taken from a higher class seated at the end of the desks to preserve order and give instruction for the day or week. There were broad aisles on the outsides, in which around half circles the classes recited their lessons to the instructor, standing within the circle with a pointer. The lessons for the juveniles, on placards upon the wall; all the classes reciting at the same time, being a school graded into classes. At the entrance end,

between the doors, upon a raised platform, were seated two monitors, a young gentleman and lady from the high school, with desks and chairs, overlooking the whole room, keeping order, giving instruction, and receiving reports from those presiding over classes, and probably receiving pay. The principal, Mr. Shattuck, over all; quietly entering the room, passing around, giving instructions, sometimes carrying a small rattan, or raw-hide, but seldom used, except to tap a pupil on the shoulder when found playing or dozing.

There was very little corporal punishment. A system of rewards and fines in representatives of federal currency was used, mills, cents, half dimes, dimes, dollars and eagles. Probably few ever gained a dollar, and fewer an eagle (which was said to be of gold), the mills, cents, and half dimes were round bits of tin stamped L. S. for mills, the cents figure 1 and C., half dimes, 5c., the higher values, on fine cards with principal's name written. Rewards for good scholarship, and fines for delinquencies, were given and exacted, at the end of the week.

Promotions.—Any scholar standing at the head of the class three nights in succession, having been put back to the foot of the class each day, was allowed to graduate to the foot of the next higher class; and for any serious misconduct was sometimes put back a class, and compelled to climb up again, thus offering a double incentive for progress in studies and for good behavior.

The languages were, with mathematics and the higher branches of English, taught in the upper room, where Mr. Shattuck presided, and of its mysteries I knew nothing. That school was of more importance to me than all the others I ever attended for study, as it allowed the pupils to advance according to their industry and application to their studies, and were not held back by duller scholars, a fault I greatly fear often the case under our present school system, and which has a tendency to level down too much for the general good, if no improvement can ever be effected, by those having our schools in charge.

I must now refer briefly to a subject that perhaps the least said the better, but as it was probably among the first, if not the first, attempt at counterfeiting or issuing of bogus currency in the territory, ought to be preserved. The cupidity, or the temptation to do wrong, so often found among scholars, caused the counterfeiting of the tin mills and cents, and I believe tin half dimes. Some blacksmith had imitated very closely the genuine stamp or dies used, and large issues were put in circulation about the time or shortly before we removed from Detroit. The bogus coin although of same size and fineness of metal, had somewhat larger letters, and was readily detected when closely examined, and caused quite a sensation, which I believe led to a radical change in the system of reward and fines, as I afterwards heard that it was feared by the patrons of the school, that its tendency was to develop very undesirable passions and genius.

Greatly fearing that I may have wearied your patience, and occupied too much of your valuable time, will close with wishing the society many happy reunions at our annual meetings.

AN INDIAN DEED.

COPY OF A DEED OF LAND FROM THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS TO WILLIAM TUCKER OF DETROIT. DATED DETROIT SEPTEMBER 22d, 1780.

Know all men by these Presents, that we, the Chiefs and principal leaders of the Ochipwe Nations of Indians at Detroit, for ourselves and by and with the advice and consent of the whole of our said Nation, in consideration of the good will, love, and affection which we and the whole of said Nation have and bear unto William Tucker of Detroit, and also for Divers other good causes and considerations unto us the said chiefs and rest of our Nation hereunto moving, have given, granted, aliened, enfeoffed and confirmed and by these Presents do give, grant, alien, enfeoff and confirm unto the said William Tucker all that tract of land lying between the River Huron and a little river in the Bay, being——acres or arpents in front and two hundred in depth; bounded on the———by said small river, and on the-——by said River Huron the whole containing——acres or arpents, more or less, with all and singular the appurtenances etc., unto the said Tract of Land appertaining or in any wise belonging, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents and services of the said Premises, also all the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim or demand whatever of us the said chief or of any one whatever of the said Nation of and in and to the said Messuage and Premises and of, in and to every part and parcel thereof, with the appurtenences, To have and to hold the said Messuage, tenements, lands, hereditaments and premises hereby given and granted or mentioned or intended to be given and granted unto the said William Tucker his heirs and assigns to the only proper use and behoof of him the said William Tucker, his heirs and assigns forever, and the said chiefs for themselves and in behalf of the whole of their Nation, their heirs, executors and administrators do covenant, promise and grant to and with the said William Tucker, his heirs and assigns by these Presents that he the said William Tucker shall and lawfully may from henceforth and forever after peaceably and quietly have, hold, occupy, possess and enjoy the said messuage or Tenement, Lands, Hereditaments and Premises hereby given and granted or mentioned or intended to be given and granted, with their and every of their Appurtenances free, clear and discharged well and sufficiently saved, kept harmless and indemnified of, from and against all former and other gifts, grants, bargains, sales, jointures, feoffments, Dowers, estates, entails, rents, and rent charges, arrearage of rents, statutes, judgments, recognizances, statutes merchant, and of the staple extents, and of, from and against all former and other sales, troubles, and incumbrances whatever had, done or suffered, or to be had, done or suffered by them the said chiefs, or by any one whatever of the said Nation, their heirs, executors or administrators, or any other person or persons lawfully claiming, or to claim by, from or under them or any or either of them. And by these Presents do make this our Act and Deed irrevocable under any pretence whatever, and have put the said William Tucker in full possession and seizin by delivering him a piece of said tract of Land on the premises. In witness whereof, we the said chiefs, for ourselves, and on behalf of our whole Nation of Ochipwes, have unto these presents set the marks of our different Tribes at Detroit the twenty-second day of September, in the twentieth year of the

reign of our Sovereign Lord, George the third by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland King, etc., etc., etc., and of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty—1780.

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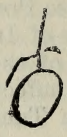
Animithens 

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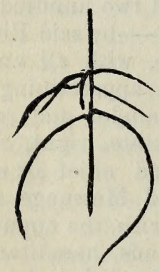
Maskeash. 

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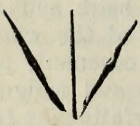
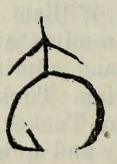
Wetmassow. 

Paothineous. 

Naungee.

I the subscriber, do hereby certify that the above mentioned lands were a voluntary gift, and that the Chiefs made the marks of the different tribes in my presence at Detroit the twenty-second day of September, 1780.

T. WILLIAMS, *Justice of the Peace.*

Registered in the Register of Detroit No. 2, Folio 49 and 50 by me.

T. WILLIAMS.

Recorded in the Land Office at Detroit Dec. 4th, 1804, in Liber A., Folio 74, etc.

Attest: GEO. HOFFMAN, *Register.*

A MUSTER ROLL OF 1812, WITH CORRESPONDENCE RELATING THERETO.

Department of the Interior,
Washington, November 15, 1875.

Sir: I have the honor to enclose a letter, addressed to me on the 30th ultimo, by Mr. Levi Bishop, of Detroit, who desires certain information concerning *Antoine Dequindre's* company of volunteers, who participated in the battle of *Monguagon*, in Michigan, which took place on the 9th of August, 1812.

This engagement is called the "Action near *Maguago*" in "Brannan's despatches, war of 1812" (page 38), and there is mentioned therein a Captain *Delandre*, who is, possibly, identical with the officer referred to by my correspondent.

Should the records of your office contain a list of the names desired by Mr. Bishop, I will thank you to furnish me with a copy of the same for his information. I may add that it appears, from Mr. Bishop's letter, that he only desires said list of names for use in the preparation of a sketch of the action alluded to.

Be pleased to return the enclosed letter with your reply to this communication.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Z. Chandler,
Secretary.

Treasury Department, Third Auditor's Office,
Washington, D. C., Nov. 16, 1875.

To the Honorable, the Secretary of the Interior, *present:*

Sir: In compliance with the request contained in your letter of the 15th inst., I have the honor to hand to you herewith a copy of Capt. Antoine Dequindre's Co. Roll, of Michigan militia, war of 1812.

Very respectfully,
A. M. Gangewa,
Acting Auditor.

Muster Roll of Captain Antoine Dequindre's Company of Twelve Months Volunteers, April, 1812, the Commencement of their Service, to the 16th of August, 1812, the date of the Army at Detroit.

No.	NAMES.	Rank.	Date of Engagement.	To what Time Engaged.	To what Time last Paid and on what Rolls.
1	Antoine Dequindre	Captain	21st April, 1812	12 Months.	None.
2	Josiah Brady	Lieutenant	" "	"	"
3	John McCombs	Ensign	" "	"	"
1	Leonard Harrison	Sergeant	" "	"	"
2	Louis Peltier	"	" "	"	"
3	Thomas McCluer	"	" "	"	"
4	Isadore Peltier	"	" "	"	"
5	James Mitchell	"	23d " "	"	"
1	Louis C. Bouete	Corporal	21st " "	"	"
2	John Hizer	"	" "	"	"
3	Isaac Dodemead	"	" "	"	"
4	Francis Gobielle	"	" "	"	"
5	Pierre Barnard	"	" "	"	"
6	William Guy	"	25th " "	"	"
1	John Magee	Fifer	24th " "	"	"
2	Hugh Magee	Drummer	" "	"	"
1	Robert Arheart	Private	13th July, "	"	"
2	Pierre Bourgon	"	21st April, "	"	"
3	William Best	"	22d " "	"	"
4	Joseph Chevalier	"	21st " "	"	"
5	Joseph Cardoret	"	" "	"	"
6	John Crossett	"	22d " "	"	"
7	Charles Cardoret	"	" "	"	"
8	John Corbus	"	20th May, "	"	"
9	George G. Cook	"	22d " "	"	"
10	Caleb Carman	"	7th July, "	"	"
11	Philemon Churchill	"	3d " "	"	"
12	Paul Dufont	"	21st April, "	"	"
13	Charles Dupeis	"	" "	"	"
14	Francis Delorie	"	" "	"	"
15	Louis Dupre	"	22d " "	"	"
16	Antoine Demarchais	"	" "	"	"
17	Francis Dupre	"	3d July, "	"	"
18	Michael Fox	"	21st April, "	"	"
19	John Fartress	"	24th " "	"	"
20	John Finley	"	9th July, "	"	"
21	Joseph Golais	"	21st April, "	"	"
22	John Gile	"	" "	"	"

Riflemen of the Michigan Militia, in the service of the United States from the 21st of their Surrender as Prisoners of War by Brig. Gen'l William Hull, then Commanding

Clothing or Arms and Equipments Received from the United States.	Remarks.
None	Surrendered at Detroit, 16th August, 1812, by General Hull.
"	" "
"	" "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " Reduced to a private June 12, 1812.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	Appointed Corporal June 1st; promoted Serg't June 17.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	Discharged 27th of May, 1812, by Reuben Atwater.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	Reduced to the Ranks Aug. 13, 1812. Surrendered at Detroit 16th August, with arms.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	Surrendered at Detroit 16th Aug., 1812, by Gen'l Hull, with arms.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	Appointed Corporal 17th June, 1812, " " "
None	" " 13th Aug., " " " "
"	Surrendered by General Hull at Detroit 16th Aug., with arms.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	Transferred to Capt. Hickman's Company July 18, 1812, by order of Maj. Witherall.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	Transferred to Capt. N—— Company July 20, 1812.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	Killed in action of the 9th of Aug., 1812, near Brownstown.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	Surrendered at Detroit by Gen'l Hull, 16th Aug., 1812, with arms.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	Discharged 10th June, 1812, by order of Reuben Atwater, Esq., Acting Governor.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	Surrrendered at Detroit 16th Aug. by order Gen. Hull, with arms.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " "
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	

MUSTER ROLL OF CAPTAIN ANTOINE

No.	NAMES.	Rank.	Date of Engagement.	To what Time Engaged.	To what Time last Paid and on what Rolls.
23	John Godfrey, (Ammon.)	Private	22d April, 1812	12 Months.	None.
24	Robert Gage	"	" "	"	"
25	Peter St. George	"	4th May, "	"	"
26	John Garvey	"	7th July, "	"	"
27	William Hamilton	"	26th April, "	"	"
28	Louis Lievre	"	22d " "	"	"
29	Charles Lievre, Sr.	"	" "	"	"
30	Charles Lievre, Jr.	"	" "	"	"
31	John Louis	"	" "	"	"
32	Morris Moore	"	21st " "	"	"
33	John Mercier	"	" "	"	"
34	Francis Mettivie	"	" "	"	"
35	Peter J. Murray	"	" "	"	"
36	Joseph Montgomery	"	22d " "	"	"
37	Theophilus Mettez	"	21st " "	"	"
38	David Miller	"	" "	"	"
39	George Myers	"	7th June, "	"	"
40	Joseph Pennon	"	21st April, "	"	"
41	Francis Peltier	"	" "	"	"
42	Antoine Plaunte	"	25th " "	"	"
43	John Bte Tibodo	"	21st " "	"	"
44	John Tyler	"	28th " "	"	"
45	Morris Tyler	"	" "	"	"
46	Antoine Vermette	"	21st " "	"	"
47	Thomas Welch	"	" "	"	"
48	Elijah Willett	"	7th July, "	"	"
49	Isaac Willett	"	" "	"	"
50	Ephraim Morrison	"	10th " "	"	"

DEQUINDRE'S COMPANY—*Continued.*

Clothing or Arms and Equipments Received from the United States.	Remarks.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	Surrendered at Detroit 16th Aug. by order Gen. Hall, with arms.
1 Musket and Bayonet, Cartridge box and Gun Worm	" " " " " "

NOTES FROM AN OLD ACCOUNT BOOK.

BY WM. C. HOYT.

A few days since I enjoyed the pleasure of looking over an old account book once kept by Mack & Conant, formerly merchants of Detroit. The first date I found was June 1, 1819, and the last, December 29, 1824. This book is about worn out, some of the leaves are gone and the writing of Judge Conant and others is quite dim with age, yet I am able to glean some memoranda from it which may interest my readers, some of whom are kindred to these pioneers who have joined the grand army. I find a charge against "D. G. Jones, June 5, 1819, to ½ doz. claret, $7.50, and ½ lb. mustard." De Garmo Jones became a very wealthy gentleman, and was owner of the Jones farm of the city.

"Henry J. Hunt to 1 looking glass, 1 qt. brandy." This was Major Hunt, a father of Cleveland and others. He was one of the number who did much to aid the prisoners who suffered on the surrender of Hull.

"John Hunt to 1 qt. Port wine." This was before temperance societies were dreamed about, and when men took a little wine for the stomach's sake. This last Mr. Hunt was one of the old territorial judges with Judge Witherell and Solomon Sibley, and died in 1827.

"Charles Larned to ½ doz. cigars," etc. He was a talented and noted lawyer, and the father of Sylvester Larned, Esq., and others.

"Gabriel Godfroy to 1 lb. Hyson tea," etc. He was a colonel and had his post on the river Raisin about the time of Hull's surrender. His descendants own the Godfroy farm.

"Judge James Witherell to 4 lbs. Muscovado sugar," etc. He was the father of our late Judge B. F. H. Witherell, and was one of the territorial judges, and was appointed to succeed Judge Bates in 1808. He was a very brave man, a true patriot and was major of the legion at the time of Hull's surrender. He was taken prisoner and was carried to Kingston and discharged on parole. In 1828 he was secretary of the territory.

"Solomon Sibley, to 1 qt. of brandy, 10s." Judge Campbell, in his history, says he was the first American settler who came from Marietta, in Ohio, and settled in Detroit. This was in the year 1797. He was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the territory, and remained on the bench until he was relieved on account of deafness and old age. His descendants are now living in Detroit. All agree that Judge Sibley was one of Nature's noblemen.

"Augustus Porter, to 1 bed, 96 lbs. feathers, 1s." I believe he was a near relative of Peter B. Porter of Black Rock, N. Y., once secretary of war. Augustus was elected to succeed Lucius Lyon as Senator of the United States in 1839.

"Robert Smart, to 1 brass kettle," etc. He was a Scotchman, and was here at the time of Hull's surrender, and was one of those fearless men who dared to protest against the brutal conduct of Proctor in the treatment of prisoners. He once owned the corner which is now called the "Merrill Block."

"Gen'l Alexander Macomb, to pd. protest on draft on Albany." This brave officer was here in 1775, and was a merchant and united with James Abbott

in taking steps to prevent the sale of rum to the Indians. He was once the owner of Grosse Isle.

"William Woodbridge, to note for collection." He was secretary of the territory under Gov. Cass, was one of the territorial judges, was the first delegate to Congress, and was Governor and U. S. Senator.

"John L. Whiting, to 1 pr. bridle bits," etc. Dr. Whiting was well known to many of our people. In 1835, when the writer first saw him, he kept a warehouse on the dock,—burned in 1836.

"James May, Esq., to stove pipe," etc., January 6, 1820. He was one of the judges of the court of common pleas for Wayne county, with Beaufait, Girardin, McCliff, and Williams, and did much service in aiding our prisoners who suffered so much under the tyrannical rule of Commander Proctor. Judge May was one of the oldest citizens of Detroit, and came there in 1778.

"John R. Williams, to 23 yds. gray cloth," etc. Many of the children and descendants of Gen. Williams are living in Detroit, and his history is well known.

"James Abbott, cr. by 90 lbs. nails." He was the son of James Abbott who was here in 1775. James Jr. was appointed a judge of the district court in 1805; George McDougall as chief justice, and James Abbott and Joseph Tisger were associates. Mrs. E. V. Cicotte is a daughter of Judge Abbott.

"Oliver Newberry, to 6 mo. store rent." He was a long time connected with business on the lakes; had a wide reputation, owing to his extensive trade and the steamboat named after him. The old "Oliver Newberry" was a very famous boat. He was the uncle of Hon. John S. Newberry.

"A. C. Caniff, to cash $5.00"—of course marked "paid." He was a man of sterling integrity and possessed strong native abilities and common sense. He was a very jovial and companionable man. His descendants are living in and near the city. Judge Caniff was at one time a merchant in Detroit, in company with a Mr. Scott, father of our "Jem."

"Gen'l Lewis Cass, to 169 feet of clapboards," marked "returned." His history is so well known to our citizens and the nation that it is needless for me to say anything further relating to him.

"Charles Noble, by cash on account." He was formerly from Williamstown, Mass. Was a surveyor, and many years a resident of Monroe, in this State. He was the father-in-law of our George S. Frost, and has a son Charles now living in Detroit. He was indeed a noble man.

"A. B. Woodward, cr. by my order." Augustus Brevoort Woodward was a brave and good man, and his history is much identified with the growth and prosperity of our city. He was appointed one of the first judges of the territory, and was associated on the bench with Bates and Griffin. He came to Detroit in 1805. According to Judge Campbell's history, he and Judge Witherill were not on very friendly terms, and in 1808, when the Bank of Detroit went out of existence, there was considerable trouble between them. He was quite a peculiar or eccentric man, and his character is well portrayed in Judge Campbell's history of Michigan, which the writer has read with much interest.

"Joseph Campau, to one gallon Madeira wine," etc. The history of Mr. Campau is well known to the people of Detroit. His old residence, so long standing on Jefferson avenue, was on the ground once occupied by La Motte Cadillac, and was erected soon after the fire of 1805. Mr. Campau was an old French trader and had much deal with the Indians, who had confidence in him, for he dealt honestly with them. He left us only a few years ago, after

seeing a large city rise from a small trading post. Mr. C. was a well bred gentleman, of great business qualifications, and left a large property and a very worthy name. Many of his descendants are now residing in Detroit.

"Conrad Ten Eyck, to a lot of rat, mink skins, etc." In 1835 Mr. T. resided and kept a hotel at Dearborn, and at that time the writer stopped for a short time there and was well entertained. I know but little of his history. He has the reputation of being a good citizen. His son Anthony was well known to the older members of the bar of Detroit.

"Levi Cook to 1 10-12 doz. military coat buttons, etc." Col. Cook left us only a few years since, and was of course well known to many people in Detroit. He left a very worthy record.

"Thomas Rowland to 2 blank books, etc.," date Sept. 1, 1819. Captain or Major Thomas Rowland, with Col. Anderson and Brush, refused to submit on the surrender of Hull. Captain Brush was tried for refusal by Court Martial, but was acquitted. I believe Major Rowland was a brother-in-law of Stevens T. Mason, our first State governor. His last residence was on Washington avenue and now owned by J. W. Waterman. The Major was a literary man, and it is said he wrote the Joe Downing papers after the style of Major Jack Downing's letters, so celebrated during the administration of President Jackson.

"John Whipple to cash per Charles $1." Major Whipple was the father of Chief Justice Charles Whipple, the latter being well known to many of the present generation living in this State. It appears that he and Judge Woodward were not at one time on very good terms, and that after Woodward was insulted in the streets by the Major he was fined for contempt of court, which offense Gen. Hull pardoned in 1809. In this year he was appointed associate judge of the District Court for the District of Detroit and Erie. This was treated as a slight by Woodward, who procured an indictment against Gov. Hull for an illegal pardon; the same grand jury presented also an indictment against Judge Witherell. Major W. was a very brave and good citizen and left a good record.

"Austin E. Wing to 2 qts. Pt. wine." Judge Wing was well known to our citizens, and was one of those pioneers whose history is familliar to the present generation. He was at one time a delegate to Congress, his opponents being Biddle, Lyon and Jones.

"D. C. McKinstry to your order paid bearer." Col. David C. McKinstry was for many years a permanent citizen of Detroit, and at one time presided at a meeting held to protest against the appointment of Stevens T. Mason for Secretary of the territory, on account of his not being of lawful age. This created some excitement for a time, which died away, and that talented and popular young man held his office. All accounts agree that the Colonel was a worthy man.

"Benjamin Woodworth to 1 bottle catsup," etc. Uncle Ben., as he was called, kept a hotel for many years, near and in rear of the Biddle House, and was a very popular landlord. He removed several years ago to St. Clair, and died at a very advanced age.

"George McDougall, Cr. by cash." He was a son of Lieut. George McDougall and was a very prominent citizen forty years ago. The Lieutenant was in the Pontiac war, and when at Pontiac's camp, at Bloody Run, came near being killed by a mob, but was saved by the interference of that celebrated Indian.

"John P. Sheldon, to 3 doz. military buttons." He was the editor of the Detroit Gazette, published in 1817, and which was conducted by Reid and Sheldon. This was the first regular journal established in the city. He was the clerk of the council organized in 1824, when Abraham Edwards was president. In 1828, when Judges Woodbridge, Sibley and Chipman were Judges of the Supreme Court, for a publication in the Gazette, Mr. Sheldon was proceeded against for a contempt of court for improper comments on some action of Judge Woodbridge. This at the time caused a great excitement and was commented on by various journals thoughout the country.

"John Biddle, Cr. by cash $150." Major John Biddle was for many years a very noted citizen of Michigan, and came here from Pennsylvania, and was a brother of Nicholas Biddle, the famous U. S. Bank President. He was a literary man and one among a number who organized a lyceum in about 1830 in the city, and contributed many valuable papers which were read. General James Watson Webb was a member, and also acted the part of a graceful *brunette* in a thespian corps. He was one of the candidates for a delegate in Congress in 1823. In 1835 he was a candidate for Senator of the United States, but was defeated by John Norvell. Major B. left two sons who are well known in the city.

"Henry B. Brevoort, to 1 whip lash, 2s." This gentleman was a major in the U. S. army, and was commander of the Marines on the Niagara at the battle of Lake Erie, and rendered valuable service in that engagement, for which he was appointed commodore. Judge Campbell in his history speaks of him as being one of the most transparently brave and honest men, and "one who, when he swore to another, disappointed him not, though it were to his own hindrance." This distinguished hero has relatives and descendants in Detroit.

The last charge in the old account book is against a Mrs. Reed, for an order on M. Dorr. This was made December 29, 1824. Who was Mrs. Reed? Her history, of course, is buried in obscurity, but for ought I know, she may have worthy descendants in the city of the straits.

This concludes my notes of facts gleaned from an old and almost worn out account-book. There are many names therein stated which I am compelled to omit. There is the name of the venerable and honest Daniel Cooper, as well as the names of H. S. Cole, John W. Hunter, Peter Godfroy, William Meldrum, S. W. Hunt, George Leib, Lewis Cicotte, James McCloskey, Joseph Loranger, Charles Poupard, Henry Berthelett, John B. Campau, Herbert La Croix, Capt. Cass, Aaron Gruly, John Anderson, Benjamin Stead, Joseph Visger, Francis Cicotte, and Whitmore Knaggs; but I must omit any farther mention of them. I close the aged book, not without regret, for it has filled my mind with many pleasant and sad memories. I knew but few whose names I have culled; they belong to a past generation, and not one is now living, but their descendants are with us, and the Campaus, Cicottes, Biddles, Williams, Hunts, Whitings, and Sibleys we see every day in the busy mart of trade.

MEMORIAL OF LEVI BISHOP.

BY J. L. VANDERWERKER OF DETROIT.

Levi Bishop was born October 15, 1815, at Russell, Hampden County, Massachusetts. His father, Levi Bishop, and his mother, Roxana Phelps, were descendants of an ancestry numbered among the hardy settlers who early set foot on New England soil. He worked on his father's farm, and there received the benefit of the education afforded by the common schools of that early day. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to his uncle Caleb Humeston (whom he terms a good old man of sterling piety) to learn the tanner's and shoemaker's trade. Here he remained until seventeen, when he began his early career as a journeyman, and in this capacity and that of employé, he traversed several states, which in the wild state of the country of that early period was a remarkable achievement. Finally, in the year 1835, drawn west by the wild spirit of speculation rife at that day, he made the purchase of several hundred acres of wild land in what is now Calhoun County, which was afterwards disposed of by him at a profit of over one thousand dollars; which early evinces those characteristics for which he was afterwards conspicuous—energy, determination, and foresight. During the year 1837 he returned to Detroit, which he decided to make the field of his future labors. He followed his business until 1839, when a most fortunate accident befell him. He was assigned as a member of the "Old National Guard," together with the late distinguished diplomat, Anson Burlingame, as gunner, whose duty it was to swab out the cannon and ram home the cartridge in firing the salute. After firing the cannon several times, and as Mr. Bishop was ramming in the cartridge, it prematurely discharged, throwing him prostrate on the ground of the Campus Martius, tearing his right hand in pieces, and striking his comrade, laid him prostrate. Mr. Bishop was carried into the old National Hotel, where the Russell House now stands, and there his hand was amputated by his old friend, Dr. Pitcher. A purse was raised for Mr. Bishop, which he afterwards presented to the Orphan's Asylum of Detroit. Owing to this accident it became necessary for him to seek another vocation in life, and under the advice of his venerable friend, Dr. Pitcher, he decided to enter upon the study of the law, and in the fall of 1839 he entered the office of the Hon. Augustus S. Porter, a distinguished member of the Detroit Bar at that time. After remaining here about nine months he entered the office of Hon. Daniel Goodwin, then United States District Attorney, who later adorned the bench of Michigan many years. Endowed by nature with a high order of intellect, and possessed of a keen relish for pure literary pursuits, he began the preparatory study to fit himself for the duties of an exacting profession. His after career gives abundant evidence that he was then conscious of a power within him which, under proper cultivation, was calculated to achieve for him a distinguished reputation in his chosen profession; and with an energy rising to enthusiasm, he entered upon the accomplishment of his life work; and during the period from 1839 until his admission to the bar in 1842 he read upwards of forty volumes of legal works, some, as he afterwards remarked, many times. A short time afterwards he passed the examination for admission, and was admitted as a solicitor, the examinations being then separate. During the first year after his

admission as an attorney he held the office of Justice of the Peace, which he filled with such satisfaction and credit that even at this late day the old lawyers will relate some amusing stories illustrating his characteristic manner of conducting the business of his court. This is related of him by an old associate of his: When the evidence and arguments were all in, and after he had given the case that diligent and careful examination usual with him, he would say, Gentlemen, I have carefully considered the able arguments of the counsel, the evidence and the law bearing upon the case, and having due regard for that old and well settled rule, "that the plaintiff would not commence suit unless he had a good cause," I render judgment for the plaintiff.

His well-known energy and the remarkable ability which he displayed in his practice came early to be recognized, and at the expiration of about five years from his admission he had established a lucrative practice. It was not necessary for him, and in fact, he often remarked that he never went out of his office in search of practice, "but attended at his office as every good lawyer should." His practice increased for the period of twenty-five years until his voice was heard in very many of the cases tried in the courts at Detroit. All this was accomplished in competition with men who composed the strongest bar of the northwest, among whom were brilliant advocates, erudite jurists, finished scholars, and accomplished gentlemen. To be prominent among such men was a distinguished honor.

PUBLIC SERVICES.

He early took a prominent part in public affairs. In 1855 he was chosen president of the Young Men's Society (of which he became a member in 1842), the strongest literary society in Detroit, it having a library of several thousand volumes.

In 1846, four years after his admission, and in his 31st year, he was elected president of the Board of Education of Detroit, and his connection and services in the cause of public education show at that early age his deep interest in free schools, and his liberal public spirited ideas in connection with them. It was under his supervision that the school system of Detroit attained nearly half its present magnitude. It was under his valiant leadership, that the project of the Catholics for a division of the public school funds was defeated, and that to-day Detroit has a united free public school system. Though thousands of dollars passed through his hands, not a farthing was diverted from its sacred purpose or unaccounted for. All was administered with that sterling integrity for which he was ever conspicuous. It was under his administration that the design and architectural beauty of the school buildings was introduced, and the building which bears his name, the largest in the city, was erected, and there to-day hang the maps so long used and preserved by him, a gift from his wife, the lady who so long graced his home, and of whom he was so justly proud. After a service of twelve years as president of the Board of Education, he was called by the people of Michigan to their service as a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan. During his service many abuses were corrected, the law department established, and the other departments greatly improved in efficiency and usefulness.

During 1863 Mr. Bishop was chosen chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, which position was held by him until 1865. The campaigns were conducted by him with great strength and vigor, many important politi-

cal papers being prepared by his pen. In 1864 he was the candidate of this party for the office of attorney general, but owing to the state of the parties during the war, he was not elected.

He was a prominent war Democrat, urging the call for three hundred thousand men, and was for the suppression of the rebellion at every hazard, and when the time came for the adoption of the amendments to the federal constitution, he strongly urged their adoption, writing a pamphlet, which was widely circulated in several states. It may here be well stated, that Mr. Bishop was never an office-seeker, his motto being "a fortune first and politics afterwards." And to this he adhered.

In 1870 he was sent as a delegate to the southern commercial convention at Cincinnati, and in its deliberations he took a prominent part. He was also a delegate at various times to political conventions. It was in 1871 through his efforts, that the Detroit Pioneer Society was organized; he being elected its first president and remaining its president until his death.

In 1874 he was one of the earliest to urge the formation of the State Pioneer Society; which has become the depository of historical matter relating to the early settlement and growth of our great State; and he has made numerous and valuable contributions to both societies.

In 1875 Mr. Bishop was called upon by upwards of 500 of the most distinguished citizens of Detroit, representing great wealth and intelligence, in a highly complimentary letter, to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the judgeship for the third judicial circuit, to which he reluctantly gave his consent, as he had, prior to this time, given up active practice, giving full sway to his ardent love for literary pursuits. And there being a regular nominee of each party in the field, the vote was so divided that he was not elected; I believe much to his real gratification. Those who are familiar with the recent history of Detroit will remember that about that date, 1875, Sunday saloonism ran riot. The law and order society was organized, in which Mr. Bishop took an earnest and active part, and it was through the efforts of himself and many others, that Sunday saloonism was suppressed by a large majority; and as a result, the citizens of Detroit have since enjoyed quiet Sabbaths.

In September, 1876, he attended as a delegate of this State, the session of the international congress of Americanists at Luxembourg, Europe, in the deliberations of which he was prominent. The same year he represented the State Pioneer Society at Philadelphia. The Fourth of July, the same year, he delivered the centennial oration at Howell; and on June 18, 1879, he delivered the annual address to the "Old People's Pioneer" meeting and picnic, at Cassopolis, to over 10,000 people.

In 1877 he received the appointment of historiographer of the city of Detroit from the common council, which he held to the time of his death; and while in this office he wrote several valuable historical papers, addressed to the common council.

Such in brief are some of the public services of Levi Bishop.

TRAVELS.

During the summer of 1860 he made an extended trip through the regions of the upper lakes, enjoying the wild scenery so much in accord with his own rugged nature. The following year he made an extended tour of Europe, in which he spent several delightful months, keeping copious notes, bringing home vivid recollections of the many places he visited. The letters written

by him during this tour were at the time published in the Detroit Daily Advertiser. His travels have extended through most of the states and the British dominions of America.

LAWYER.

Levi Bishop possessed extraordinary intellectual powers as a lawyer and an advocate. It is no exaggeration to say, that for upwards of 25 years he stood among the foremost lawyers at the Michigan bar. His knowledge of legal principles, in all their branches, was varied and profound, and he made such remarkable application of these principles in his practice as to secure the high distinction in his profession which he attained. His style of legal eloquence was extraordinary; his language fine and forcible, often eloquent and beautiful. His feelings were strong and susceptible, his temperament ardent, his manner of speaking earnest, sometimes vehement, passionate and highly denunciatory. His power of sarcasm and invective was almost unequaled. Behind this brain power there lay a will power which has rarely been surpassed, an intensity of purpose which no obstacle could impede, no defeat daunt, and a determination of character which grew stronger with every encounter, and rose freshened from every defeat. That sturdy face never turned aside to catch the murmur of popular applause. Public opinion had no terrors for him, and death alone brought resignation and caused him to yield. It should be written on his tomb that "he never played the hypocrite." He hated and abhorred hypocrisy in every form, and never hesitated to strip its veil from the face of him who wore it. Possessing none of the arts of the courtier, he neither bowed subservient to power, nor was he patient in the presence of wrong and oppression. "Power might crush him, but it could not silence him." So he was often the champion of the lowly against the powerful, oft-times I think out of abhorrence for the oppressor rather than sympathy with the oppressed, though he possessed a kindly heart. It is useless to remark that being such a man he was not always popular. Though it is just to say of him that he never craved that popularity which is sought after; he rather courted the fame which waits upon great deeds, intellectual worth, and high moral power.

LITERARY STUDY.

His course of self-education, for he was in the greatest sense a self-made man, was not confined to a mere course of study; an unceasing reader and student, his reading was extensive, varied and select. There was no branch which he neglected or despised—beginning the study of French in 1859, under competent teachers. In his course of study he refined and criticised his ideas by diligent writing, enlarged their abundance by frequent conversations, and became a scholar of large and varied accomplishments. Those who peruse with delight the smooth and delicious flow of his composition, follow the current of his thought with little effort, save attention, are little prepared to realize his remarkable industry and the painstaking accuracy with which he criticised every production of his pen, though he had the faculty in a large degree of composing rapidly, and the hasty labors of his pen will bear the scrutiny of a critical eye.

The many historical papers which he wrote under the title of "Historical notes," 51 in number, signed the "Historiographer," and the numerous other historical papers bear the imprint of clearness and perspicuity, enriched with anecdote and reminiscence.

His love of the English language was too ardent and sincere to allow him to imprint his words with haste or indolent inattention on a page where they might stand to his reproach, and by frequent reference to authorities, of which he possessed a variety, and to the study of the classics, his diction became remarkable for the strength and beauty which belonged to every word he wrote. Such self training had its reward in his own strong, clear, and beautiful style, rising sometimes to grandeur. In the latter part of his life he devoted himself more to pure literary work. He was the author of "Teuchsa Grondie," a legendary poem of 28 cantos; "House of Recreation," a collection of miscellaneous poems; "Larabelle," a song of the civil war, and numerous other poems. He translated from the French many valuable historical works concerning the early settlement of the northwest, also some poems. He was a corresponding member of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain, elected July 15th, 1880. He continued his literary pursuits until the close of his life.

CHARACTERISTICS AS A MAN.

He was a genuine specimen of the natural production of our liberal government, in its best form. He was singularly American, while his taste was simple even to plainness, and while he abhorred the showy and unsubstantial, he possessed a keen relish and hearty appreciation for those things which truly add to the comforts and adornments of life. He was remarkable for representing in all his public utterances, and in his opinions upon public and private matters, those feelings and emotions which actuate the large mass of intelligent mankind; and withal, he was a most delightful companion, his conversation abounding in wit, anecdote, pleasantry, and playfulness, which rendered him the life of the social circle of which he was the center. He was fond of the society of young people, his house being ever open for their reception and entertainment. He was full of youthful spirit till the very end of his life. Vivacious and enthusiastic in temperament, overflowing with animal spirits, his sympathies were quick and deep, his sense of right was profound. His nature was capacious and liberal—charitable without display, and religious without ostentation; constant in his attendance of St. Paul's church of which he was a member, he ever exemplified the noblest and purest ideas of human life. He possessed those qualities which endeared him to his many friends, and of virtues which will render his memory sacred where his loss is most severely and heavily felt. He exhibited in his intercourse, a most accessible and unostentatious manner; he was a warm and generous patron of young men—encouraging them to a career of usefulness by his kindness, stimulating their ambition by his illustrious example—furnishing them a model of industry and integrity, for by these sterling qualities he rose from the humble mechanic to the proud position of the distinguished lawyer.

It is a pleasure to linger upon the purity of his character, the truthfulness of his mind, the honesty of his purpose, the freedom and republican simplicity of his manners, the warm ardor of his friendship, the sincere regards of his associates at the bar. We should love to linger on his devotion to the honor and character of his profession; upon the joy which every act and decision that advanced or elevated it, gave him; upon his honest, outspoken, and virtuous indignation at every deed that soiled the judicial ermine or stained the gown of the advocate.

A true descendant of those hardy and single-hearted men who set foot on New England soil, he was the true representative of that sterling people who

have stamped their seal on this continent, from New England to Oregon, and that shed upon the little commonwealth of Massachusetts an undying world of glory.

MEMORIAL REPORT FOR WAYNE COUNTY.

BY HENRY E. DOWNER, OF DETROIT.

[Read at the Annual Meeting of the State Pioneer Society, June 7, 1882.]

HENRY A. WIGHT, a well known and highly esteemed citizen of Detroit, died February 3d, 1880, at his residence on Jefferson avenue. He was born at Sturbridge, Mass., October 28th, 1821. He came to Detroit with his father, the late Buckminster Wight, March 22d, 1832. He was associated for a number of years with his father and brother in the lumber business. Their saw-mill was one of the pioneer saw-mills of Michigan. It was located at the foot of Hastings street, and the land upon which it stood was subsequently sold to the Detroit & Milwaukee railroad company.

MRS. ANN LIVINGSTON ANDREWS, widow of the late John Andrews, was one of the pioneers of Detroit. She died in February, 1880, at her home in Detroit. She was born in Herkimer, N. Y., in 1804. She came to Detroit in 1822, and taught school in 1830, numbering among her scholars many who have since become prominent in business and politics. She was a granddaughter of James Livingston, of revolutionary fame.

MARCUS STEVENS was born in Steuben county, New York. He came to Michigan in 1836, and settled in Detroit, where he continued in the manufacture and sale of cabinet furniture until the day of his death, which occurred at his residence on Lafayette avenue, Detroit, June 19th, 1880.

EDWIN JEROME was born near Batavia, New York, December 24th, 1805. He came to Detroit with his father's family in October, 1828. A sketch of the life of his father and his father's family, prepared by himself, may be found in vol. 2, page 11, Pioneer Collections. He was for several years vice-president of the State pioneer society, for Wayne county. He died at his residence on Washington avenue, Detroit, June 21st, 1880.

JOHN ROBERTS was born in November, 1798, in Wales. In 1800 he came to Philadelphia. In 1820 he came to Detroit, on the steamer Walk-in-the-water. He died at his home, on Woodward avenue, Detroit, April 13, 1881.

THOMAS F. ABBOT was born in Concord, New Hampshire, in 1808. He came to Detroit and engaged in the dry goods business at an early date, and died at his residence, on Fort street, in Detroit, April 29, 1881.

ANDREW LADUE came to Detroit from Troy, New York, in 1848. He died at his residence, in Detroit, July 21, 1881, aged 82 years.

GOV. JOHN J. BAGLEY died in San Francisco, July 27, 1881. A memorial of him has been prepared for this meeting.

MICHAEL FIRNANE was born in the county of Limerick, Ireland, April 12, 1851. He removed with his parents to Detroit, in August, 1852. In 1870 he graduated from the high-school in Detroit, was admitted to the bar in Feb., 1874. In 1879 he was president of the Detroit Board of Education. He was elected prosecuting attorney, and held that office from January 1, 1881, to

the time of his death. He died August 22, 1881, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where he had gone hoping to regain his health.

HON. JONATHAN SHEARER, ex-president of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan, was born in Franklin county, Massachusetts, in 1796. He came to Michigan in 1836, and located upon a farm in Plymouth, Wayne county. He died at his home in Plymouth, September 26, 1881.

JOHN STEVENS was born in Dublin, Ireland, October 7, 1812. When eight years old he emigrated with his father to Trafalgar, Ontario. In 1838 he moved to Mt. Clemens, Michigan, and in 1852 he moved to Detroit and engaged in the wholesale grocery business. He died at his residence, on Fort street west, Detroit, October 21, 1881.

JOHN R. GROUT was born in the State of New York, December 31, 1806, and came to Michigan when young, and in 1845 went to Lake Superior and engaged in the copper mining business. Subsequently he moved to Detroit and established the copper smelting works, which he continued to manage until his death, which occurred at his residence on Fort street west, Detroit, January 3, 1882.

COL. WM. D. WILKINS was born in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1827. He removed with his parents to Detroit in 1832. He died at his residence on Jefferson avenue, Detroit, March 31, 1882.

DR. JAMES B. BROWN, a well known physician, was born October 18, 1817, in Saratoga county, New York. He removed to Detroit in 1851, and died at his house, on Lafayette avenue, Detroit, May 21, 1882.

JOHN BLOOM was born at Boomersaund, Sweden, January 13th, 1796. He came to the United States in 1827, and settled in Albany, New York. In September, 1834, he came to Detroit and started as a ship chandler and sail maker, and his business still continues under the management of his son. He died at his home on First street, Detroit, the 29th of May, 1882.

JOSHUA SIMMES died in Livonia, Wayne county, April 12, 1882, on his 81st birthday. He lived on the farm on which he died, 56 years, having located the land himself.

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